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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

VOLUME II

By

THOMAS WAKEFIELD GOODSPEED

McCORMICK
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TO

DR. ERNEST DE WITT BURTON

THIRD PRESIDENT

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PREFACE

The first volume of these sketches was published in the spring of 1922. That volume told the life-stories of seventeen men who had themselves been benefactors of the University, or in whose name benefactions had been made to it. Although I was eighty years old when it was published and could not be expected to produce another, that book was called Volume I, because the University hoped and expected that other pens would continue the work mine had begun. But as I have continued to write a new sketch every three months these additional sketches have been brought together to make the second volume of the series.

With the University, gratitude is not a lively expectation of favors to come, but a lively sense and a grateful remembrance of benefactions received in the past. It feels that it owes it to itself and to those by whom, or in whose names, great things have been done for it to do what it can to keep the names of its helpers and friends in perpetual remembrance. This, therefore, is only one volume of a continuing series. If the author lives to be a hundred years old it is not impossible that he may himself write Volume III.

This volume contains a sketch of one woman, Miss Helen Culver, one of the University's great benefactors.

It is the hope of the author that the book will be found to have made some contribution to the history of Chicago.

THOMAS WAKEFIELD GOODSPEED

CHICAGO
February 10, 1925

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STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS

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STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS

On the wall of the cloister of the Mitchell Tower group of buildings at the University of Chicago is a bronze tablet showing a bust of Stephen A. Douglas. Below the bust is the following inscription:

> In honor of Stephen A. Douglas, who, in 1855, generously contributed to the founding of the first University of Chicago established in Chicago, this tablet is erected in June, 1901, by the Decennial Class of the University of Chicago.

This tablet calls attention to the fact that there was a University of Chicago, quite distinct from the present one, the preliminary steps toward the founding of which were taken thirty-five years before the existing University was established. The contribution to its founding made by Mr. Douglas was the donation of the site. I have before me as I write the original contract for a deed of this site and also the original deed itself. The University received these interesting documents from one of the last officials of that first University long after it closed its doors in 1886, and they are preserved as papers of historical value.

At the time of making the preliminary contract, Mr. Douglas was serving his second term as United States Senator from Illinois. The contract was made and executed in the city of Washington on April 2, 1856. By it Mr. Douglas agreed to give to Dr. John C. Burroughs of Chicago a piece of land, "Near the southern boundary of the City of Chicago, Illinois," bounded as follows:

> On the east by the street or avenue known as Cottage Grove Avenue, on the north and south by two parallel lines commencing on Cottage Grove Avenue—opposite—the north line of Groveland and the south line of Woodland Park and running west to a north and south line at such a distance from the center of Cottage Grove Avenue as that within the four lines thus described there shall be embraced ten acres of ground, inclusive of a space thirty-three feet in width on each of the four sides of said plat to provide for a sixty-six feet street on all sides of said tract.

Taking out this provision for streets a nearly square plat of ground was left containing a little over eight acres.

The contract goes on to say:

> The condition of this agreement is such that if the said John C. Burroughs . . . . shall fail within a reasonable time to procure the organization of a board of trustees of a University, according to the statutes of the State of Illinois, to consist of the

following persons, viz., Stephen A. Douglas, Hiram A. Tucker, Wm. B. Ogden, John H. Kinzie, Charles Walker, E. D. Taylor, Samuel Hoard, James H. Woodworth, Levi D. Boone, Walter S. Gurnee, Mason Brayman, Rev. Robert Clarkson and John C. Burroughs, residents of the City of Chicago, and James Dunlap of Jacksonville, Illinois, Elijah Gove of Quincy, Illinois, Charles H. Roe of Belvidere, Illinois, Henry G. Weston of Peoria, Illinois, Simon G. Miner of Canton, Illinois, and N. W. Miner of Springfield, Illinois, and such other persons as they may appoint, to which trustees this agreement shall be assigned, and which board of trustees shall procure the plans for a building such as shall be mutually agreed upon by them and the party of the first part aforesaid [Mr. Douglas] all differences to be referred to the decision of Thomas U. Walters, architect of the National Capitol at Washington, D.C., said building to be erected on the premises herein before described and to cost not less than one hundred thousand dollars to be expended as follows, twenty-five thousand dollars within one year from the first day of May next—Provided the foundation shall be completed within the present year; and the further sum of twenty-five thousand dollars within two years from the first day of May next, and the further sum of fifty thousand dollars within or prior to the expiration of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty: Then in case of the failure of the said party of the second part to perform the conditions above named, or any part of them, this agreement shall be null and void. Otherwise, it shall remain in full force and virtue, and then on the completion of the building as aforesaid, the said party of the first part agrees for himself, his heirs . . . . that he will execute and deliver to the board of trustees aforesaid or their successors in office for the purposes of the University herein before mentioned, a good and sufficient deed of conveyance. . . . . And the said party of the first part further agrees to give to the party of the second part immediate possession of the before mentioned premises.

Although Mr. Douglas has always been known as Stephen A. Douglas, he signed this agreement as he usually, if not invariably, wrote his signature, S. A. Douglas.

On the back of this agreement there is an additional paragraph in the handwriting of Mr. Douglas which shows that although the trustees were failing to carry out the agreement he was himself deeply interested in the project. It is dated Chicago, November 10, 1856, and reads as follows:

I, Stephen A. Douglas, party of the first part of the foregoing agreement do hereby extend the time for laying the foundation of the University until the first day of May and for expending the first sum of twenty-five thousand dollars until the first day of October 1857, all the other conditions remaining in all respects as stated in said agreement. This extension of time is granted on the condition and with the understanding that the title of said land shall forever remain in said University for the purposes expressed in said agreement and that no part of the same shall ever be sold or alienated or used for any other purpose whatever.

And again he signed "S. A. Douglas."

The warranty deed conveying the site to the University is another indication of the deep personal interest the donor had come to feel in

the new institution. The agreement of 1856 provided for the execution of the deed after the lapse of nearly five years and the erection of a building for which not less than $100,000 should have been raised and expended. The cornerstone of the building had been laid, with Mr. Douglas present, on July 4, 1857. Very little money, however, had been raised, and even to erect the south wing of the proposed building it became necessary to negotiate a loan. It was under these circumstances that Mr. Douglas, on August 30, 1858, deeded the site to the University in fee simple, without any conditions whatever. He was the president of the board of trustees. It was necessary if any building whatever was erected to secure the funds for it by a loan on the property. Mr. Douglas was so interested in seeing the founding of the University actually accomplished that under these circumstances and two and a half years before he had engaged to do so he conveyed the site to the trustees. The conveyance is a simple warranty deed and is signed by him and his wife—"S. A. Douglas" and "Adele Douglas."

This first University of Chicago was short lived. It succumbed to a constantly increasing burden of debt and closed its doors and ended its existence in 1886, thirty years after Mr. Douglas made his first agreement to donate its site.

The present University of Chicago never had the slightest connection with the institution Mr. Douglas helped to found. It seems necessary in the interest of truth to correct the statement of a very recent book and to say that it is not true that anybody "endowed the Douglas University and moved it to the Midway Plaisance." It is not true, as this author states, that "it has continued its uninterrupted graduating years from Douglas' time till now." What the writer calls the "Douglas University" graduated its last class in 1886. The present University of Chicago graduated its first class seven years later in 1893. It was organized under a new charter and with a new board of trustees appointed originally by a new organization, the American Baptist Education Society. It was a wholly new institution. Yet the present University would be the last to affirm that it owes nothing to the first University of Chicago. It received from that institution its name. One of the last acts, if not the very last act, of the trustees of that school, adopted in 1890, four years after its last class had graduated, was the formal changing of its name to "The Old University," in order that the new institution just then being founded, might legally assume the name of "The University of Chicago." The new school also inherited, if only by adoption, the alumni of the old one. One of the early enactments of the board of

trustees reads, "Resolved that in view of the relation of the new University of Chicago to the institution that formerly bore that name, we hereby confirm and re-enact the degrees conferred by the former University of Chicago and we invite the graduates to consider themselves alumni of this University and to co-operate with us in building it into greatness." And there was a third great inheritance. The Old University had produced a profound conviction that Chicago was the predestined seat of a great institution of learning and the inextinguishable desire and unalterable purpose that a new University, built on more secure foundations, should succeed the old one. It was this interest and this desire and this purpose that, when the time came and the call for offerings was made, brought so great a response. When Stephen A. Douglas gave the site of the first University of Chicago he was in fact laying the foundations of the greater University that was to come.

These considerations have moved me to respond to urgent suggestions that I should place among these University Sketches a memorial to Mr. Douglas. It is not my purpose to follow in any detail his remarkable career as a public man. I shall dwell more particularly on his relations to Chicago and to the fortunes of the University he did so much to found. In doing this, however, I must give a more or less connected story of his life.

The founder of that branch of the Douglas family in America of which Stephen A. Douglas became the most conspicuous member came to Cape Ann, Massachusetts, about 1640, from Northamptonshire, England. The family made its way to Connecticut and then to New York, and the grandfather of Mr. Douglas in 1795 moved to Brandon, Vermont, where he owned and cultivated a farm of four hundred acres. The grandmother and mother of Mr. Douglas were both descendants of William Arnold, one of the early governors of Rhode Island Colony. His father was a physician of Brandon, then a small village, where he was struggling to establish himself when his two children, a girl and boy, were born. Brandon, which did not become even a small village till about the end of the Revolutionary War, is situated a few miles north of Rutland in the beautiful valley between the Green Mountains on the east and the northern extremity of the Taconic range on the west. A little river, the Neshobe, flows through it, emptying into the more famous Otter Creek, in which MacDonough built the fleet with which he destroyed the British squadron in the Battle of Lake Champlain in the War of 1812. Beautiful for situation, Brandon came to be known as "the drawing-room town of New England."

Stephen Arnold Douglas was born in a story-and-a-half cottage with seven-foot ceilings in the early days of Brandon, April 23, 1813, and was named after his father. When he was a few weeks old his father was sitting before the fireplace in his little cottage, holding his infant son in his lap, when he suddenly died. We are indebted to Horatio L. Wait, a well-known lawyer of Chicago for nearly fifty years, for a most important incident connected with this tragic event. Mrs. Wait was the granddaughter of John Conant of Brandon, who was an intimate friend of the Douglas family. In a letter of June 14, 1911, Mr. Wait wrote:

> Soon after Stephen A. Douglas was born, early in the morning his father was sitting in the living-room before an open fire, holding the infant in his arms. John Conant, the neighbor and friend, came in, and just as he opened the door into the room the father died suddenly of apoplexy and the infant rolled into the fire. John Conant literally rescued the child from the fire.

Dr. Douglas died thus suddenly at thirty-one years of age, leaving a daughter and this little son who bore his name and who was only two and a half months old. I cannot learn what became of the estate of Dr. Douglas' father. He survived his son, the doctor, sixteen years, living till 1829, was a somewhat conspicuous citizen, owner of a large farm, but I find no mention of him in connection with the fortunes of his grandson. In 1838 when Mr. Douglas was twenty-five years old, he began to write an autobiographical sketch, for the purpose, as he says, "of refreshing my mind in future upon subjects that might otherwise be forgotten." It contained about 4,500 words and was never continued. It tells the story of the family inheritance and of his life as a boy as follows:

> Upon the death of my father my mother moved to a small farm left her by her father about three miles north of my native village and resided with her brother, Edward Fisk, who was an industrious, economical, clever old bachelor, and wanted some one to keep house for him. This arrangement suited them both, as their farms joined, and each was so situated as to need the aid of the other. Here I lived with my mother and uncle upon the farm until I was about fifteen years of age and then determined to select some other mode of living. I had no great aversion to working on a farm, nor was I much dissatisfied with my uncle, but thought him rather a hard master and unwilling to give me those opportunities of improvement and education which I thought I was entitled to. I had enjoyed the benefits of a common school education three months each year and had been kept diligently at work the rest of the time I thought it a hardship that my uncle should have the use of my mother's farm and also the benefit of my labor without any other equivalent than my boarding and clothes. I therefore determined upon leaving my home and my true friends and see what I could do for myself in the wide world among strangers. My mother remonstrated, warned me of the dangers and temptations to which young men are exposed

and insisted upon my selecting some trade or engaging in some business that would give me a steady home and regular employment. I promised to comply with her wishes, that is, keep good company, or, in other words, keep out of bad company, avoid all immoral and vicious practices, attend church regularly and obey the regulations of my employer: in short I promised everything she wanted if she would consent to my leaving home. Accordingly in the spring of 1828, being about fifteen years of age, I bid my mother, sister and uncle farewell and left home for Middlebury, about fourteen miles distant, and engaged to learn the cabinet making trade with one Nahum Parker. I put on my apron and went to work, sawing table legs from two-inch plank, making washstands, bedsteads, etc., etc. I was delighted with the change of home and employment. There was a novelty about it that rendered it peculiarly interesting. My labor furnished exercise for the mind as well as the body. I have never been placed in any situation or been engaged in any business which I enjoyed to so great an extent as the cabinet shop. . . . . Toward the end of the year I became dissatisfied with my employer in consequence of his insisting upon my performing some menial services in the house. I was willing to do anything connected with the shop, but could not consent to perform the duties of a servant in the house. A difficulty soon arose between Mr. Parker and his wife and myself and resulted in my leaving him and returning home. So much was I attached to the life of a mechanic that I could not content myself at home and soon got a situation in the shop of deacon Caleb Knowlton, a cabinet maker in Brandon, my native village. I remained with my new employer about a year and pursued my business strictly, as all the apprentices in the shop were required to do. Whilst I lived with Mr. Parker I formed a taste for reading, particularly political works, by being associated with a number of young men who spent their time nights and Sundays in reading and study. At this time politics ran high in the presidential election between General Jackson and J. Q. Adams. My associate apprentices and myself were warm advocates of General Jackson, whilst our employer was an ardent supporter of Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay. From this moment my politics became fixed and all subsequent reading, reflection and observation have but confirmed my early attachment to the cause of Democracy.

In the winter of 1829 and '30 I was taken sick and compelled to return home. My physicians informed me that my physical strength was too feeble to enable me to work at the cabinet business and that it would be necessary for me to select some other occupation. Finding my health too feeble to work in the shop I commenced going to School at the Academy in Brandon, under the direction of J. M. Chipman, and continued under his instruction until the fall of 1830.

While these changes were taking place in the fortunes of the boy his sister had married and in this same year (1830) his mother, who was still a young woman, married Gehazi Granger, the father of her daughter's husband. The family, thereupon, moved to Canandaigua, New York, and Stephen about the beginning of 1831 entered the Academy at that place and continued his studies for two years. We get an insight into the work of these two years, the most important of his school experiences, in the following sentence from the autobiographical fragment: "Whilst connected with the Academy at Canandaigua I devoted myself zealously to my studies, the Greek and Latin languages, mathematics,

rhetoric, logic, etc., and made considerable improvement." It will be seen that this was advanced work in an academy, in which the boy did not continue long enough to graduate.

He had already decided to enter the law either as a profession, or, as I rather suspect, as a stepping-stone into what was his real profession—politics. At the beginning of 1833, therefore, he entered the office of Walter and Levi Hubbell, in Canandaigua, as a law student and continued with them about five months. It seems clear that he could not depend on his new father for help in completing his preparation for the law and he determined on what proved to be a decisive step in his career. His autobiography continues:

> Finding myself in straightened pecuniary circumstances and knowing my mother's inability to support me through a regular course of law studies . . . . I determined upon removing to the western country and relying upon my own efforts for a support henceforth. My mother and relations remonstrated, urging that I was too young and inexperienced for such an adventure; but finding my resolution fixed and unchangeable, they reluctantly consented, and kindly furnished me with three hundred dollars, the last of my patrimony, with which to pay my expenses. On the 24th of June 1833, (being 20 years of age) I bid farewell to my friends and started alone for the "Great West," without having any particular place of destination in view.

On reaching Cleveland he was taken sick with bilious fever, which cost him four months of time and all his money except forty dollars. With this small sum he went on to Cincinnati, Louisville, and St. Louis, everywhere looking for an opening and finding none. Arriving at almost his last dollar he abandoned the cities for the country and, after trying two or three villages in Illinois, found his way to the small town of Winchester in Scott county with a few cents only in his pocket. In telling the story of this period Mr. Douglas says:

> There was on the second day after my arrival an administrator's sale, at which all the personal property of a dead man's estate was to be disposed of at auction and the administrator applied to me to be clerk at the auction, make out the sale bills, draw the notes, etc., which I very cheerfully consented to do, and performed the duty in the best style I knew how and received five dollars for two days labor.

Once more in funds, he succeeded in getting together about forty pupils for a school which he conducted from December 1, 1833, to March 1, 1834. Though having little legal knowledge he also did considerable law business in Winchester before justices of the peace. I dwell a moment longer on Winchester that I may quote what seems to me the most significant statement in Mr. Douglas' autobiographical fragment. Strange to say there was a lyceum in Winchester. Being the village school teacher and having a natural love for debating, young Douglas was an active member. He says:

One evening at the Lyceum, Mr. Josiah Lambert, a lawyer of some distinction from Jacksonville, made a speech, denouncing the leading measures of General Jackson's administration. . . . . Being a great admirer of General Jackson's public and political character and a warm supporter of the principles of his administration, I could not remain silent when the old hero's character, public and private, was traduced and his measures misrepresented and denounced. I was then familiar with all the principles, measures and facts involved in the controversy, having been an attentive reader of the debates in Congress and the principal newspapers of the day, and having read also with great interest the principal works in this country, such as the debates in the convention that formed the constitution of the United States and the conventions of the several states on the adoption of the Constitution, the Federalist, John Adams' work denominated a defense of the American Constitution, the opinions of Randolph, Hamilton and Jefferson on the constitutionality of the Bank, and the History of the Bank as published by Gales and Seaton, Jefferson's works, etc. I had read all of them and many other political works with great care and interest and had my political opinions firmly established. I engaged in the debate with a good deal of warmth and defended the administration of General Jackson and the cause of the Democratic party in a manner which appeared highly gratifying to my political friends, and which certainly gave me some little reputation as a public speaker: much more than I deserved.

How many boys in the United States, in any period of its history, have read, at twenty years of age, such an amount of constitutional and political literature? Douglas was a politician from his youth. At the end of three months in Winchester he went to Jacksonville, a few miles northeast, was admitted to the bar before his twenty-first birthday, and began to practice law and politics. He practiced law a little and politics a great deal. He was recognized almost immediately as the readiest and most redoubtable of political debaters. He was welcomed into local Democratic leadership. His feet and hands were small, his legs short. He was only 5 feet 4 inches in height, but his body was full, his shoulders broad, his voice resonant, his face strong, his style simple, direct, and forceful, and his mental agility in the presence of an opponent unapproachable. His confidence in himself could not be shaken by any assault, his courage was invincible, and his power over an audience well-nigh unbelievable. His rise to prominence was inevitable. Within ten years he became successively state's attorney of the first judicial district, a member of the Illinois Legislature, registrar of the United States Land Office at Springfield, secretary of state of Illinois, judge of the Illinois Supreme Court, and member of Congress. I cannot follow him through these rapid advances.

But one incident in his congressional career deserves particular mention. When he took his seat in Congress in December, 1843, a bill came up, not for the first time, proposing to repay to General Jackson

a fine which had been imposed upon him by Judge Hall of the Federal Court at New Orleans. In his famous defense of New Orleans in the War of 1812 Jackson had found it necessary to declare martial law and to arrest Judge Hall and banish him from the city. After the return of peace the judge had fined the savior of the city $1,000 for contempt of court and the general had paid it out of his own pocket. Although Jackson had been President for eight years and repeated efforts had been made to pass a bill in Congress to refund this $1,000 fine and remove the stigma from the old hero's record, the matter was still pending thirty years later. Mr. Douglas had always been the most enthusiastic of Jackson worshipers. Before he had been in Congress six weeks he spoke on the bill in vindication of his hero with fire and eloquence and convincing power. The bill became a law and Mr. Douglas took his place at once among the foremost debaters of the House, although on the other side was "the old man eloquent," John Quincy Adams. Jackson received his $1,000 with thirty years' interest. There is a pleasant sequel to this story. Not long after the debate Mr. Douglas attended a convention in Nashville and went out to call on General Jackson at the Hermitage. On recognizing his visitor as the Douglas who had so effectively defended him, the old general expressed to him the warmest thanks and, according to the testimony of the editor of the *State Register* of Springfield, Illinois, said to him, among other things:

> You are the first man who has ever relieved my mind on a subject which has rested upon it for thirty years. My enemies have always charged me with violating the Constitution of my country. . . . . My friends have always admitted the violation, but have contended that circumstances justified me. . . . . I thank you, sir, for that speech. It has relieved my mind from the only circumstance that rested painfully upon it. . . . . I can now go down to the grave in peace, with the perfect consciousness that I have not broken, at any period of my life, the Constitution, or laws of my country.

Mr. Douglas was twice re-elected to the lower house. He was made chairman of the Committee on Territories and reported the bills organizing several of the new territorial governments. He conceived large views of our country's future. He saw it occupying the entire continent. He would carry the Oregon boundary up to Alaska. He was one of the foremost advocates of the "fifty-four-forty or fight" policy and felt humiliated when the boundary line was brought down to the forty-ninth parallel. He was strong for the annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, and the acquisition of every possible square mile of new territory. He urgently advocated large grants of land by the government to encourage the construction of the Illinois Central Railroad, and later of a road to the Pacific.

Almost immediately after his last election to the House of Representatives, in 1846, Mr. Douglas was elected to the United States Senate, taking his seat in 1847. The same year witnessed two other important events in his life. One of these was his removal to Chicago. The other was his first marriage. On April 7, 1847, he married Martha, daughter of Colonel Robert Martin, of North Carolina. Colonel Martin was a slave owner and, dying a year or so after the wedding, left his property, including his slaves, to his daughter, Mrs. Douglas. Although these slaves never became the property of Mr. Douglas, going on the death of his wife to his children, the fact that they were in the family more than once embarrassed him.

We have arrived in this sketch at about the period to which the portrait accompanying it belongs. I obtained the picture through the kindness of Herschel V. Shepard, an assistant attorney-general of Illinois. It came down in his father's family from about 1849. We know that Mr. Douglas was in Chicago in the autumn of that year. Mr. Shepard tells the following interesting story of it:

> My father, along with other farmers, came in from McHenry County, Ills., to Chicago to hear him speak. Father told me it was not far from the business center of our city and in an open field of about ten acres, and was quite crowded with listeners. He spoke from a temporary platform built for the occasion and to an enthusiastic crowd. His voice was heavy and full and his delivery forceful and could be heard by everybody standing on the outskirts of this large open field. Father was impressed with his short stature, his large head, his heavy dark hair and luminous eyes. He commenced his address, as was usual with him, "My fellow citizens," and held spellbound the crowd for an hour This picture, although many were taken during his public career, is the only one I have seen of its kind. I showed it, about twenty-five years ago, to his son, Stephen A. Douglas Jr., and he was anxious to secure it, but for sentimental reasons I did not want to part with it. He said he knew of this picture, but knew of only one other like it in existence, and said "I consider it the best one of all the pictures of my father, when we was in his prime in the U.S. Senate and on the political platform!" Father said at the close of that day's speech he, with several others, called on Senator Douglas to pay their respects, that the Senator's personality was warm and pleasing and he received before he left, from the hands of Senator Douglas, this picture with his compliments, and cordial thanks to them for calling on him.

His name first appeared in the City Directory of Chicago in 1849. His address was the Sherman House. In 1851 he appeared again, but was then at the Tremont House and thenceforth that house was his Chicago headquarters. After he built his house, apparently in 1856–57, his residence was set down as Cottage Grove Avenue, without any number as it was outside the city limits. He seems sometimes to have occupied it, but he really lived in Washington, and when, occasionally,

he visited Chicago he made his home at the Tremont House. It was there he died.

It was in 1849, not long after he made Chicago his home, that he purchased a tract of land, eighty acres, more or less, fronting on Lake Michigan, lying south of the city limits of that date, between Thirty-third and Thirty-fifth streets and extending west to, or near to, Michigan Avenue. The property became in a few years valuable. And this was only one of the many investments he made in Chicago real estate. He bought largely and widely. The time came when he owned outright thirty or forty pieces of real estate in and around the city, to say nothing of thousands of acres on which he held contracts. No man of his time had larger views as to the future of Chicago. Many stories are told of the extraordinary foresight of his land purchases. It is said that when he was general counsel for the Illinois Central Railroad he acquired from that company large holdings in the Calumet region.

As illustrating Mr. Douglas' prophetic vision of the future of Chicago and of land values in and around it, former Judge Fred L. Fake tells me that he received the following interesting story from his father, Frederick L. Fake, who was cashier of the Illinois Central land department in the late fifties of the last century. Mr. Douglas, while general counsel,

> received in part as his compensation deeds to quite a vast territory in and about Calumet Lake and the Calumet region. In those days this land was barren of buildings, barren of even apparent possibilities, from the average lay viewpoint, a large measure of it being marsh land and facetiously called by my father and his young associates employed by the Illinois Central, "the frog pond of Mr. Douglas." On one occasion Mr. Douglas, hearing the boys discussing the type of land granted him for his services and calling it his frog pond, called them together, and with prophetic vision said to them, "Young men, I have heard you from time to time characterize this property of mine in and about Calumet as a frog pond. I make this prophecy, that although I may not live to see the day, many of you will, when that which you call my frog pond will be one of the greatest manufacturing centers in the whole United States, and will also be a part of the great City of Chicago.

—all of which has come to pass.

By 1856 Judge Douglas, as he was always called, was, prospectively, a very rich man. But in that same year he began himself to pull down the structure of his wealth. It was in 1856 that he sold 90 or 100 acres on the western limits of Chicago for $1,000 an acre and at once contributed $40,000 to the Democratic campaign fund and the election of Buchanan to the presidency. In his campaign for re-election to the Senate in 1858, two years later, the great conflict with Mr. Lincoln, he is said to have spent all that remained from that sale of real estate. He helped to finance his own desperate struggle for the presidency in 1860 by

mortgaging most if not all of the rest of his real estate holdings. The financial panic of 1857 had reduced their value enormously and made sales impossible at almost any price. After his death, therefore, almost everything he had was found to be mortgaged to the limit. Had he lived, with the revival of land values, he would have become prosperous once more. As it was, after his debts were paid little was left for his family, and that little went to them only after years of litigation.

To return from this diversion, it was a high compliment to Mr. Douglas that on the day he took his seat in the Senate he was appointed chairman of the Committee on Territories. He had held that position in the House with great credit. It was at that time an important position, as we had acquired vast territories which were being rapidly populated and every year these territories were clamoring for organization, or seeking admission to the Union as states. No other man has ever had so much to do with this kind of public service. Mr. Douglas reported the bills by which Utah, New Mexico, Washington, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, and Minnesota became territories and those by which, Texas, Iowa, Florida, California, Wisconsin, Oregon, and Minnesota became states.

When he entered the Senate he was still a young man, only thirty-four years old. He found himself in very able company. Among his fellow-senators were Webster of Massachusetts, Calhoun of South Carolina, Dix of New York, Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, Benton of Missouri, Mason of Virginia, Cass of Michigan, Houston of Texas, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, Corwin of Ohio, Bell of Tennessee, Crittenden of Kentucky, and, a little later, Henry Clay.

It was not to be expected that in such company as this the young Senator from Illinois, only 34 years old, would win any place of great prominence. But Mr. Douglas never took a back seat in any company. He was soon in the forefront of every battle that was being fought. He was afraid of nobody, rejoiced in conflict, was a consummate debater, and quickly made his way to the front in the Senate. It was in the Senate that he finally accomplished his greatest service for his own state. Conceiving a great intersectional line of railroad from Chicago to Mobile that should help to make the North and South acquainted and bind them together, he united the representatives of the two sections in a successful effort to secure from Congress large land grants to encourage the building of such a line. After years of effort he thus secured to Illinois for the construction of the Illinois Central the grant of alternate sections of land on both sides of its right of way. One of the provisions

of the bill required that the company should forever pay 7 per cent of its gross earnings into the state treasury for the support of the state. The sections reserved were doubled in price so that the government really gave away nothing.

It would be hard to overstate the service Mr. Douglas rendered the state of Illinois and the city of Chicago in carrying this great measure through Congress. It took seven years to do it, but the delay resulted in greatly extending and improving the bill as finally passed. It was first proposed to construct a road through the center of the state from Cairo to Galena, leaving Chicago far to one side. It was through the efforts of Mr. Douglas that the Centralia-Chicago line was made a part of the Illinois Central System from the beginning.

When the final plan of the great land grant directly to the state to aid in building the road was about to be adopted by Congress, a company already organized succeeded in getting a bill through the Illinois Legislature ceding to it all lands that might at any time be granted to the state for that purpose. Believing this to be merely a land-grabbing scheme, Mr. Douglas called the leader of what he regarded as a dangerous conspiracy before him and by threatening to expose and denounce the plan and defeat the passage of any bill, he compelled him to sign and send to Illinois a full release of any claims whatever under the Act. He thus secured the grant to the state free from any compromising commitments and dangerous claims.

Through the courtesy of Vice-President A. C. Mann of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, I have received the following interesting information. Under the terms of the state charter approved February 10, 1851, the company was granted the title to 2,595,133 acres of government land in Illinois which had been ceded to the state to aid in the building of a Lakes-to-the Gulf railway. In return for this grant, the charter provided that the road should pay into the state treasury annually, in lieu of other taxes, a special tax of 7 per cent of the gross earnings from its charter lines. The Illinois Central has realized up to the present date $23,225,028 from the sale of its lands, while payments to the state under the charter tax up to April 30, 1923, aggregated the total of $55,-644,388.56. With the great development of the road the annual payments to the state have largely increased in later years. The building of the Illinois Central Railroad was one of the chief agencies in the very rapid development of the state, and Mr. Douglas was the principal factor in making its early building possible.

His initiative, audacity, and real power soon brought Mr. Douglas

into the acknowledged Democratic leadership in the Senate. It was after he entered that body that the storm of the slavery agitation began to threaten the life of the republic. He was elected and re-elected to the Senate three times, as he had been to the House of Representatives. It was during his senatorial career that the storm of slavery agitation intensified to that cyclonic fury which so nearly shipwrecked the nation. In an effort to allay the storm and bring the agitation to an end Henry Clay proposed the famous compromise measures of 1850. These measures provided that California should be admitted into the Union as a free state; that the rest of the Mexican Cession should be organized into territories with no restrictions as to slavery; that the slave trade be prohibited in the District of Columbia, but not slavery itself; that the interstate trade in slaves be let alone and that an effective fugitive slave law be enacted. With the efficient co-operation of Mr. Douglas, who, indeed, finally took the laboring oar, the compromise measures were passed and it was generally hoped that the slavery agitation peril was over.

But while Congress enjoyed a three years' respite from that agitation the entire North flamed into indignation over the peculiarly offensive part of the compromise measures—known as the more effective Fugitive Slave Law. Toward the end of October it became known that Senator Douglas was about to return to his home in Chicago, and the last week of that month was one of the most exciting in the history of the city. The Fugitive Slave Law had been passed on the 18th of September, 1850. On Monday evening, October 21, the common council of Chicago adopted a series of red-hot resolutions, denouncing the law as infamous and all the senators and representatives from the free states who aided in its passage "as only to be ranked with the traitors Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot." On Tuesday evening, the 22d, a great mass meeting of citizens was held in the City Hall, where similar resolutions were presented and fiery speeches made. Into this meeting Senator Douglas came late, but in time to hear the speeches. Before the adoption of the resolutions he was called out and invited all interested to attend a meeting at the same place the next evening, when he would explain the law and his own course in favoring its enactment. On Wednesday evening, the 23d, the City Hall was packed to the doors. His own friends rallied in great force and he made one of the great speeches of his life. He spoke for three hours and a half and the meeting passed unanimously a series of resolutions he proposed in favor of obedience to the Constitution and the laws and repudiating the resolutions of the council. This was regarded as one of the greatest oratorical triumphs of his life.

On the very next evening, Thursday the 24th, the council again met, when a motion was made to expunge from the records the resolutions adopted on the preceding Monday evening and was laid on the table for future action. The greatest meeting of the week was held on Friday evening, the 25th, "to hear arguments in opposition to those" urged by Senator Douglas. At this meeting James H. Collins and Edwin C. Larned spoke amid great enthusiasm. A series of resolutions condemning the obnoxious law in milder terms than those of Tuesday was adopted amid great excitement and confusion. But this did not end the war of words. On Saturday evening the friends of Senator Douglas held a meeting, with speeches approving his course. But his friends did not have the last word. The biographies of Mr. Douglas have commonly affirmed that the council rescinded its condemnatory resolutions and expunged them from the records. This is precisely what it did not do. At a meeting of the council held November 29, by a vote of 9 to 3, it refused to expunge the condemnatory resolutions. It had been threatened that the action of the council would be made to work injury to the city, but further action was taken, again denouncing the Fugitive Slave Law and going on to say:

> We do not consider it our duty to counsel the city officers of Chicago to aid or assist in the arrest of fugitives from oppression, and by withholding such aid or assistance we do not believe that our harbor appropriations will be withheld, our railroads injured, our commerce destroyed or that treason would be committed against the government.

The resolution was adopted by a vote of 11 to 3. From Chicago Mr. Douglas went out into the state defending the compromise measures and was received with coldness or hostility in the North, but with increasing cordiality as he proceeded south.

In January, 1853, Mr. Douglas suffered a great affliction in the death of his wife, to whom he was deeply attached. Mrs. Douglas left two children. The elder spent most of his life in North Carolina, where he had a successful career, became Judge Robert Martin Douglas, and died in 1917, sixty-eight years old. The younger son, Stephen A. Douglas, Jr., became a Chicago lawyer and died in 1908. After the death of his wife, Mr. Douglas went abroad. He spent six months or more in visiting the various countries of Europe and the Near East, returning home in the autumn of 1853.

The year 1854 brought Mr. Douglas to the capital and fatal blunder of his life. He introduced into the Senate and carried through Congress the Kansas-Nebraska bill. This was a bill to organize Kansas and

Nebraska as territories with the following provision, that it was "not the intent nor meaning of this Act either to legislate slavery into a territory or to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way." But not content with this the Act declared the Missouri Compromise of 1820 "inoperative and void." The Missouri Compromise forever excluded slavery from all the territories north of the line of 36:30 north latitude, this being popularly known as Mason and Dixon's line.

The Missouri Compromise had become in the minds of northern people almost as sacred as the Constitution itself. Mr. Douglas himself had said, "It is canonized in the hearts of the American people, and no ruthless hand will ever dare to disturb it," and he had gone so far, after we had acquired so vast a territory, including California, from Mexico, as to make an effort to extend this line, north of which slavery should not go, to the Pacific Ocean. And now his own hand had obliterated that line and opened all the territories to slavery. I do not stop to inquire into the motives of Mr. Douglas in this fateful act, but only to point out that it was his undoing. In the Lincoln-Douglas debate at Freeport Mr. Lincoln said that that evil genius which had attended him through his life, giving him an apparent astonishing prosperity, had at last made up its mind to forsake him. There was an outburst of indignation against him from one end of the North to the other. He afterward declared that he could travel from Boston to Chicago in the light of his own burning effigies. After the adjournment of Congress he returned to Chicago and announced that he would speak on the evening of September 1 in front of North Market Hall. During the afternoon flags were hung at half-mast and as the evening came on bells were tolled as for a great public calamity. An immense crowd gathered in front of the hall. When Mr. Douglas appeared on the platform at a quarter past eight and began to speak he was greeted with hisses. Waiting for them to subside, no sooner did he begin again than "bedlam broke loose." Taking advantage of every lull in the storm he lifted up his great voice only to have it drowned by the threatening roar of opposition. For two hours, some say for four, he struggled in vain to be heard. Never was lion-like courage better illustrated. He never for a moment quailed before the storm. But in the end he gave up the unequal and hopeless conflict and, fighting mad, courageously made his way with a few friends around him to his carriage and was driven, through the hostile and menacing crowd that pressed close about him all the way, the four or five blocks to the Tremont House. At that time he was the

most unpopular man in America. As one of his biographers says, "Personal friends turned their backs upon him; lifelong associates refused to follow his lead; even the rank and file of his followers seemed infected with the prevailing epidemic of distrust." All the world knows that out of the ensuing storm of popular revolt the Republican Party emerged and a new era in American politics began.

It must not be supposed that at this time of general distrust and hostility throughout the North Senator Douglas was without devoted friends. In Chicago their loyalty found expression in a public dinner at the Tremont House. Two hundred guests attended this banquet and he delivered the speech he had been prevented from making on September 1.

Was it at this banquet that Mr. Douglas made the first proffer of a site for a university to any denomination that would receive it and found such an institution? This is the only public dinner given to him in 1854 or 1855 of which I find any record, and it is stated that at such a dinner he made this proposal and that Charles Walker, one of his friends and adherents, a prominent Baptist of Chicago, whose son George C. Walker gave Walker Museum to the present University of Chicago, on hearing it rose from his seat and after walking up and down the room for a few minutes stopped and said, "Judge Douglas, I will accept your offer on behalf of the Baptists of Chicago." Mr. Walker, who was regarded by Mr. Douglas as one of the most public-spirited citizens of Chicago, later became one of the leaders of his denomination in receiving the site of the University and was the vice-president of its board of trustees to the end of his life. It is known that at about the time of this public dinner Mr. Douglas, walking over his property on Cottage Grove Avenue with his friend Rev. Dr. Ansel Eddy, a Presbyterian clergyman, had expressed his willingness to give a part of it for a college or university. Dr. Eddy undertook to interest the Presbyterians of the city and received from Mr. Douglas the proffer of a site on condition that he should raise $100,000 in cash or good subscriptions for the erection of the necessary buildings. This Dr. Eddy failed to do. Learning of these negotiations and their failure, Dr. John C. Burroughs, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chicago, encouraged by Charles Walker and others, went to Washington in March, 1856, and found Mr. Douglas so interested in the plan of a university in Chicago that he had no difficulty in securing for himself and the Baptists the conditional proffer of the site. Owing to the intense hostility against Mr. Douglas prevailing in 1856–57 the trustees had great difficulty in raising funds for

the proposed institution. He had been made president of the board of trustees and held that position for five years, until his death. The prejudice against him was transferred to the University. Because of his intimate relation to it, it encountered not indifference only, but active opposition. His enemies attributed unworthy motives to him. They openly declared that he had given the site to increase the value of his surrounding property and to bolster up his political fortunes. To bring the University into disrepute they called it "Douglas University."

These attacks became so serious and injurious that on August 8, 1857, Mr. Douglas wrote the following letter, one month after the laying of the cornerstone of the University building. It is dated in Chicago showing that he was in the city at that time, perhaps building his home in the oak grove on his property, which he called "Okenwald." He had married, in 1856, Adele Cutts, of Washington, a most attractive lady who became one of the leaders of Washington society, and they were making a home in Chicago. This is the letter he wrote:

Rev. J. C. Burroughs.

My dear Sir: I have learned with surprise and regret that many persons and newspapers opposed to me in politics have allowed their partisan feelings and prejudices to influence their action to the extent of endeavoring to injure and perhaps destroy the Institution over which you have been chosen to preside, for no other reason than that the ground upon which it was to be established was owned and donated by me. So long as their efforts were expended in abusing me and maligning my motives by attributing to me the design of making a pecuniary speculation under the veil of benevolence, I was content to remain silent and trust to the people of Illinois, with whom I have lived and whom I have endeavored to serve with fidelity and honor for nearly a quarter of a century, to do justice to my motives and vindicate my character.

But when my enemies go so far as to assail the Institution itself and endeavor to marshall the forces and excite the influence of a powerful political party to destroy its influence merely because I donated the grounds and own the surrounding lands, I feel it my duty, so far as I have the power, to obviate the objections. With this view I propose to you, as President of the University of Chicago, and through you to the board of trustees, that in lieu of the lands that I have donated, I will refund all monies which have been expended thereon, including the cost of laying the corner stone, and in addition I will subscribe and pay fifty thousand dollars toward establishing the University upon the plan which has been adopted on any other site which the board of trustees may select within the state of Illinois—the said sum of fifty thousand dollars to be expended in the endowment of a Department or School of Law in said University. In the event that the board of trustees, at their next meeting shall accept this proposition as a measure more favorable to the success of the Institution than the donation of the present site, I shall hold myself in readiness, on one day's notice, to give ample security for its faithful performance on my part. I have the honor to be very respectfully your friend and servant,

S. A. Douglas

No one can hesitate to say that this proposal reflects the highest honor on Mr. Douglas. The trustees so felt, but a month later, September 2, 1857, they held a meeting and unanimously declined his proposition. The matter was felt to be so important, however, and a proper understanding of the case by the public seemed so necessary to the welfare of the institution, the founding of which was as yet in its preliminary stages, that a committee was appointed "to prepare a reply to the letter of Judge Douglas." It was a committee of distinguished men, the chairman being Senator James R. Doolittle of Wisconsin. The other members of the committee were Judge John M. Wilson, Bishop Robert H. Clarkson, Dr. L. D. Boone, once mayor of Chicago, and H. A. Tucker, banker. The letter is too long for insertion here. It said there was no other site in Chicago so eligible for a University; that while several other sites had been proposed, they had chosen the one offered by him unanimously; that the board was composed of men of all parties and several religious denominations and that their entire unanimity ought to satisfy everyone that no political or sectarian feelings or prejudices had in the slightest degree influenced their action; that any political prejudice must, as it rested on no good foundation, be merely temporary; that the trustees would not only forfeit the respect of the public, but lose their own self-respect, if they yielded their unanimous judgment to mere temporary personal or political considerations; and that if the trustees should now yield to the prevailing clamor they would by their own act become self-convicted of a charge then wholly groundless. This correspondence did much to clear the air. When, three and a half years later, Senator Douglas died honored and lamented by every loyal citizen, his connection with the institution came to be one of its enduring glories. The relation was honorable to the University and to the man. This became evident, indeed, very quickly. Within a few months almost the entire North was resounding with loud applause of Senator Douglas. The way in which this reversal of public opinion came about forms one of the most dramatic episodes in American history. Douglas had carried through Congress his Kansas-Nebraska bill in the name of his great doctrine of popular sovereignty. By this famous doctrine he had carried back from the states to the people of the territories the right to regulate in their own way all their domestic institutions, including the introduction or rejection of slavery. Thereupon armed bands from the neighboring slave states had invaded the territory of Kansas, set up polling places, elected a pro-slavery legislature, which recognized slavery, formed a pro-slavery state constitution and applied for the admission of Kansas into the Union

as a slave state. As a result civil war raged in Kansas and the nation looked on appalled. President Buchanan urged upon Congress the approval of this "Crime against Kansas" and it looked as though the crime was to be consummated by making Kansas a slave state against the will of the great majority of its people. Then Douglas revolted. Flinging away all personal considerations he went to the President, begged him to reverse his policy and, finding arguments and entreaties vain, told him he would use every means in his power to defeat the administration's purpose. Buchanan said to him, "Senator, I wish to remind you that no Democrat was ever successful in opposing the policy of an administration of his party." The Little Giant drew himself up and replied, "Mr. President, permit me most respectfully to remind you that General Jackson is dead," and withdrew. Then came the gigantic struggle in Congress over the Lecompton slave constitution for Kansas, and Douglas fought the battle that defeated the conspiracy against Kansas as heroically as did Chase and Sumner and Seward.

He returned to Illinois in July, 1858, to engage with Abraham Lincoln in his memorable campaign for re-election to the Senate. He had regained all his old popularity and added to it. He entered Chicago escorted by a delegation of friends in a special train and greeted with the booming of cannon. He was driven to the Tremont House, in an open barouche drawn by six horses, amid the applause of cheering thousands. In the evening an immense multitude assembled to hear him deliver the first speech of his campaign for the senatorship. It was in this campaign that the most famous political joint discussion in history took place, the Lincoln-Douglas debates.

The passing years have not dimmed, but only added to the public estimate of their historical significance and importance. In all the places where the two protagonists spoke together, efforts have been made to determine the exact spot where they stood as they spoke and permanently mark it with a tablet or other memorial. Not only so, but a small monument in the town of Bement in Piatt County stands near the house in which the two men made the final arrangements as to the places in which they would speak together and how they would divide the time. And a larger monument, sixteen feet in height, stands on the spot in Monticello in the same county, where earlier on the same day, July 29, 1858, they met by accident and agreed on the formal conference in Bement. And in all these places from time to time memorial meetings commemorate the great debate. It is with difficulty that I resist the temptation to dwell on that interesting historical event.

I have time for a personal reminiscence only. It was my good fortune to attend the Galesburg debate. I was a boy of 16, but it made an indelible impression on my memory. It was a raw October day, but such was the public excitement and interest that the vast assemblage of nearly or quite twenty thousand stood for three hours to listen to the speakers. The buildings of Knox College, on whose campus the debate occurred, formed a quadrangle, open on one side. The speakers' platform was built against the rear of the main building. Flanking this central structure, to the right and left were two classroom buildings and from the rear of each of these extended a long one-story students' dormitory. The audience was gathered between these dormitories. The students took possession of the roof of the nearest dormitory on the speakers' left as the best place for seeing and hearing. I recall that I was about midway of the roof and possibly a hundred feet away. I had never seen either of the two men before and I was struck at once with the extraordinary physical contrast between them. Mr. Douglas was 5 feet, 4 inches in height, but stockily built, weighing 140 pounds, with a bold, aggressive-looking face. Mr. Lincoln was just a foot taller, 6 feet, 4 inches, not lanky, for he weighed 180 pounds, but rangy and muscular. His face was subdued in repose, thoughtful, pensive, but lighting up in a remarkable way, when, in speaking, he became intellectually aroused and spiritually exalted.

Mr. Douglas opened the debate and great was our disappointment on the dormitory roof when we found we were too far away to hear. He had been speaking almost daily for three months, often in the open air for three hours at a time, and had used up his voice. We saw a man with a leonine face apparently speaking with the greatest vehemence, but no sound reached us. He spoke for an hour and as soon as he sat down Mr. Lincoln rose and spoke an hour and a half. And then we had the second surprise of the day. Mr. Lincoln also had been speaking almost daily for nearly a hundred days. What, then, was our surprise and delight when his voice rang out over the great assembly clear as a bell! It was a high tenor with great carrying power. On the dormitory roof we heard every word distinctly, as did the most distant listeners.

There were seven of these joint debates, at Ottawa, Freeport, Galesburg, Quincy, Charleston, Jonesboro, and Alton, beginning at Ottawa August 21 and closing at Alton October 15, 1858. The people came out in thousands and stood in the open air to listen for three hours, Mr. Douglas opening four of the debates with a speech of one hour, Mr. Lincoln following with one of an hour and a half, and Mr. Douglas closing with one of half

an hour. Mr. Lincoln opened three of the discussions. Each speaker had to close promptly when his time was up. He could conclude the sentence he had begun, but could not begin another. Both men were victorious in the great struggle. Mr. Douglas won the prize he had immediately in view—the senatorship—and Mr. Lincoln won the prize he, perhaps, subconsciously had in view—the presidency. It is quite certain he elicited from his adversary statements that made the election of Mr. Douglas to that high office impossible. Although in the famous or infamous Dred Scott decision the Supreme Court had said that slavery had a right to exist in every territory, Douglas had said at Freeport that the people of a territory could exclude it by unfriendly legislation. This declaration became known throughout the country as the "Freeport Doctrine," and gave great offense to the South. The southern people never forgave it. When, after the great debate, Mr. Douglas made a tour of the South, he was sometimes received coldly, but when, returning from it, he spoke in the northern cities he was everywhere received with enthusiasm.

Reaching Washington after the organization of Congress in December, 1858, he found that his former southern friends had begun war upon him. He had been deposed from the chairmanship of the Committee on Territories which he had held ever since he entered the Senate. Southern senators began to attack him, but he did not retreat an inch from the advanced position he had taken. He strenuously opposed the revival of the slave trade and reaffirmed the "Freeport Doctrine."

Mr. Douglas was a candidate for the presidency at three Democratic national conventions. At the Baltimore Convention in 1852 on the twenty-ninth ballot he received 91 votes, Buchanan 93, and Cass 27, Franklin Pierce being finally nominated on the forty-ninth ballot. Douglas was at that time only thirty-nine years old. He was again a candidate in 1856, being still a young man. The convention was held at Cincinnati and on the tenth ballot he had 118 votes. By 1860 it had become evident that the South would not support him. But the Democrats of the North, grown weary of southern domination, were determined that he should lead them in the presidential campaign of that year. The National Convention assembled in Charleston, South Carolina, on April 23 and adopted the Douglas platform by a vote of 165 to 138, only 12 southern delegates voting for it and only 30 northern delegates against it. It was the North against the South. When it came to balloting for candidates fifty-seven ballots were taken without result, Mr. Douglas leading all other candidates, receiving 145½ votes, 56½ less

than the two-thirds required to nominate. Seven or eight southern delegations formally withdrew from the convention, which adjourned to reassemble in Baltimore on June 18. The seceders also arranged to meet at the same time in the same city. When they met again Abraham Lincoln had been nominated by the Republicans at Chicago.

At Baltimore the northern Democrats took so firm a stand, going so far as to admit contesting delegations from Alabama and Lousiana, that Virginia and most of the delegates from four other southern states withdrew. The regular convention nominated Mr. Douglas by an almost unanimous vote and the southern seceders named John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky. In the contest that followed Mr. Douglas conducted his own campaign. He made a speaking tour which led him to every section of the country, everywhere attracting great audiences. Perhaps in the South they were not always enthusiastic, but he did not hesitate to stand before them for loyalty to the Union. When asked in Virginia whether the election of Lincoln would justify the South in seceding, he said, "I emphatically answer No!" In North Carolina he said that he "would hang every man higher than Haman who should attempt to resist by force the execution of any provision of the Constitution." Although he received only 12 electoral votes he was second only to Mr. Lincoln at the ballot box and far in advance of Mr. Breckinridge. The popular vote stood: Lincoln, 1,857,610; Douglas, 1,291,574; Breckinridge, 850,082. The Bell-Everett ticket crowded Mr. Breckinridge with 646,124 votes. The combined vote of the Douglas and Bell ticket, votes for both these tickets being regarded in the South as votes for the preservation of the Union, exceeded in the slave states that given for Breckinridge by 129,000. Thus the South itself voted for the Union.

Returning to his seat in the Senate after the election Mr. Douglas used every ounce of influence he possessed to prevent secession. He lost no opportunity to raise his voice for the Union. He labored unceasingly for a compromise that would save the integrity of the nation. But he declared that Mr. Lincoln, "having been elected, must be inaugurated in obedience to the Constitution." He welcomed the President-elect to Washington, stood near him and held his hat during the inaugural address, declaring that address "an emanation from the brain and heart of a patriot." After hearing of the attack on Fort Sumter he at once called on the President and assured him of his loyal support. When Mr. Lincoln submitted to him his call for volunteers, Mr. Douglas approved every word of it, only saying that he would make the call for 200,000 men

instead of 75,000. He then sat down and wrote out the following statement to be wired to the press of the country:

> Senator Douglas called upon the President and had an interesting conversation on the present condition of the country. The substance of it was, on the part of Mr. Douglas, that while he was unalterably opposed to the Administration in all political issues, he was prepared to fully sustain the President in the exercise of all his constitutional functions, to preserve the Union, maintain the government, and defend the federal capital. A firm policy and prompt action was necessary. The capital was in danger and must be defended at all hazards and at any expense of men and money.

After conference with the President Mr. Douglas decided to visit Illinois and exert all the great influence he knew he possessed to rally his friends to the defense of the Union. On his way he spoke twice to the people of West Virginia and Ohio. But his objectives were the capital of his own state and Chicago. He reached Springfield on April 25, 1861, and spoke to the legislature and a great audience of citizens in an address which was a trumpet call that resounded from one end of the state to the other. Horace White of the *Chicago Tribune* said of it:

> I was one of the listeners to that speech and I cannot conceive that Demosthenes or Mirabeau, or Patrick Henry, or any orator of ancient or modern times could have surpassed it. . . . .
>
> If the roof of the building had been carried away by the tempest that was issuing from the Little Giant none of his listeners would have been surprised. Douglas had only a few more days to live. He was now forty-eight years old, but if he had lived forty-eight years longer he never could have surpassed that eloquence or exceeded that service to his country.

That great speech made Illinois solid for the Union. The vast following of Mr. Douglas rallied loyally to their country's cause. From Springfield he went to Chicago, where he spoke in the Wigwam, the hall in which, only a few months before, Mr. Lincoln had been nominated for the presidency. It was crowded to the doors. In the appeal he made to the patriotism of the people, he said:

> The question is, are we to maintain the country of our fathers, or allow it to be stricken down by those who, when they can no longer govern, threaten to destroy. . . . . There are to be no neutrals in this war, only patriots and traitors. . . . . The shortest way to peace is the most stupendous and unanimous preparation for war.

Mr. Douglas was never so great, never rose to such heights of moral grandeur, never did such inestimable service to his country as during these last weeks of his life. The strain on his physical and nervous energies had been great. Physically he was no longer the little giant he had been. His health was breaking. Financial worries distressed him. To conduct the extraordinary political campaigns of the last three

years he had mortgaged almost everything he possessed and financial obligations were pressing heavily upon him. Old maladies attacked him and on June 3, 1861, only a few weeks after his impassioned appeal in the Wigwam, he died in Chicago still a young man, only 48 years old. He was buried on the lake shore, near his home and little more than one block east of the University he had helped to found, of the board of trustees of which he had been president from the beginning. It appropriately fell to the military company of the University to be the guard of honor at the funeral. I recall the day the more perfectly, after sixty-two and a half years, because as orderly sergeant of the company my station was at the entrance of the grounds on Thirty-fifth Street, near the lake shore. Through this entrance, which was directly south of the place of interment, the funeral procession passed. Above him his friends and the state built a monument, the work of Leonard W. Volk, a column rising a hundred feet into the air, crowned with his statue, facing the east and looking out over the great inland sea.

This is but one of the many memorials of Mr. Douglas. On October 5, 1918, in celebrating the centennial of the admission of Illinois into the Union, the state dedicated a statue of him by Gilbert P. Riswold in the grounds of the capitol at Springfield. His great-granddaughter, Virginia Adams Douglas, as a part of the exercises, placed a wreath at the feet of the statue. She was eight years old and had been brought from her home in North Carolina by her father, R. A. Douglas, for her part in the ceremony. Chicago named for him one of its great parks as another of these memorials.

One of the most interesting of the events commemorating this memorable man occurred far from Illinois in the state and village of his boyhood. As the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Mr. Douglas approached, the town of Brandon, Vermont, where he was born, took measures to celebrate that anniversary. In anticipation of the day Albert G. Farr, a well-known citizen of Chicago born in Brandon and having his summer home there, presented to the town a monument to the memory of Mr. Douglas and it was erected nearly in front of the cottage in which he was born. It is about ten feet in height, "based on pure Grecian forms and is carried out in white Vermont marble quarried near Brandon." The portrait in bas-relief on the front of the monument is the portrait made by Lorado Taft for the tablet in the cloister at the University of Chicago. Under it is the following inscription:

Stephen A. Douglas, teacher, lawyer, orator, statesman, United States Senator from Illinois 1847 to 1861, Democratic candidate for President of the United States

against Abraham Lincoln. Loyal supporter of Lincoln and the Union in the early days of the War of the Rebellion. Born at Brandon, April 23, 1813, in the cottage west of this site. Died in Chicago, June 3, 1861.

On the reverse side of the monument is the following inscription:

This monument set up by citizens of Brandon, Vermont, April 23, 1913, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Stephen A. Douglas who was born just west of this monument.

The bas-relief on the other side is a replica of the one at the University of Chicago by Lorado Taft. Under the original is an inscription referring to the generous contribution by Mr. Douglas toward the foundation in 1855 of the first University established in Chicago, which is now the University of Chicago.

The space in which the monument stands is called "Douglas Green." The vine-clad story and a half cottage in which he was born is now owned by the Daughters of the American Revolution and is occupied and maintained by the D.A.R. of Brandon.

At the dedication of the monument 2,500 people were present. Ex-Governor E. J. Ormsbee presided, the grandson of Mr. Douglas, Hon. Martin Francis Douglas, unveiled the monument, and United States Senator J. Hamilton Lewis of Chicago delivered the address.

This sketch is written to bring to mind again this once famous son of Illinois and Chicago, not because he had any agency in the founding of the University of today, since he had no such agency, but in recognition of his enlightened and generous interest in higher education in Chicago, illustrated in his devotion to that earlier institution which lived a little while and passed away, but created convictions and inspirations which resulted in the building on broader and deeper foundations of the University of Chicago which this generation knows. With its future expansion and greatness may his fame, as an early friend of learning and a lover of his country in the days of its extremity, increase.

CHARLES LAWRENCE HUTCHINSON

CHARLES LAWRENCE HUTCHINSON

When, on October 7, 1924, Charles L. Hutchinson died, Chicago lost one of its greatest and best citizens. He was a man of whom it is a pleasure and a privilege to write.

His first American ancestor was Richard T. Hutchinson, who came to the New World from Arnold, England, in 1634 and settled a few miles north of Boston in what is now Danvers, Massachusetts. It was in this same town that the father of Charles, Benjamin P. Hutchinson, was born in 1828, nearly 200 years later. His forebears had clung to the old home for six generations, but the ambitious and energetic nature of B. P. Hutchinson demanded a larger field of activity and before he was twenty-one he had found his way to the thriving city of Lynn, where so many fortunes have been made in the manufacture of shoes. His business efforts in Lynn did not succeed, but in his marriage to Sarah M. Ingalls he made one of the fortunate ventures of an extraordinary career.

Mrs. Hutchinson, the mother of Charles, belonged to the oldest family in Lynn. The brothers Edmund and Francis Ingalls, coming from Lincolnshire, England, began the settlement of Lynn in 1629. When, therefore, she married the young man from Danvers her family had been residents of Lynn 225 years.

Charles Lawrence Hutchinson was born in Lynn March 7, 1854. He was the oldest of a family of five children, three daughters, of whom one died young, and two sons. After his business reverses in Lynn the father went to Boston for a very short time, then to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, but settled permanently in Chicago in 1858. He began his business life in Chicago by buying a membership in the Board of Trade and becoming a dealer in grain. It is not my purpose to follow his extraordinary business career. Extending his activities to the packing business he became one of the principal owners of the great Chicago Packing and Provision Company, which made him a rich man. He was one of the organizers of the Traders Insurance Company and of the Corn Exchange Bank and was rated at times as one of the richest men in Chicago.

The education of the boy Charles began in the public schools of the city. He probably attended first of all the Haven School, which occupied a fine new building on Wabash Avenue below Fourteenth Street. From

1867 to 1869 he was in the Jones School at Harrison and Clark streets. At the anniversary of the school in July, 1868, he was one of the speakers, the title of his declamation being "Barbara Frietchie." His class numbered from ten to sixteen. His rank in it until toward the close was only a little above the average. Monthly reports were made to the parents of the pupils and signed by them. Charles, as was his lifelong custom, preserved these reports, and it must have been a satisfaction to him to submit to his parents a report showing that in his last term, in attendance, deportment, and scholarship his teacher had marked him 100 and that he stood number 1 in a class of sixteen.

In 1869, when fifteen years old, he entered the Chicago High School. I say *the* Chicago High School, because, although the population had increased to 300,000, there was only one high school in the city. The building had been erected in 1856 and the school organized in October of that year. It was located on the West Side, on Monroe Street east of Halsted. The building was of stone, three stories high, and was regarded by all citizens with pride and joy. In 1860 that distinguished teacher and administrator, George Howland, became the High School principal and continued in that position with increasing success for twenty years, when he became superintendent of schools.

If toward the end of his grammar-school period Charles had begun to feel the awakening of a scholarly ambition, that ambition became dominant in his high-school course. He came to be an eager student and became deeply attached to some of his teachers, particularly to Mr. Howland and Miss Ann Trimingham, the teacher of drawing. He was easily the best student in his class of seventy-three members, being described to me by one of his classmates as "an almost perfect student," winning the highest class honor, that of valedictorian. The graduating exercises were held in McVickers Theater June 27, 1873. There was little social life in the high school of that day and little in the way of sports, to which, indeed, Charles was not much inclined, and his high-school course was a real intellectual awakening and a prolonged devotion to scholarly pursuits, a devotion he never lost. When he graduated he was nineteen years old.

He had acquired an ambition for a higher education and wished to go to college. His mother was a very superior woman, ambitious for her son. She encouraged him to make the most of himself in every way, educationally, morally, religiously. She wished him to go on with his education. But his father was of a different mind. He was indeed very proud of his brilliant and promising son. Already Charles, though but nineteen years old, was the head of the family, recognized as such by every mem-

ber of it, mother, sisters, brother, and father. He had been put at the head of the table. He took care of the family finances. He paid all family bills. He decided all family questions. Did a sister receive a proposal of marriage? Brother Charles must be consulted. Was a visit abroad suggested? "Ask Charles." All alike were proud and happy to look up to him. In one realm, however, the father was an autocrat. He was at the peak of his business career. He was one of the leading packers of the country. He was a large operator on the Board of Trade. He had founded the Corn Exchange Bank. He had other large business interests and needed his son's assistance. He had, indeed, had more or less of it during his boy's high-school course. All the time Charles could spare from his school duties had been devoted to mastering the various lines of business in which his father was engaged and he had already shown that he had uncommon business abilities. His father, therefore, would not hear of his spending four years in college when the business needed him so imperatively and his wishes prevailed. Perhaps the son himself recognized the wisdom of this course and he entered his father's office as a clerk.

From the day he entered business his life was a busy one. He had to learn the banking business as his father was the controlling factor in the Corn Exchange Bank. He needed to know the packing business as his father largely owned the Chicago Packing and Provision Company. He had to learn the business of buying and selling grain on the Board of Trade for into that he was almost immediately introduced as his father's partner. The firm of B. P. Hutchinson and Son, Commission Merchants, was organized in 1874–75 and continued in active business for fifteen years, till 1888–89. Their office was in the Chamber of Commerce, corner of Washington and La Salle streets, during all these fifteen years. The junior partner became a member of the Board of Trade, which owned and occupied the building. He was an active member and, as was inevitable, became an influential and popular one. When the firm of B. P. Hutchinson and Son came to an end in 1888–89, the junior member remained a member of the Board and had an office in the new Board of Trade building at the foot of La Salle Street. He had been vice-president of the Board in 1883–85, when the new building was being erected, and in 1888 was elected president. He was very popular among his fellow-members. He had been urged to run for president two or three years before, but because he thought another man was very anxious for the position, with characteristic self-denial he had refused to be a candidate. Almost everybody was his friend and in 1888 he was elected president by an almost unanimous vote. It was an extraordinary tribute to his character and ability, as well as a

striking illustration of his standing in the Chicago business world, when he was only thirty-four years old.

Regarding that part of his career which he spent on the Board of Trade it ought to be said that when he reached twenty-one years of age, in 1875, about the time the firm of B. P. Hutchinson and Son was formed, his father gave him $25,000. With this he began to speculate, but an early loss of part of his capital led him to abjure speculation once for all at the very beginning of his business career, and he was thenceforth a conservative investor to the end of his life.

But the grain business and the packing company were only incidents in Mr. Hutchinson's business life. His real business was the Corn Exchange Bank. That was a Hutchinson institution. It was established in 1870 by B. P. Hutchinson as the Corn Exchange National Bank. It was located in the Chamber of Commerce and its business was largely with members of the Board of Trade. The morning after the great fire it reopened for business in the Hutchinson house, 384 Wabash Avenue, at the corner of Harrison Street. It continued as a national bank for ten years and was then reorganized as the Corn Exchange Bank. On this reorganization there were practically three stockholders. B. P. Hutchinson held half the stock, Charles L. Hutchinson one-quarter, and Sidney A. Kent one-quarter. Mr. Kent was president. The cashier of the bank from its origin to 1884 was Orson Smith, who left it in that year and spent the rest of his life, from 1884 to 1923, as vice-president, president, and chairman of the Board of the Merchants Loan and Trust Company. Under such able management the Corn Exchange Bank prospered and became one of the leading banking institutions of Chicago. In 1882 Mr. Hutchinson was twenty-eight years old and the bank had become and remained his principal business interest. As it had practically belonged to his father and he had now acquired a quarter interest in it, and had long looked after the details of his father's business, he was already a banker. After serving as assistant cashier and increasing his knowledge of the affairs and conduct of the bank, in 1886 he became president, continuing in that position till 1898, and during these twelve years adding to the prosperity and prestige of the institution.

He had naturally other business interests. For many years he was a director of the State Bank of Chicago, and of the Northern Trust Company, of which his friend Byron L. Smith was president. He was for a time treasurer of the Sanitary District of Chicago. He was a director of the Chicago City Railway Company and a member of the committee which installed the cable system in 1881–82 which was regarded as such a

wonderful step in advance in street railway transportation. He was interested in the East St. Louis Packing and Provision Company and at one time a director in the old Traders Insurance Company. There were other business activities, but I leave them to speak of something which interested Mr. Hutchinson more than did these business matters.

In the late seventies Mr. Hutchinson became a teacher in the Burr Mission Sunday School, an enterprise of the Second Presbyterian Church. It so happened that Frances Kinsley was also a teacher in the mission. Miss Kinsley was the daughter of H. M. Kinsley, who for many years conducted a very famous restaurant in Chicago and later became the proprietor of the still more famous Holland House of New York City. She was a graduate in the class of 1875 of Dearborn Seminary, a well-known Chicago school for young women, of which Zuinglius Grover was principal. Mr. Hutchinson and Miss Kinsley became acquainted in the Mission School. The acquaintance ripened into affection. They became engaged and were married May 26, 1881, in the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago. It is not without interest to note that their marriage did not interrupt their service to the mission. While the young people were engaged the Hutchinsons were living at 16 Harrison Street. Mrs. Hutchinson relates that "The family lived in 1880–81 in two houses on Harrison Street, between Michigan and Wabash avenues. They were connected on two floors and Mr. Hutchinson had the top floor of one for his suite. I remember how impressed I was the first time I saw it with the well-bound books in many cases and the cabinets of lovely china." Immediately after their marriage they built a three-story stone house at 2709 Prairie Avenue, which remained their city residence for about forty years. The marriage was an exceptionally happy one. I am sure of this because Mrs. Hutchinson's delightful book, *Our Country Home*, begins with the following condensed reminiscence: "There were once two people who supposed that they had lived a happy life." It was a very full life with hosts of friends, whose number continually increased, with ample means, and with a multitude of interests in which they took pleasure—the church, charities, society, public service, business, literature, music, art, and travel. Most people find two or three interests sufficient to absorb them. Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson had a dozen. They were invited everywhere. They were welcomed in all the best circles. They loved good literature. They were lovers of music and devoted to the Apollo Club, the Symphony Orchestra, and the Civic Opera. Their house was made beautiful with the treasures of art. They traveled everywhere. Some of their closest friends lived nearest to them. In the two houses north of them lived Mr. Hutchinson's two

sisters, Mrs. E. A. Lancaster and Mrs. Noble B. Judah, and his mother lived immediately south. Within a block or two on the same street were such close friends as the families of A. C. Bartlett, A. A. and O. S. A. Sprague, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus, Frank G. Logan, and his associate in the bank for thirty-five years, Ernest A. Hamill. They lived an unusually full and satisfying and, notwithstanding the sorrows incident to humanity, happy life.

Mr. Hutchinson seems, deliberately, to have restricted his business activities and interests. He had opportunities to extend them that would have made him a man of much greater wealth than he ever became. But he put them aside for a loftier ambition. In his youth and early manhood he became enthralled by a vision of a man of independent means devoted to the service of the community. He did not despise wealth. He sought it, and receiving from his father, not wealth, but unusual opportunities of accumulation, he secured ample means. But always he kept before himself the vision of a man devoted to the public welfare as the ideal he must make real in his own life. He did not fool himself with the thought that he would first secure a competence and then, his fortune made and his hands freed, enter on the serviceable life.

We find this interest in his kind manifesting itself in his boyhood. When he was fourteen years old his heart was stirred with sympathy for the newsboys of Chicago, and, as was characteristic of him in later life, he started a subscription, and beginning it with a good sum from himself, solicited enough from his two sisters and five other boy and girl friends to make a contribution of $112.50 for the Newsboys Home. He cherishes this ideal throughout his youth,

> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended.

That vision never faded from his sight but his whole life was attended and inspired by it. When we catch our first glimpses of his manly activities we find that along with his business life he is already engaged in the life of service and these two lines go on together for a full half-century, and when in the course of years one of them had to give way to the other, it was business that yielded the right of way to service. The vision never "faded into the light of common day."

I have asked more than one old acquaintance for an explanation of the character and career of Mr. Hutchinson. Invariably the answer has been, "He had a wonderful mother." She was a sweet, gentle, capable, and devout lady. She was devoted to her church, St. Paul's Universalist, and an active worker in it throughout her long life. As soon as her son was old

enough she took him to the Sunday school. He grew up in the Sunday school and the church, and at twenty-one years of age entered into the church fellowship and continued to be one of St. Paul's most devoted members as long as he lived. He manifested such interest in the work of the Sunday school that while he was still a young man, about twenty-five years old, he was made its superintendent and continued in that position for twenty-five years, with, according to his pastor, Dr. L. W. Brigham, "ever increasing honor to himself and advantage to the school. He established in 1881 the unique service of 'Harvest Home' on All Souls Sunday, on which occasion the school presented its gifts to the needy at the altar of the church, and with appropriate exercises dedicated them in the spirit of loving helpfulness. Through forty years he never missed being present at this service, even driving from his country home at Lake Geneva to be present." It is little wonder that the church and school were so unwilling to give him up that they made him superintendent-emeritus for life. He was always one of the most devoted members of his church, being in his pew regularly whenever he was in the city. By reason of shifting conditions of population the church twice changed its location after the great fire of 1871. He was influentially connected with both these removals, "always optimistic and cheering." It was largely through his influence and devotion that St. Paul's was successfully removed from the heart of what had become the colored district at Thirtieth Street and Prairie Avenue to Dorchester Avenue and Sixtieth Street, and became St. Paul's on the Midway. In this fine group of buildings the church edifice was dedicated in loving memory of his mother Sarah Ingalls Hutchinson and Pamella Thompson Allerton, their lifelong neighbor and friend, mother of Robert Allerton. Mr. Hutchinson's religious interest extended beyond his church to the denomination of which it was a part. He became a trustee of Lombard College at Galesburg, Illinois, and was four times made president of the Universalist National Convention. He wrote on religious themes for the press, revealing in these articles a deep spiritual life, for he was not a Universalist merely, but a Christian believer of profound spiritual insight. He spoke sometimes at our University vesper service, and one of his hearers recalls after twenty-five years hearing him speak on "The Grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ." He had little use for dogma. I have before me as I write a copy of a letter he wrote to a pastor of another denomination whose charitable work he was helping and who had written him to explain why he had recently been contending against one he thought heretical in doctrine. Mr. Hutchinson wrote:

> You must realize that Christianity is not a creed. Christianity is a life. . . . . I believe in creeds and have a well formulated one of my own which I call a Christian

creed. . . . . If it is of any value it will manifest itself in my life. . . . . I hope you will continue to teach us by your example what true Christianity means. It is a life of service and in it we cannot follow too closely the footsteps of the Master. Let others more unchristianlike than you wrestle with the creeds.

His own religion was wider than the creeds. He was a life-member of the Chicago Y.M.C.A., not because he approved its doctrinal position, but because he believed in its beneficent work for young men. He was a sympathetic contributor to the Y.W.C.A. of Chicago and a member of its advisory board. For five years he was the treasurer of the Religious Education Association. When the Sunday Evening Club was organized to maintain a service of Christian inspiration and fellowship in the business center of Chicago and to promote the moral and religious welfare of the city, he was made one of its vice-presidents and continued in that position to the end of his life, a sympathetic helper of President Clifford W. Barnes in that highly useful and successful religious work. The religious life of Mr. Hutchinson was summed up in the following statement from his pen: "It is possible for men loyal to Christ, loving him and trusting him, no matter how different their thoughts concerning him and his teachings, to unite in bringing men to him, that they may be filled with his spirit and his personality. In this, after all, is to be found the sum and substance of Christianity."

Mr. Hutchinson was born with a love of the beautiful. His earliest remembrances were of the flowers in his grandmother's garden. He did not have to cultivate his love for the beautiful in nature and art and architecture or his delight in the harmonies of music. He had that happy combination of qualities that made him a practical idealist, at home and masterful in the world of business and of action and at the same time a dweller in the higher realm of harmony and beauty. This explains his intimate connection with the earliest steps in the founding of the Art Institute. He was only twenty-five years old when that institution was founded, but he was one of the twenty public-spirited citizens who on May 13, 1879, met in the Palmer House and formed what they named the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, the objects of which were the founding and maintaining of schools of art and design, the promotion and exhibition of collections of objects of art, and the cultivation and extension of the arts of design by any appropriate means. Three years after this original organization the name became the Art Institute of Chicago. The vital relation of Mr. Hutchinson to the whole movement is illustrated by the following facts. The Art Institute was founded to take the place of the Chicago Academy of Design, which had fallen hopelessly into debt and

whose assets, in the end, had to be disposed of at public sale. I suppose Mr. Hutchinson was the youngest of all the men interested in founding the Institute, but he and Albert Hayden were the only men sufficiently interested to go out and by personal solicitation raise the $60,000 needed to buy the pictures and material of the defunct Academy for the new Institute, and give it something with which to begin its career. It is therefore not without reason that he is called the father of the Art Institute. He was too young to be made its first president. He was of course not well known. He had not yet "arrived." But his interest was so genuine that he was made auditor. His services were such that the next year he was made vice-president. The following year, 1882, he had so evidently become the inspiring genius of the movement that he was made president and continued in that office for forty-two years—the remainder of his life. From the beginning he devoted his great powers to the development of the Institute. For it he studied art and architecture, traveling in its interest to all parts of the world. To it he gave, not his money only, but himself with all the abandon of an enthusiastic nature. With him were associated W. M. R. French, who was director until his death in 1914, and Newton H. Carpenter, successively secretary and business manager for thirty-five years until his death in 1918. Long connected with him also were Martin A. Ryerson and Frank G. Logan, vice-presidents, men of like spirit and devoted friends. Leading citizens were trustees.

When Mr. Hutchinson began his term as president the Institute was a small and feeble affair, occupying rented rooms at the southwest corner of State and Monroe streets. A lot had been secured on the corner of Michigan Avenue and Van Buren Street. Under Mr. Hutchinson's vigorous administration in 1886–87, a brown stone building 80×100 feet, four stories high, Romanesque in style, was erected. It is a fine building, but such was the development of the Institute that larger quarters were soon required for the rapidly growing school of art and increasing collections. Mr. Hutchinson had been largely instrumental in finding the money for this building. His success in business, having become president of his bank, and the fine service he had rendered as president of the Institute had given him position, standing, and reputation, and men of wealth responded liberally to his appeals for money for art. His devotion to the Institute was wonderfully illustrated by a characteristic action in 1890. His friend E. A. Hamill had become vice-president of the Corn Exchange Bank. He gave Mr. Hamill the key of his box of securities in the safety deposit vault, telling him that he was likely to draw on him for large sums of money and authorizing him to put up such securities as might be needed

to meet these demands. He had recently found a friend like minded with himself, Martin A. Ryerson, and they went abroad together. They had learned that fifteen or more paintings of the famous Demidoff Collection were to be sold in Italy, and in June, 1890, they went to Pratolino near Florence to inspect them. It seemed to them so great an opportunity to enrich the collections of the Art Institute that they bought fifteen paintings of the old masters for $200,000, each of them advancing $100,000. Men like Frank G. Logan, Sidney A. Kent, Byron L. Smith, T. B. Blackstone, Edson Keith, Charles T. Yerkes, and R. Hall McCormick relieved them of part of this burden and most of the great collection went to the Institute.

In 1893 came the World's Columbian Exposition. Mr. Hutchinson was still a young man, but he had already taken his place among the leading men of Chicago. He was made a director of the Exposition, chairman of the Fine Arts Committee, and chairman of the Committee on the Exhibit of Greece. He was consul-general of Greece in Chicago and for his services in the Exposition the king later conferred on him the decoration of the Order of Our Savior.

The Exposition needed a building near the center of the city in which to hold the World's Congresses, and Mr. Hutchinson and his associates seized the opportunity to secure the new building they were planning to erect on the lake front for the Art Institute. They had secured the site from the city in 1891. They sold their outgrown building to the Chicago Club, for the use of which it was admirably adapted. In an address before the Chicago Real Estate Board delivered February 8, 1917, Mr. Hutchinson said:

> The World's Columbian Exposition made an appropriation of $200,000 for the erection of the building on condition that at least $500,000 should be expended for it, and that the building should be controlled by the Exposition for its Congresses. The Art Institute came into full possession of the building, November 1, 1893. Ownership of this building was vested in the City of Chicago, but since has been transferred to the South Park Commissioners, while the right of use and occupancy is vested in the Art Institute so long as it shall fulfil the purposes for which it was organized. Under the contract with the City the Museum must be open free to the public on Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays and public holidays. The building was opened to the public in December, 1893. Several additions have since been made to it. In 1897 a lecture room, known as Fullerton Hall, was erected by Charles W. Fullerton as a memorial to his father, Alexander M. Fullerton. In 1901 the beautiful library building was completed through the generosity of Martin A. Ryerson. A few years later eight new Galleries were made possible by the generosity of Catherine M. White. Twenty-five new school rooms have been added from time to time, and we have just opened a new wing, built over the tracks of the Illinois Central Railroad, which increased the exhibition space of the Art Institute nearly fifty per cent. Such is the activity of the Institute.

There is no word in all this of the extraordinary activity and patience and persistency of Mr. Hutchinson himself in planning these extensions, in soliciting the funds for carrying them out, and in overseeing every additional piece of construction. His trained intelligence and artistic taste had assisted the architects in all the building enterprises of the Institute from the first small structure erected on the rear of the Michigan Avenue and Van Buren Street lot to the last addition to the present group in Grant Park. And he was during all the forty-five years of his connection with the Art Institute the chief solicitor of funds for its unceasingly expanding work. For it has been a growing work from the beginning. The art schools, which began in a small way, have increased in attendance until they now enrol annually 4,000 students. The endowment and trust funds have grown from year to year until they aggregate more than $4,000,000. The annual budget has increased to $600,000. The total membership, governing, life, annual, and sustaining, has come to exceed 13,000, and the annual number of visitors to the museum and the schools has increased in twenty years from 200,000 to 1,000,000.

Mr. Hutchinson lived to see the Institute he loved become one of the greatest museums of art and schools of art in the world. It became so largely through his wisdom and enthusiasm and devotion. The *Art Institute News Letter* of October 13, 1924, said of him:

> Mr. Hutchinson was not only the beloved president of the Art Institute, but he was loved by the entire personnel of the Museum. He was looked upon, not only as the father of the Institute but was held in much the same reverence as a father by all who were connected with its administration and its operation. In him the humblest employe had a real friend and it was always with pride that they would point out to visitors the figure of "our president" as he made his daily visit to the Museum.

It was a signal honor to him, when, a comparatively unknown young man, he was made president of the Art Institute, but he developed so lofty a character, such eminent abilities, so noble a fame that the time came when it was an honor to the Art Institute to have him as its president. The South Park Board recently granted to the Institute a strip of land east of the Illinois Central tracks extending from Monroe Street to Jackson Boulevard, 845×245 feet, which has been surrounded by a heavy retaining wall. This area will, in process of time, be covered with buildings. The trustees in 1923, in recognition of the president's eminent services, gave to it the name of the Hutchinson Wing. They have also given his name to the Gallery of Old Masters.

It is not difficult to conceive of a man giving the service of a lifetime to his church and to some one great public cause. There are, perhaps,

many such men. They are the benefactors of their kind, the saving influence and the glory of the communities in which they live. Mr. Hutchinson was not such a man. He was more and greater. The church, the Sunday school, the Art Institute did not exhaust the sympathies or absorb the interest or restrict the efforts of this extraordinary man. The welfare of the community and service to the public made an appeal to him so irresistible that I cannot in this sketch begin to tell the story of the altruistic services he rendered to Chicago and the nation. I can only indicate the almost incredible scope of these services. I suppose he was actively interested in a hundred different organizations, the aim of which was the advancement of human welfare. I have before me a list of about seventy (and I know it is quite incomplete) of which he was a contributing member or an officer. Of half a dozen he was president. Of twenty or more he was treasurer. He was a director or trustee of more than forty.

He was in early life a director of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society. He was connected with the Training School for Nurses and a life-member of the Manual Training School for Boys at Glenwood. For many years he was a trustee of the Presbyterian Hospital, and of the University of Chicago Settlement, of the Chicago Lying-in Hospital and Dispensary, of the O. S. A. Sprague Memorial Institute, of the Old Peoples Home, of Hull-House, and I know not of how many other institutions of charity. Of his connection with the Old Peoples Home for more than fifteen years I am told by F. F. Taylor, the secretary, that, "as was characteristic of him, he was very faithful in his attendance at the meetings of the board, and was instrumental in the building up and development of the Home" to its present usefulness and success.

It was his interest in people not so fortunate as himself, his earnest desire to improve social and moral conditions that led to his connection with Hull-House on Halsted Street. For many years he was one of Miss Jane Addams' helpers. He carried his interest in the work of the famous settlement over into the future, not only providing in his will a specific bequest for it, but also assuring a continual annual contribution to its funds.

He was the treasurer of the John McCormick Institute for Infectious Diseases and its Annie W. Durand Hospital, and of the Immigrants Protective League. More than thirty years ago he began to serve the oldest charity in the city, the Chicago Orphan Asylum. In 1897 he became its president and served it as president with unfailing devotion as long as he lived, for twenty-seven years. During his administration the Asylum grew from a very modest endowment and the occupancy of one ill-equipped building to its present fine group of individual buildings with

splendid facilities and capacity for 225 children and with endowment funds increased to nearly $1,000,000 and a complete and adequate corps of able and faithful attendants. These buildings and their equipment were provided from funds obtained largely through his personal solicitation. As one of his official associates says:

> He asked freely and his friends gave freely, but he asked for nothing to which he did not himself give to the utmost of his ability. Doubtless his love for little children, though he had none of his own, first directed his interest toward this institution and prompted his best thought; and his noble character, winning personality and untiring devotion to the interests of the Asylum won the affection and the grateful appreciation of everyone connected with it.

I cannot here record the many other charities that engaged his interest, received his gifts, and enjoyed his services.

But his activities in the interest of religion and of charities were a part only of his ministry of service. Through his early manhood and all his mature years he manifested the most unselfish and generous interest in all sorts of efforts organized to advance the general welfare. I am not now speaking of institutions of education, but of more general public-welfare organizations. He was a director of the Chicago Municipal Christmas Festival Association. He was a member of the American Civic Association and of the Board of State Museum Advisers, of the Illinois Outdoor Improvement Association, of the Citizens Association of Chicago, and of the Chicago Plan Commission, being a wise and useful associate of Charles H. Wacker in his untiring labors for the greater and more beautiful Chicago. He was one of the men who labored successfully to secure for the Field Columbian Museum its location in Grant Park, and was a corporate member and patron of that great institution. His interest in every effort to serve the public came to be so well known that he was constantly being sought after to act as treasurer for public-welfare organizations. He had a secretary, Charles B. Foote, who was invaluable to him in carrying this continually increasing burden and who remained with him to the end, more than forty years. He was treasurer of the Chicago Peace Society for twenty-four years, of the Chicago branch of the Playgrounds Association of America, of the Illinois Commission on Social Legislation, of the Chicago Auditorium Association, of the American Vigilance Association, of the Chicago New Charter Association, of the Grover Cleveland Memorial Fund (although he was a good Republican), of the First Regiment Armory Association, of the Chicago Group to Celebrate 100 Years of Peace between England and the United States, of the Alliance Française, of the Illinois Society for Mental Hygiene, and of other like organizations. So great was the public confidence in him and so great was his

readiness to serve and his interest in the public good that when a new welfare movement was started it seemed natural to think of Mr. Hutchinson as treasurer. There are many more of these to come as this story goes on.

But here I wish to speak of his services to Chicago as a member of the Board of South Park Commissioners, which has charge of all the parks in the South Division of the city. His membership in the Commission covered fifteen years, from 1907 to 1922. During this period he acted at difent times as auditor, secretary, and vice-president. The auditorship was a salaried office and he returned the salary to the public in beautifying the parks with works of art. The secretaryship is also a salaried office and he only accepted a temporary election to it on the understanding that he would accept no salary. John Barton Payne was president of the Board, and in the years of his absence in Washington during and after the Great War, in various high positions, Mr. Hutchinson, as vice-president, performed the duties of president. He was chairman of the civil service board of the parks and of the committee on negotiations with the Illinois Central Railroad Company on the improvement of the lake front, a service of incalculable value which will result in giving Chicago the finest waterfront of any city in the world. His architectural taste and knowledge made him as useful as he was active in the planning of the fine office building of the Board in Washington Park and the great stadium in Grant Park. It was his love for the beautiful that led to the putting in annually of two or three hundred thousand bulbs that make the parks glorious with tulips every spring to the joy of all who see them. He was one of the most active among the commissioners in pushing the policy of establishing small parks and playgrounds so widely through the South Park district that there are now eighteen of them, bringing the children of almost every part of that wide area within easy distance of their health- and pleasure-giving benefits. I have given these few details of Mr. Hutchinson's work as a park commissioner merely to illustrate the sort of service he rendered to the public in all the other welfare organizations which I have here merely catalogued.

I can do little more than catalogue his activities in education. It will be recalled that his school days ended with his graduation from the Chicago High School. He did not get the higher education of colleges and universities. But he obtained that higher culture by reading and study, through his acquaintance with art and music, through observation and travel. He obtained it so evidently and made such wide use of it for the public welfare that in 1901 Tufts College gave him the degree of A.M. and

in 1915 Harvard conferred on him the same degree. In 1919 he received from Tufts the LL.D. He was a member of the American Historical Society, of the American Association of Museums, of the American Academy in Rome, of the American Forestry Association, of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and of the Chicago Geographic Society, the National Geographic Society, the National Academy of Art, and the Cincinnati Art Museum. He was a director of the Chicago Public Library for many years, of the National Sculpture Society, of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra Association, to which he rendered valuable service, and for twelve years of the Carnegie Institution in Washington. He was treasurer of the National Fine Arts League, of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, of the Municipal Art League of Chicago, of the Western Economic Society, and of the Civic Music Association. He was vice-president of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. He was president of the American Federation of Arts and of the Chicago Horticultural Society. Because of his love for architecture, his knowledge of its principles and his services to it, the American Institute of Architects elected him to honorary membership and for his great services to Chicago, which made his life an important and honorable part of the history of the city, the Chicago Historical Society made him an honorary life-member.

His services to institutions of higher learning were very great. For many years he was trustee of Lombard College of Galesburg, Illinois, and for a quarter of a century trustee and treasurer of Rush Medical College of Chicago. His largest service to education, in addition to that rendered to the Art Institute, was devoted to the University of Chicago. It fell to me to be associated in 1889–90 with Dr. F. T. Gates in raising the initial fund for founding the University of Chicago. John D. Rockefeller had subscribed $600,000, conditioned on our securing $400,000 more in good subscriptions during the year beginning June 1, 1889. We had hoped that this sum might be raised among adherents of the Baptist denomination, but before six months had passed we found it necessary to appeal to the business men of Chicago to save the undertaking from failure. We did not know them and made anxious inquiries as to what man in Chicago, among the leaders in business, we could first approach with some prospect of securing a sympathetic hearing. Everybody said, "Begin with Charles L. Hutchinson." With fear and trembling we went to see him in the Corn Exchange Bank, of which he had been president at that early day, 1889, only three years and which was then in what is known as the Rookery, on the corner of La Salle and Adams streets. He received us cordially, heard us with understanding and sympathy, and said at once in his whole-hearted

way, "This movement to establish a University for Chicago must succeed. I will give you a subscription and I will help you in every way I can." This was the University's first assurance of help from the business men. We used Mr. Hutchinson's name with every man we subsequently approached. We used it when we asked Marshall Field to give the site. It was a name to conjure with. It opened minds and purses to our appeal. Men evidently thought, "If Mr. Hutchinson is committed to this enterprise it is a thing to be encouraged and helped." And so they helped us, and the University of Chicago was founded. We went repeatedly to Mr. Hutchinson's office for information and advice and he entered into our plans as though the enterprise was his own. Before we got through, but as soon as our success was assured, Mr. Field said to us, "I would like to have you make Mr. Hutchinson a trustee of the New University." When we approached him he said, "Yes, I will serve, but I would like to have you make Martin A. Ryerson a member of your board. He is now abroad, but he is, far and away, the best man in Chicago for such a position." This advice of Mr. Field and Mr. Hutchinson was taken. Both the men named were made trustees, and the service they rendered to the University through a full generation was incalculably great. Mr. Hutchinson was made treasurer, accepted the office when there was no money in the treasury, carried the University through many difficult years when its finances were a burden and a liability, and remained in that responsible position as long as he lived.

Mr. Ryerson became president of the board of trustees, resigning that office after a service of thirty-three years. Mr. Hutchinson served as chairman of the committees on Finance and Investment and Buildings and Grounds. He and Mr. Ryerson were associated on both these committees. They worked together in perfect understanding. Such was their standing in the community, so great was the confidence in their business integrity and ability and in their architectural knowledge and discrimination that from the first they commanded for the new institution public approval and confidence. They labored together unceasingly on the University buildings. To their joint labors the University owes the adoption of the style of architecture and the character and arrangement of the buildings which promise to give the institution perhaps the finest group of educational buildings in the world. The first buildings designed by Henry Ives Cobb, the architect, were very plain Romanesque. Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Ryerson did not think this was what was wanted. They desired English Gothic and went to Mr. Cobb to give him their views. They said to him, "If you were to make an absolutely independent

choice as to the style of the buildings what would it be?" "Oh," said Mr. Cobb, "I should prefer the very latest English Gothic." "Well," said Mr. Hutchinson, "I guess our mission is accomplished." Late English Gothic became the architecture of the University group. They studied together with the greatest care the plans and specifications and placing of every building for thirty years.

It was largely due to the influence of these two men, acting together, that the University took one of its most important and wisest steps. The campus consisted of three blocks in the shape of the letter L. When the board confronted the problem of a plan for the buildings the question arose of enlarging the site by the addition of a fourth block, transforming the campus into a square of twenty-four acres with a front of 800 feet on the Midway Plaisance. This was at the very beginning of things in 1890–91, when the University had no funds and to many this policy of enlargement seemed a very doubtful one, as $150,000 would be required to pay for the additional block. When the matter came up for final action in April, 1891, Mr. Hutchinson strongly urged the purchase of the fourth block, saying that in all the public institutions of Chicago the mistake had been committed of making the plans on too small a scale, thus hampering future development, and insisted that the site of the University should be made large enough to provide for the growth that was sure to come. Mr. Ryerson seconded these suggestions and the trustees voted unanimously to authorize the enlargement. Since that day the site has been successively enlarged until it covers both sides of the Midway for three-quarters of a mile.

In the spring of 1892 the University made its ever memorable effort to raise a million dollars in ninety days, to provide the buildings and other equipment it needed. This was before the opening of the institution, before it had anything to show to warrant it in asking for so great a sum. We only just escaped failure, making up the full amount required on the very last day of the ninety Mr. Field had given us in his conditional subscription of $100,000. When on this last day the trustees assembled and President Harper announced that a little over $1,000,000 had been subscribed, Mr. Hutchinson arose and read a paper signed by twenty of the leading business men of the city, pledging themselves pro rata to make up any deficiency up to $100,000. I do not doubt that he had himself, personally, secured these names and thus provided against the possibility of the failure of the effort. The following were the names attached to this guaranty: H. N. Higinbotham, Charles L. Hutchinson, H. H. Kohlsaat, H. H. Getty, F. W. Peck, C. I. Peck, Charles Counselman, E.

Buckingham, H. Botsford, E. A. Hamill, Byron L. Smith, E. G. Foreman, W. T. Baker, T. J. Lefens, John J. Mitchell, A. A. Sprague, O. S. A. Sprague, A. C. Bartlett, J. R. Walsh, H. A. Rust.

In 1901–2 the University erected the beautiful collection of buildings known as the Tower Group, consisting of the Mandel Assembly Hall, the Reynolds Club House, the Mitchell Tower, and the Hutchinson Commons. Mr. Hutchinson gave $60,000 toward the building which bears his name. The original of that building he found in the dining-hall of Christ Church, Oxford, as also the original of the Mitchell Tower in Magdalen Tower, Oxford. To this group Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Ryerson, and Mr. Coolidge, the architect, devoted many months of study. Mr. Hutchinson not only gave the money for the building but unstinted time and toil to make it beautiful without and within, and to make the entire Tower Group one of the most attractive in the college world. The buildings were occupied October 1, 1903. No building of the University is better known than Hutchinson Commons. In the course of years the walls of the great dining-hall have been hung with the portraits, by great artists, of the founder, of Presidents Harper and Judson, of Mr. Ryerson, the president of the Board through so many years, of Mr. Hutchinson, the donor of the building, and of various benefactors and officers of the institution. To dine in this beautiful hall is part of the higher education. It has served the University in many ways. Faculty dinners are given in it. The President's quarterly receptions have been held in it for many years. Here, in 1924, occurred the memorable reception of the Prince of Wales. This beautiful hall will of itself perpetuate Mr. Hutchinson's memory. But his name is writ large on almost every building of the University and on almost every page of its history. He served it as though he had no other great public interests to occupy his time and command his labors. For thirty-four years he was its treasurer and saw its assets increase from nothing to more than $54,000,000. He was a member of the Committee on Finance and Investment, and the investments were made with consummate skill. For most of that time he was chairman of the Committee on Buildings and Grounds and saw the campus grow from 18 to 100 acres, and the buildings increase from none at all to nearly fifty, in the making of the plans of every one of which he had been influential. If the Art Institute and the Chicago Orphan Asylum are among the monuments of his life so also is the University of Chicago. Space fails me to tell of his intimate relations, as friend and adviser, with President Harper and President Judson, of his many gifts to the University, of his services to the professors' club, the Quadrangle, of which he was a life-member, of his cordial relationships

with the faculty and his hospitable attentions to them, of the large service he gave in the care and wise investment of the University funds, and the thousand other ways in which he advanced its interests. Mr. Dickerson, the secretary of the board, has well said:

> Mr. Hutchinson's part in the foundation laying and the upbuilding of the University will be remembered as long as students gather in the noble hall which his generous gift made possible; as long as they enter that court where the marble fountain he provided as the central feature splashes amid the flowers his thoughtfulness so often renewed.

It goes without saying that a man who was actively connected with so many organizations of religion, charity, public service, and education did not lack opportunities for giving away his money. So well known was his interest in all good things that the demands on his benevolence were unceasing. Where the ordinary man in his circumstances was solicited for a contribution once he was solicited ten times. I have often heard him say in speaking of the opportunities to help good causes that there was "too much fun in the world for a poor man." It was his regular habit to give away half his income and he often did much more than this when he gave large sums to the Orphan Asylum, the Art Institute, and the University. Most men would think it was a terrible hardship to have to give to benevolence one-tenth of their income, and the giving of more than this is so rare that if the internal revenue collector finds a return showing 15 per cent of benevolent contributions he requires an explanation. It is no wonder that Mr. Hutchinson did not become a multi-millionaire. He had a loftier ambition than accumulating millions and he gave away his money as he went along. His only regret was that the needs were so many and so great that he could do so little to meet them. "There is too much fun in the world for a poor man."

It was in the later eighties of the last century that Mr. Hutchinson and Martin A. Ryerson came together in that extraordinary friendship which bound them together for more than a third of a century and made up so great a part of the life of both. They had met each other in business and society as acquaintances, but when Mr. Ryerson, at a dinner where the two young men were brought together, revealed to the president of the Art Institute his knowledge and love of art, that friendship began which bound them to each other to the end of Mr. Hutchinson's life. Mr. Ryerson became vice-president of the Art Institute and together they devoted themselves to its expansion and enrichment. Together they gave and labored for the Orphan Asylum and other organizations of charity. Together they gave thirty-five years to the University, Mr. Ryerson as presi-

dent of its board, Mr. Hutchinson as treasurer. Together they gave their time and toil and money to building it up from nothing into one of the great universities of the world. They began early to spend a part of every year in travel together. I have already told how in 1890 they went to Italy and bought for the Art Institute the Demidoff Collection. From year to year, the two families, for they were all bound together in the same friendship, visited together all parts of our own country and our country's possessions and almost every country of Europe. Everywhere they went they served, among other things, two interests in particular. They visited museums and collections of art in the interest of the Art Institute and cathedrals and universities, libraries, and monuments of Gothic architecture in the interest of the University.

Not, indeed, that these things were always in their minds. In her book —*Our Country Life*—Mrs. Hutchinson devotes the closing chapter to telling of "Hours in Other Gardens." She confesses that gardens were one of their hobbies and says:

> Some of our happiest moments in travelling have been in "discovering" them. Not only famous gardens, such as those around Rome, the moss grown villas at Frascati and Tivoli; the Villa Lante near Viterbo, the Villa Caprarola and Cesarini on the Lake of Nemi [what enchanting pictures the mere name brings to mind], but the others less known and even more charming in various parts of the world; the overflowing cottage gardens of England, the parks of France and Germany, the miniature landscapes of Japan, the botanical curiosities of Cairo and Ceylon, the precious turf of Rangoon kept drenched from the rising to the setting of the burning sun, those treasures of exquisite beauty on the hills of Florence, the Villas Incontri, Gauberaia and Palmieri of happy memories, the cloisters of church and convent dotting the land of Italy!
>
> Yet, though we rejoice in the French and Italian ideals, it is largely to the English people scattered throughout the globe that we owe our successful gardens, and from this kaleidoscopic picture three wonderful creations of man stand forth pre-eminent: La Mortola on the Riviera, Lord Kitchener's Island at Assouan, and the Garden of Eden at Venice; one a rock promontory on the sea; one a sandbar in a tropical stream; one a salt marsh; the problems were very different, but each one was solved by an English mind.

In the winter of 1895–96 the two families went around the world. Every year they traveled together, though business sometimes called Mr. Hutchinson home before the other travelers were ready to return. In 1900, with President Harper of the University they visited Russia, were received by the Czar, and called on Tolstoy, inviting him to visit the University and deliver a course of lectures. At the end of January, 1920, the two friends spent several weeks in relief work in the war-ravaged areas of Northern France and Belgium. Mr. Hutchinson was sixty-five years old but still eager to be helpful to those in need. His passport describes him

as 5 feet 8 inches in height, with a high forehead and light brown eyes, an oval face, a light complexion, and hair tinged with gray. He had a fine, open, strong, friendly face. He looked what he was, an able, forceful, kindly man.

In 1895 Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Ryerson purchased a considerable tract of forested land on Strawberry Hill, near Asheville, North Carolina, intending to establish there their winter homes. Not long afterward, however, Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson lost their hearts to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and about 1898 established there their country residence. Asheville lost its attractiveness and they introduced their friends to the intriguing delights of summer residence on the wooded shores of Lake Geneva. It was an epoch which introduced Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson to a quarter of a century of a new way of living. In her delightful book, *Our Country Home*, Mrs. Hutchinson has told the story in this fascinating way:

> There were once two people who supposed that they had lived a happy life. To be sure the Man Had Always Wanted a Farm, and the Woman Had Never Wanted a Country House; but they had jogged along in comfortable and contented fashion for years and years until that fateful moment when they walked one day in a forest. They had walked in many forests in many lands; they had looked down the endless avenues of the Bois and Fontainebleau; they had seen the sunset through the pines of Ravenna, and rejoiced in the villas of Frascati; they knew the stiff Florentine cypresses, and the latomiae of Syracuse; they had wandered in the thickly covered hills of the Danube Valley. . . . . But this was different. This was a real American forest, one might almost say a New England forest, with huge, towering oaks and wide-girthed maples, tall butternuts and walnuts, and hickories, leaning lindens and an occasional elm. . . . . The hawthorn and the ironwood, the white ash, with here and there a birch, the bitternut and wild cherry . . . . a lovely tangle . . . . led them on. . . . . Overhead birds were swinging and squirrels leaping from branch to branch. . . . . While wandering there in sheer delight, feasting their senses on the wild, a sudden turn brought them face to face with a weather-worn and dilapidated piece of board. What sent that electric thrill through the Man to his Mate? What was it caused that look of understanding? Unconsciously their hands clasped; simultaneously they breathed,—"could we?" For the board bore the heaven sent legend:
>
> "FOR SALE"
>
> All thoughts of crops and pastures fled from the Man's mind. An inborn love for the things that grow overcame the Woman's caution,—any fancied increase in care or trouble faded before this marvellous possibility, and that moment was the beginning of their joyous experiment with the Wisconsin Woodland.

I would like to quote the whole of Mrs. Hutchinson's two delightful books inspired by that "joyous experiment" as the years went on—*Our Country Home*, first published in 1907, and *Our Country Life*, in 1912. The first tells the story of how they bought that enchanting forest, 72 acres,

and made a summer home which ministered to their happiness more and more as the years went by. Mrs. Hutchinson's second book tells the story of the continuing development of the home in the country, the labors of the owners in improving it, their growing acquaintance with the wild life of the woods on the ground, in the trees, in the air, the growth of their gardens, and their increasing interest and happiness in it all.

They built a spacious house, developed a wonderful garden, filled the grounds about the house and lawn with flowering shrubs, and added to the wild flowers of the forest many thousands more. One of the first things these lovers of nature decided was that their noble forest should remain in the wild beauty of nature. Except for the removal of dead trees and dead brush it was left to develop naturally. A road wound through it three-quarters of a mile to the highway. To some of the biggest trees, loveliest ravines, and pleasantest nooks trails were made by the most natural routes and along these trails and along the road innumerable wild flowers were grown. Through these enchanted woods Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson loved to wander and to lead their friends with whom on week-ends they filled their home. Mrs. Hutchinson calls her husband the Constant Improver. The charm of such a country home as Wychwood—the name it bears—is that it is never finished; there is something more you always want to do to it. Mr. Hutchinson was always improving this retreat in the wood. There is nothing like a beautiful forest to give one the feeling of ownership. He delighted in his forest home more than in any of his other possessions. Mrs. Hutchinson loved it as he did. They went to it early in the spring with eager anticipation and left it late in the autumn with reluctance. They loved it so much that they often went back to it in winter. When they first bought their forest and began to build their country home some of their friends said to them, "This is only a passing fad, a novelty. You'll soon grow tired of it all." Little did they know Mrs. Hutchinson, the Nature Enthusiast, and Mr. Hutchinson, the Constant Improver. Every year they loved it more and loved making it an attraction and sanctuary for birds and all interesting habitants of the woods, as well as a delight to the friends they invited to share its joys.

Mr. Hutchinson entered into the life of the nearby village. He was a member of the Lake Geneva Y.M.C.A., the Lake Geneva Fresh Air Fund, the Good Roads Association, and was president of the Lake Geneva Horticultural Society. He was an enthusiastic lover and cultivator of flowers. In 1906, in delivering the opening address at the Annual Chrysanthemum Show given by the Gardeners' and Foremen's Association of Lake Geneva, he said:

I could talk all night about flowers. I could write a book upon the joy and inspiration to be found in a garden. I am a lover of flowers. It is a taste inherited from my mother and one of the many things for which I have to bless her. If I were to choose a profession in life, it would be one of three, and that of the gardener is among the number. I place in the same category the minister of the Gospel, the teacher of children, and the cultivator of flowers.

Mr. Hutchinson was so human, so fond of association with others, so genial and companionable that he was welcomed as a member of many clubs. One of the organizers of the Chicago Athletic Association, he was its first president, serving two years, and as chairman of its Building Committee gave much attention to the erection of its fine clubhouse on Michigan Avenue. In 1882, when he was only twenty-eight years old and vice-president of the bank of which he did not become president till four years later, he was elected to membership in the Commercial Club, and was said to be its youngest member. In 1889 he was made president, the youngest president the club had had up to that time. He was one of the founders of the Cliff Dwellers and succeeded Hamlin Garland in the presidency of that club. Mr. Garland says of Mr. Hutchinson's early connection with the Cliff Dwellers:

In the midst of his thousand duties he helped me fight out the problem of how to secure a place in the Loop for a small and relatively unimportant club of artists and literary men. I never left him without a sense of confidence and gratitude. "Don't get discouraged," he would say with a smile. . . . . He not only gave money, he gave his tremendous influence. He held up his powerful friends. He suggested names for lay membership. He went on the board of directors and became almost a Committee of Construction. A stranger would have supposed that he was building another great Art Institute or laying out another City Beautiful, so complete and whole-hearted was his absorption in our plans.

He was a member of many clubs, among them, in addition to those named above, the Chicago, Union League, University, Quadrangle of the University of Chicago, Caxton, Chicago Literary, Bankers', City, Mid-Day. He was a member of the Lake Geneva Country Club, but he did not find his recreation in golf. He was a member of the Pelee, the famous Lake Erie fishing club, and in the spring of 1888 made, with one other man, the record catch of bass for one day, 62, and he and A. C. Bartlett, of Chicago, made the largest catch for two persons in one day, 106. But he did not find his real recreation in fishing. He belonged to the Touring Club of France. He was president of the Caxton and the Literary, beside those I have already mentioned. But he did not find his real recreation in his clubs. That he sought and found in travel with Mrs. Hutchinson and

Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson, and in the joys of Wychwood, his country home. Hamlin Garland, in a recent reminiscence, says:

> Nothing pleased him more than to walk through the exquisite paths of his noble woodland, and tell of the experiments he was making in transplanting wild flowers and shrubs. He knew the name of every plant and the precise moment of its bloom. He made the birds and the squirrels his friends. He kept unlimited stores of peanuts for the squirrels and never ending hunks of suet for the birds of Wychwood. To see the great banker at breakfast with a pair of chipmunks just at his elbow while the catbirds and sapsuckers were at their feast of suet was to get a new view of the city builder.

These were the recreations in which he found supreme delight.

I have spoken of his travels as among his recreations. They were so because he went to every country he visited with a disposition to be pleased. He wanted to know and like the people, to taste the food they ate and enjoy all of it he could, to see their dress and customs and institutions, and find all the good in them he could. And so in every country from England to Japan, from Spain to Russia, from France to China, from Germany to India he found joy in travel. Each country visited he was inclined to think the most interesting in the world. He observed with care, and having made extended notes of what he saw he was able to speak intelligently and interestingly of almost every country in the world. Being a good public speaker he was in great demand for addresses. He spoke on many subjects—business, artistic, charitable, religious, but never more entertainingly and instructively than on the lands and peoples he had visited. Rome and Italy, Russia, Egypt, India, Panama and its Canal were among the subjects on which he spoke. He prepared these addresses with great care. They were full of interesting information and, being lighted up with the humor so characteristic of him, gave great pleasure to scores of audiences.

In 1898 Mr. Hutchinson had administered the affairs of the Corn Exchange Bank as its president for twelve years. Meantime he had become so busy with other things, his public-welfare activities and travels, that he decided to shift the burden of responsibility for the bank's future to other shoulders. As Vice-President Hamill had developed uncommon abilities as a banker, the two men changed places, Mr. Hamill becoming president and Mr. Hutchinson vice-president. To the end of his life he retained a desk in the great banking room, where he was always found when in Chicago. The bank flourished and grew greater. Two other banks were absorbed. Its deposits and assets increased largely.

In 1899 Mr. Hutchinson's father died. Two years later he lost his mother and one of his sisters, Mrs. Noble B. Judah, and in 1918 his only brother. His sister, Mrs. E. A. Lancaster, survives him.

After he established his country home at Lake Geneva Mr. Hutchinson spent much of his time there from April or May of each year to November. He would go up to Wychwood and its delights Friday, taking guests with him, return to his desk in the bank Monday, and go up again to spend Wednesday with Mrs. Hutchinson and carry on his improvements. The winter months were given to travel.

In the closing years of his life a merger took place between the Merchants Loan and Trust Company, the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, and the Corn Exchange National Bank, all of them great banks, the combination resulting in the Illinois Merchants Trust Company, one of the leading banking institutions of the world. Mr. Hamill was made chairman of the board and Mr. Hutchinson an advisory vice-president. The great new bank opened the first week in October, 1924. Mr. Hutchinson's office was prepared for him, but he was not there to occupy it. The Corn Exchange was a Hutchinson institution. His father had founded it. The son had been connected with it for nearly or quite fifty years. Neither survived the other. They passed away together.

For some time before his death Mr. Hutchinson was evidently in failing health. It was a grief to his friends to see a noble and widely useful man, who, for the public welfare, ought to be endowed with immortal youth and vigor, perceptibly aging. But though the outward man was perishing the inward man was renewed day by day. At the Memorial Service held after his death by the Art Institute Clifford W. Barnes, head of the Sunday Evening Club, told how he had very recently called at the bank to ask Mr. Hutchinson to perform a public service, and not finding him had told his secretary what was desired. The secretary had begged him not to ask the service, but when Mr. Hutchinson was informed of the call, his lifelong consecration to service to others triumphed over physical weakness and he said at once, "I think I could have done that." In the same way when the winter of 1923–24 came he would not allow his bodily weakness to keep him from making the annual trip abroad with Mrs. Hutchinson and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ryerson. They spent a month in London and visited the New Forest and the Isle of Wight. Crossing to the Continent Mr. Hutchinson rested at Cannes for three months, motoring about the neighborhood and spending a week in Florence. Returning in May Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson went to their country home at Lake Geneva and there, where he was happiest, among the trees and flowers he loved, he spent his last summer. He was compelled to leave it in September and went to the Presbyterian Hospital for a minor operation, which it was hoped would partially at least restore his health.

Bronchial pneumonia, however, followed and he died October 7, 1924. With the modesty that was characteristic of him he had arranged that his funeral should be private and the services simple, without honorary pallbearers and without any mention of his name. The burial was in Graceland, in the family lot where the bodies of his father and mother and brother were lying.

He had lived just seventy years and seven months, having been born on March 7, 1854, and dying on October 7, 1924.

It was entirely characteristic of Mr. Hutchinson that the things he loved in life he made provision for in his will. The sum of $5,000 each was given to the Chicago Orphan Asylum, Old Peoples Home, the First (St. Paul's) Universalist Society, the Presbyterian Hospital, the Cliff Dwellers Club, and Hull-House. To the Art Institute $25,000 was bequeathed outright. Two trust funds were established. From one of these, amounting to $50,000, Harvard University will eventually receive $30,000 to be used for the work of the Arnold Arboretum and the other $20,000 will go to the Universalist Annual Convention. From the second trust fund of $350,000, the Art Institute and the University of Chicago will each receive eventually $50,000. The remaining $250,000 will be known as the Charles Lawrence Hutchinson Fund and the income will be distributed, one-tenth each to Hull-House, the Cliff Dwellers Club, The Children's Memorial Hospital, the Presbyterian and Michael Reese hospitals, and Lombard College, and two-tenths each to the First Universalist Society and the Art Institute. His valuable collection of paintings will also eventually go to the Institute. Thus he carried over into death the interest he had manifested throughout his life in these institutions of religion, charity, public welfare, and education.

At the Memorial Service held at the Art Institute on November 26, Lorado Taft began his tribute to Mr. Hutchinson in these words, "I have known a great man." He quoted that great declaration of the Master of Men, "Whoever wants to be great among you must be your servant and whoever wants to hold the first place among you must be everybody's slave." If anything is clear from this sketch of his life it is that Charles L. Hutchinson achieved the primacy of service. I have tried to present a simple statement of the facts of his life, and the total impression is that he was everybody's slave. He served little children in the asylum, boys and girls in their schools and the playgrounds of the small parks, the aged in the Old Peoples Home, young people in universities and schools of art, the sick in hospitals, all citizens in the positions of public trust he held—every movement that promised to increase the general happiness and well-being.

In doing all this he led a full and satisfying life. He loved it all, enjoyed it all, was happy in it all. Books and art and music and travel enriched his mind and increased the joy of living. He had friends without number in almost every part of the world. A lover of nature he had every opportunity in his travels and his country home to garner its greatest delights. He had the satisfaction of many years of business activity and success. The higher life of the spirit, with friendship and love, filled his days with sunshine and made him a happy man. He was made for happiness. He could be serious and gay; he was enthusiastic and at the same time practical; he had a dauntless courage and patience and perseverance that held him faithful to great tasks through many years of devotion; he was at once alert and thoughtful; he had a saving sense of humor that found frequent expression; he was tolerant and sympathetic; just, upright, kind, and good. He had faith and hope in God and his heart overflowed in good will toward men. He lived a long, full, and satisfying life.

At the Memorial Service at the Art Institute, at which his nearest friend Martin A. Ryerson presided, President Burton, of the University of Chicago, speaking of the spiritual idealism of the city, said:

> Of this spirit, which is the real glory of Chicago, Mr. Hutchinson was in part the expression and the product. He was even more its creator. We can justly say of him that he found Chicago emerging from that period of emphasis on the material which is an inevitable incident of the struggle for existence, and left it far on its way to become a city of external beauty and of splendid spiritual idealism. It is for this that we shall most gratefully remember him—that he helped greatly to make the atmosphere in which all good things flourish.

He was a part and a great part of what was highest and best in the business, social, musical, artistic, educational, and religious life of Chicago, and his name, built into the annals of asylums, homes, hospitals, institutes, universities, and churches, is inseparably connected with their histories and will be held in remembrance as long as Chicago and its institutions endure.

ANDREW MacLEISH

ANDREW MacLEISH

The indebtedness of our country to other lands is an interesting study. Many volumes might be written on it without exhausting the inquiry. Most, if not all that we are, is included in this debt. The contributions of some peoples have, perhaps, brought more evil than good into our national life, but in the case of others the credit side of the account is the longer and the greater.

Scotland is a little country, but it is one of our big creditors. It has a small population, only about half that of the state of Illinois, but it is a standing illustration of how a great people can make a little country great. Lord Macaulay said, "In all the virtues which conduce to success in life the Scots have never been surpassed." Such virtues Scotchmen who have become Americans have brought to this country, and these virtues have led them to the front in every department of life and have enhanced our national greatness. It was Scotch business men who invented the modern system of banking, and they have always been among the foremost of American bankers. It is said that one-third of our presidents have been of Scotch descent, and in some of our states fully one-half of the governors trace their lineage back to the land of Wallace and of Bruce. In politics and business and literature, in war on land and sea, and in all the walks of peace, Scotch virility and genius have asserted themselves. With their natural talent for business they have found their way into every department of trade and commerce, and have always formed a leading element among American merchants. It is of a Scotch merchant, Andrew MacLeish, that this sketch is written.

One of the first questions we ask about a Scotchman is this: "Is he of a highland or lowland family?" The MacLeish family may be called both highland and lowland. The name indicates a highland origin, and the family is believed to have belonged to the clan MacGregor. A professor of the University of Edinburgh has traced it back to the ancient religious order of the Culdees, which established itself in Scotland more than a thousand years ago. Marriage prevailed among its clergy. One of its bishops adopted the name of Iliosa, meaning servant of Jesus. His son and his son's son called themselves MacIliosa, son of a servant of Jesus, and this name, in process of time, became MacLeish. It is under

this name that we find the immediate ancestors of Andrew MacLeish established in the eighteenth century in the lowlands in the neighborhood of Glasgow. His grandfather, Archibald MacLeish, was a weaver of Lochwinnoch, a village of Renfrewshire, eighteen miles southwest of that city. He did the finer class of hand weaving, a calling which, up to the time of the introduction of the power loom, was not only an honorable but a lucrative business. This Archibald MacLeish married the daughter of another prominent and highly considered weaver, John Thompson. This grandmother of Andrew, Jean, was a quite exceptional woman. She possessed marked ability, was profoundly religious, and devoted her life to the education of her children and their dedication to Christian service. She spared no effort to have her sons prepared for the ministry. Her efforts seemed nullified when the hand-weaving business of her father and her husband was suddenly destroyed by the erection in Lochwinnoch of a great steam factory for making cloth. The two older sons were eager students, but it became necessary to withdraw them from the school in which they were preparing for the University, and put them to work in the factory which had destroyed the family business. They were disappointed. Their tempers were on edge. One day at the family dinner table they fell into a dispute, and John, the oldest brother, in a moment of rage threw a plate at the head of William, the next younger. The godly, well-mannered family was horrified. John was himself overwhelmed with shame, and on the instant rushed from the room and house and disappeared. After search for him had been given up as vain, William, overcome by remorse for his part in the quarrel, also disappeared suddenly and could not be found. I tell this story for the sake of the sequel, which illustrates the virility of the stock.

John MacLeish enlisted in a regiment which was at once put on board a transport and sent to India. The officers, in order to keep the men employed during the long voyage of three or four months, made the regiment into a school. After diligent search through the entire regiment, rank and file, young MacLeish, a private, was found best qualified for the post, and was made regimental school teacher. So great was the ability he displayed and the success he achieved that on reaching India the officers made up a purse, purchased his discharge from the army, procured for him a means of self-support, and saw him admitted to the University of Madras. He was graduated in due time, appointed a teacher in one of the University's affiliated schools, and rose to the principalship of Madras Christian College.

The other brother, William, when he ran away from home fled south

into England, and was finally heard from in Lancashire, where his scholarly ambitions led him also into college and into the profession of teaching, and his abilities raised him to the principalship of the school.

The youngest of the four brothers, Andrew MacLeish's uncle Peter, to the great satisfaction of the mother, entered the ministry of the Free Church of Scotland, settled over the parish of Dunlop, a village fifteen miles southwest of Glasgow, and continued his pastorate over the same flock to the end of his life, a period of about forty years.

The third son, Archibald, the father of Andrew, took to business instead of the ministry. Finding a position in a large manufacturing concern in Glasgow, he was gradually advanced to the headship of the office organization. Meantime, through business or church connections he had become acquainted with and married Agnes Lindsay, who owned and conducted a small dry-goods store in Glasgow. She was a capable business woman, and so prospered that her husband finally found it necessary to leave his position and devote himself entirely to the store. But Mrs. MacLeish, the mother of Andrew, was much more than a good business woman. She was fair to look upon, possessed much personal charm, was a devoted and affectionate mother, cheerful in spirit, and greatly loved by her children. There were six of these, of whom four lived to maturity—Archibald, Agnes, Andrew, and Samuel..

Andrew MacLeish was born in Glasgow, June 28, 1838, one year after the accession to the throne of Queen Victoria. Unlike most of those treated of in these sketches, he was city born and city bred.

At the time of his birth, Glasgow was a city of 240,000 people. It was then the largest city in Scotland, has since had a phenomenal development, and is now the second largest city in Great Britain, with nearly or quite a million inhabitants. Situated on the Clyde, it has so developed that river as to make it the center of the ship-building interests of the empire. The home of the MacLeish family was on the outskirts of the city of that day, a location which gave the children an opportunity to become acquainted with the country, and enjoy some of the advantages of rural as well as of city life. But the extraordinary expansion of Glasgow soon shut them in, and the site of the old home is now much nearer the center than the "northern outskirts" of the great town. There were, seventy years ago, resorts on the Clyde between the city and the sea where the family sometimes spent some weeks of the summer. Since that time the Clyde River between Glasgow and the Firth of Clyde has been transformed from a shallow stream, navigable by only the smallest craft, into a great, deep harbor accommodating the biggest

ships afloat, and in whose shipyards the greatest ocean liners and battleships are built.

I have spoken of the devout and forceful character of the grandmother of Andrew MacLeish. Three of her four sons became teachers or preachers. She was just as anxious that her grandsons should grow up to be learned men and preachers of the gospel. Andrew's older brother, Archie, having disappointed her by leaving the high school for business and betaken himself to the Australian gold fields, she fixed her hopes and ambitions on Andrew. His parents, sympathizing with the grandmother's disappointment and ambition, readily agreed to do everything in their power to give him the best preparation for the ministry. He was, therefore, kept at school, and his early training was very thorough. He was not consulted about his life-calling. It was taken for granted that he was to be trained for the ministry. But the mistake was made of forcing his training. He was made the subject of intensive education. When fifteen years old he was being sent to four schools at the same time. In one of them, for an hour or two every morning, he studied English. Later in the day he pursued writing and accounting for two hours. The afternoon he spent in the High School of Glasgow, an ancient institution with eminent instructors. There one of his teachers was Mr. Bryce, the father of Lord Bryce, the well-known author of *The American Commonwealth*, and one of the great men of England. In the evening the young student attended a fourth school, where he was taught drawing and designing. It must be conceded that this was overdoing education in the case of a boy of fifteen. It is not to be wondered at that the time came when he felt that he could no longer go on at this rapid pace, and that he plucked up courage to remonstrate with his father. He was told of the strong desire of his grandmother that, like his uncles, he should become an educated man and a minister of the gospel, and thus carry on the family tradition. The father assured him that he himself shared this ambition for his son and wished to give him the best education possible.

It was then that the turning-point came in the boy's life. He, evidently, possessed a maturity unusual in a lad of his years. He asked his father if he did not think that in so important a matter as the career he was to follow through life his own preferences ought to be considered. To this there was only one answer, but when the boy went on to declare that he did not wish to be a clergyman, the father said, "Do you wish to break my heart?" "No," said his son, "but although grandmother wished you to become a minister you did not do it because you wanted to follow a business life." This rejoinder being unanswerable, his father asked

him if he had decided what calling he wished to pursue. Very few boys of fifteen or sixteen would be ready with a well-considered and final answer to that most important question. But young MacLeish was quite ready. He seems to have had a natural and unalterable attraction for the career he followed through life. Without hesitation he said, "I wish to follow your calling, and become, like you, a draper," that is, a dealer in dry goods. To this wish of his son, so unequivocally expressed, the father, being a considerate man, finally assented, but with the following reservation: "You had better learn the business in some other store than mine." In the great dry-goods concerns of that day clerks were apprenticed and lived together in the houses where they were employed. Andrew's mother was quite unwilling that he should be apprenticed in one of these great houses and thus removed from his home. One suspects that she may have desired to take him into her own store. But about the very time these changes were occurring, her health, undermined by the heavy burdens of a growing business and an increasing family, gave way, and in March, 1854, she died at the age of forty-three, Andrew being then not quite sixteen years old. The daughter Agnes became the housekeeper and took the mother's place as the devoted friend and adviser of Andrew, her younger brother. The mother's hopes were in part, at least, realized for her son, and he was apprenticed to a new firm, Robert Webster & Sons, the two sons having recently come from London, where they had finished their business training, bringing from the metropolis the latest business ideas and methods. Andrew entered their service under a two years' apprenticeship. He devoted himself with enthusiasm to learning the business. He had no intention of remaining a clerk, and from the first he set himself diligently to work to master the retail dry-goods trade. Although very young, a boy of sixteen, he grew into the confidence and esteem of his employers so that before the two years of his apprenticeship expired he was made buyer of the lace department of their house.

As the end of the two years approached he was urged by a friend who had gone to London to follow him to that city. Ambitious young Scotchmen then regarded London as the proper place for finishing their business novitiate. The great metropolis drew him mightily with its promise of improving his methods and increasing his business knowledge and efficiency. His father, indeed, strongly disapproved the London scheme. Two years before he had declined to take the boy into his store to learn the business, but now, having lost his wife, who had been his partner, and his oldest son, Archie, being in Australia, he needed Andrew and de-

manded his assistance. But Andrew felt that he must have the further training that only London could give. They could not come to an agreement. A breach occurred. The son left Glasgow without saying good-bye to his father. He took with him to London letters of commendation from his employers, who approved his going, some commissions from them, and eight sovereigns given to him by his sister, Agnes. The great city captured his imagination and filled him with wonder. He found a modest lodging, with breakfast and tea, in Islington. Having made some purchases for his former employers, he reported to Mr. MacNair, a friend of Mr. Webster, and presented to him a letter asking him to act as friend and adviser to Andrew until the boy found employment. Mr. MacNair consented on condition that no situation not approved by him should be accepted. Business was dull and there were few openings. Applications were only received between 9 and 12 o'clock. After weeks of weary tramping Andrew finally found a position and hastened joyfully to report his success to his mentor. Mr. MacNair promptly refused his approval for what seemed to him good reasons. By this time the stock of sovereigns, though carefully husbanded, was getting very low. He practiced the utmost economy in his noonday lunches, and ate so ravenously of the bread and butter served for breakfast and supper at the Islington boarding-house that the landlady began to be appalled. He finally secured a permanent position with S. Greenwell & Company, Blackfriars Road, at thirty pounds a year with board and lodging, and was given charge of the linen department. Having been much discouraged, he was now correspondingly elated and felt that the sun was once more shining upon him.

Meantime, acting on the admonitions of his wise sister, Agnes, he had sent a letter to his father voicing penitence for leaving home without his knowledge, and asking forgiveness. The father, who was a wise and good man and loved his son, promptly responded to these approaches in the kindest terms of paternal affection, expressing his deep interest in Andrew's plans for business improvement in London, and his hope that at the end of the London experience his son would return to him a stronger and more valuable helper than would have been possible without the metropolitan training.

London was, at the time of Mr. MacLeish's residence there, a city of two and a half million people. It was an interesting period in English history. The Crimean war was just closing. The long political duel between Gladstone and Disraeli had begun. Macaulay, Carlyle, Darwin, and Tennyson were making the Victorian era illustrious in literature.

John Bright and Richard Cobden were fighting the battles of liberalism. Charles H. Spurgeon was at the height of his fame as a preacher and often drew our young Scotchman with his thousands of other hearers to the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Brought up religiously, Andrew connected himself in London with the Wall Presbyterian Church. He also attached himself to a most interesting movement which had originated a few years before in an upper room of a London dry-goods house. Out of a prayer meeting conducted by George Williams, then a clerk, later Sir George, had sprung that great and beneficent movement, the Young Men's Christian Association, which has since spread all over the world. Mr. MacLeish has always felt that it was one of the important experiences of his life that his religious interest led him to connect himself actively with the beginnings of this great historic movement.

His stay in London, however, was not a long one. He soon found that the business house with which he was connected was in a location which, as so often happens in great cities, was deteriorating as a district for the trade in which it was engaged, and that his own interests would require him to make a change. But his year in London had been helpful to him. A somewhat sharp difference with his employer as to selling goods for what they really were instead of for what they were not had resulted in his carrying his point and in advancing him in the respect and confidence of the head of the house. He was confirmed in his conviction that business must be conducted on principles of the strictest integrity, and learned to feel new confidence in his own knowledge and judgment.

In August, 1856, the young clerk had a fateful conference with the young man he had followed from Glasgow to London concerning a place in the far West in America, called Chicago. His friend's statements as to the future growth and greatness of Chicago, based on recent reading and inquiry, affected his hearer so strongly that he made up his mind at once to go to that city of promise, and to go without delay. The change the young Scotchman, now eighteen years old, so suddenly decided to make was an extraordinary one. It took him from the Old World to the New. It was a migration of four thousand miles, from the metropolis of the world to an insignificant town in the remote West of America, a town so new and remote that it had been connected with the rest of the world by railroad only four years. Our country was not, at that time, advertising itself, or luring immigrants to its shores as, unhappily, it has since done. Some of the most eminent writers of England were employing their genius in disparaging the United States and discouraging the migration to our shores of their countrymen. But there arose and persisted

and spread throughout Europe the conviction that America was the land of larger opportunity, of greater promise, and, particularly, of more certain assurance to the young man of character, industry, and enterprise that it would open to him the door to a successful career. And when such young men reached our shores the story of the miracle of Chicago's development, with its promise to those who grew up with the young city, drew many of them past New York a thousand miles inland.

But with our young Scot there was another attraction drawing him to America and to Chicago. In his apprenticeship in Glasgow he had found, in the same dry-goods house, a Scotch lassie, Miss Lillias Young, whom he had not been able to forget. She was of a good family, her grandfather having been the man of business of the duke of Montrose, whose castle was in Glasgow, and whose estates were in that region to the north made memorable by Sir Walter Scott in his *Legend of Montrose* and other romances. After Andrew went to London, the father of Lillias had taken his family to America and settled in Chicago. The young people revealed their mutual interest in a correspondence during his London period and after her arrival in Chicago. The lure of Chicago, therefore, was greatly enhanced by her presence in that city, and, when in August, 1856, he suddenly decided to work out his business career in the New World, Chicago was the preordained end of the journey.

It was fortunate for the amicable carrying out of his program that his older brother, Archie, had now returned from Australia and had become the father's partner. They did not wholly approve the American scheme, and sought to persuade Andrew to remain and cast in his lot with them as a partner. But they carried their opposition no farther. The grandfathers were still living, and he was able to say goodbye to them, his father, brother, and sister, Agnes, none of whom he was ever to see again in this life. He sailed from the Clyde in the new iron steamship, City of New York, a very long, comparatively narrow vessel. They had a voyage of three weeks, rendered more uncomfortable by its being the ship's maiden trip. About two years later the vessel broke in two in the middle and went to the bottom.

The new immigrant did not delay in New York. He walked up Broadway that he might see the best dry-goods stores in the United States, then situated between the City Hall and Canal Street, and for the most part on the west side of Broadway.

The journey from New York to Chicago was at that time a serious affair. There were, of course, no sleeping-cars and no dining-cars. There were no through trains. The passenger had to travel on several

different lines of road, and as often as he changed lines he must change cars. Mr. MacLeish first took the Erie to Elmira, New York. There he changed to the New York Central and went to Buffalo. There he spent a night and in the morning took the Grand Trunk to Detroit. Again they stopped over night, and in the morning took the Michigan Central for Chicago. It was a three days' journey. The passengers were landed at the foot of Lake Street. The newcomer was impressed by the lack of any station and the poor condition of the adjacent streets. Lake Street, the principal business thoroughfare, was very poorly paved, and mud and water holes abounded.

The young man did not allow the day of his arrival to pass without seeing Lillias Young. In the evening of that day they took a long walk out West Lake Street to the boundless prairie at what is now Union Park. Beyond were a few scattering houses, but in 1856, Ashland Avenue was about the western limit of settlement. Mr. MacLeish found Chicago a small town compared with those in which he had spent his life, London and Glasgow. It must have seemed to him a very new, temporary, makeshift sort of a place compared with those ancient cities. Chicago was one year older than he was, having been incorporated as a city in 1837. Its population numbered 84,000. The year 1856 was a not unimportant one in the city's history. It saw the beginnings of the first University of Chicago, that being the year in which Senator Stephen A. Douglas gave the ten-acre site for that institution at the corner of Cottage Grove Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. It was in that same year, 1856, that Marshall Field made his home in that city. John V. Farwell, L. Z. Leiter, Potter Palmer, and Leon Mandel were already there, and all of them in the dry-goods business. Mr. Farwell was a member of the firm of Cooley, Wadsworth & Company, which later became J. V. Farwell & Company. Mr. Leiter was a clerk in that house, and Mr. Field found a clerkship in the same firm. Mr. Palmer had the principal retail store on Lake Street, selling out to Field & Leiter, who formed a partnership in 1865. The dry-goods store of Solomon Mandel, which later became Mandel Brothers, had opened its doors two or three years earlier.

It will be seen that what became the great dry-goods business of Chicago was in its infancy when Andrew MacLeish, eighteen years old, arrived in the city. Ten years later that city had become the wholesale dry-goods market of the country, outside of New York, the annual business approaching $40,000,000.

The day after he reached Chicago the young man started out to seek

a clerkship. On South Water Street he found some small dry-goods jobbing concerns mixed in with the grocery and provision houses that chiefly prevailed. Lake Street, from Dearborn west to LaSalle, was mainly occupied by retail houses dealing in dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, books and stationery, etc. Before the day was over he found a position in the retail dry-goods house of J. D. Sherman, on the north side of Lake between Clark and LaSalle. The retail dry-goods business was not at that time in a very flourishing condition. The stocks were, in general, not well assorted. The house in which the new clerk was employed was well located, but found business so poor that it sent him and another clerk to Kewanee, then a small village a hundred miles or more down the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road, with a stock of goods to open a branch store under the firm name of MacLeish & Couch. The venture did not suit him—there was too little in it—and after a few months he returned to Chicago and found a situation with J. B. Shay, who had just started a dry-goods business on the north side of Lake, about a hundred feet east of Clark.

Meantime, he had begun to attend the Edina Place Baptist Church, which stood just west of State Street on Edina Place (now Plymouth Court) and Harrison Street. Dr. Robert Boyd, the pastor, was a Scotchman, a man of singularly beautiful character, and a simple, spiritual, evangelistic, and very earnest preacher. Mr. MacLeish greatly admired him as a man and as a minister, and early in 1857 united with his church and became intimate in his family. Already a Christian, he now entered upon that religious service which has been characterized by conspicuous fidelity, zeal, and usefulness throughout the sixty-six years that have since passed.

The year after Mr. MacLeish reached Chicago the panic of 1857 struck the country. Its devastation reached far and wide. There were many failures in Chicago, and every kind of business suffered. It took some years for the city to recover from this staggering blow and return to its former rate of progress in population and business expansion. It was an excellent time to leave Chicago temporarily, and two events conspired to lead Mr. MacLeish to do this. It so happened that a few months after coming to the city, in consequence, probably, of so radical a change in climate, his health gave way. Meantime, the father of Lillias Young had taken his family into the country and was now engaged in farming. No sooner did the family learn of the breakdown in their young friend's health than they sent him an invitation to visit them until he once more grew strong and well.

His acceptance of this invitation interrupted his active participation in the movement which resulted in the organization of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association. He had the enthusiasm and experience gained in the London Association, and now entered zealously into the movement to establish the Association in Chicago. He would have been one of the final organizers had not the failure of his health and his departure from the city taken him away from the series of meetings in March, 1858, which brought it into being. His enduring interest in the work of the Association is attested by a recent contribution of $10,000 to its funds.

The friends he went to visit in the early months of 1858 had made their new home in Pope, one of the southernmost of the counties of Illinois, lying along the Ohio River northeast of Cairo. It is one of the most interesting regions in the state. In the northern part of it are the beginnings of the Ozark Ridge, which, running west through Missouri and Arkansas, develops into the Ozark Mountains. This ridge is "the most conspicuous single topographical feature" of Illinois. Its culminating peak appears in Pope County, rising to an altitude of 1,065 feet above sea-level. The Ozark has the distinction of having arrested the enormous ice sheets which successively swept over what is now Illinois during the glacial period and gave it its fertile soil. Along the ridge various minerals are found, and this fact awakening in the early settlers dreams of future wealth suggested, no doubt, the name of the principal village, Golconda. The dikes, faults, caves of the Ridge, with their strange minerals reminded them of what for generations past the poets have been singing, the

> Crystal lighted caverns
> Of Golconda's mines.

Mr. Young had bought a farm five miles west of the village. To this farm a long, slow journey, by railroad to Cairo and by boat up the Ohio to Golconda, carried the visitor.

He now entered upon a wholly new experience, life in the open, and manual labor on the farm. This he continued, with all the rest of the family, for several months, with manifest benefit to his health. He became known in the community and the neighbors began to call him Andrew. They soon saw that, although he was young, just entering his twentieth year, he was well trained, and had what they lacked and were looking for, book learning. Perhaps four months after his arrival, therefore, the school directors called on him and asked him to become the teacher of their district school. They finally so far overcame his modest

depreciation of his scholarly attainments as to persuade him to take an examination for a teacher's certificate. He immediately fell to work reviewing his studies, and particularly read up on American history. The examination, held in Golconda, attracted a large attendance. The village lawyer was the examiner and, expecting to show up the ignorance of the young "furriner," the examiner began to ask questions on American history. It soon transpired that the candidate knew far more about the subject than he did, and the examination only serving to display his own ignorance he quickly brought it to an end by declaring to a highly diverted audience that the certificate was granted. The teacher's salary was $30 a month, with the privilege of "boarding 'round." After he began his school he had more invitations to visit the people and spend the night than he could find time to accept. The schoolhouse was located in a malarial spot, and the teacher fell under that plague of southern Illinois at that day, chills and fever. When his chill came on he would dismiss the pupils for an hour or two to wander in the woods and amuse themselves. The girls would wrap him up in their shawls, and when the chill passed he would call the children in and the school would proceed.

The people for the most part lived in one-room log houses and did all their cooking in a skillet set on the hearth of their fireplaces. If, when the family was large, he ventured to intimate that he had better not incommode them by staying all night, the man of the house, with an air of great dignity, would say impressively, "I axed you, sir, to stay all night." This made further objection impossible, and after the rest of the family had retired to their beds in various parts of the room, the teacher would greet with enthusiasm the proposal that he occupy the bed with the oldest boy. Some of the log houses were of two rooms, with a covered passageway between. At one of these he was assigned the open-air passageway for his sleeping quarters, and after one of the boys had held a candle till he had disrobed and climbed into bed, the lady of the house called out from her bed in the adjoining room, "Andrew! Andrew! Do you reckon you've kivvers enough? Cos if you haint I git you some more." One day, for some infraction of school discipline, he ordered the fifteen-year-old daughter of one of the trustees to stand apart from the others in her class, by the wall of the schoolhouse. The father and many others regarded this as a cruel and unusual punishment, and it became the talk of the entire community. The leading man in the community finally said to a crowd of men who asked his opinion:

> You have not had a teacher for a long time who could more than barely pass the examination in readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic, and now when a well-educated stranger

comes in and tries to keep order you get crazy over the punishment inflicted. The trouble with you is, you don't know when you are well off, and instead of supporting the teacher in enforcing order you get jawing about him every time you meet to mend the road, or anything of that kind. You don't know what punishment is usual in better-educated districts.

This emphatic opinion from the "Squire" practically settled the matter, and the teacher went on to the end of his term and was paid his salary in gold.

Meantime, the soil of the farm which Mr. Young was trying to cultivate, which had not been enriched by the glacial deposits of the ice age, proving barren and worthless, the family decided to return to Chicago. But they did not go until after the marriage of Mr. MacLeish and the daughter, Lillias. This most interesting and important event of the sojourn in Egypt took place December 25, Christmas Day, 1858. The jewel he carried back to Chicago from the diamonds of Golconda was a wife. Returning to that city early in 1859, he resumed his connection with J. B. Shay, began housekeeping in the North Division, and united with the North Baptist Church.

It was in connection with this church that my somewhat intimate acquaintance with Mr. MacLeish began. It was a small church, having a little more than a hundred members, and the meeting house was a small, wooden building, half a dozen blocks north of the Chicago River, and one block from North State Street. At the beginning of 1865 I went from my theological seminary studies in Rochester, New York, and acted as student-pastor of this little church for nine months. The church needed only two deacons. One of them was an Englishman and the other was a Scotchman, Mr. MacLeish. He was only twenty-six years old, but was the leading man in the church, highly intelligent, deeply interested, and entirely devoted to the interests of the congregation. He not only gave me the most loyal support, but welcomed me into his family and treated me with cordial friendliness. There were in the family two little girls, Lillias Agnes, now Mrs. C. L. Day, of Winnetka, Illinois, and Blanche Eliza, now Mrs. C. K. G. Billings, of New York. I found Mrs. MacLeish very kind and hospitable, a sweet and gentle lady, an ideal mother, greatly admired and beloved in the little church. Her voice was low and sweet, and she spoke with intelligence and charm. The impression has never left me of her amiability, friendliness, gentleness, and goodness.

At this date, 1865, Mr. MacLeish had been with J. B. Shay for six years. It was perhaps in 1863 that he had a serious illness. The increased cost of living, caused by the war of the rebellion, without a

corresponding increase in income led him to resign his connection with J. B. Shay. His salary was thereupon doubled, and he was promised a partnership the following year. The first year of the partnership was quite profitable, but the second year was made to appear so unprofitable that Mr. MacLeish withdrew from the firm and severed his connection with the house. For a few months in 1866–67 he was with Field & Leiter, who had formed a partnership and opened a dry-goods house on Lake Street, a few doors east of Clark.

Meantime, a number of very important events had occurred, which, taken together, determined Mr. MacLeish's future and led him directly to his career. His father had died, and the estate being settled, his inheritance enabled him to buy a home of his own. This he did on the West Side, in the neighborhood of the Union Park Baptist Church, and in this church he became acquainted with Samuel Carson. Mr. Carson was a Scotchman, and the acquaintance of the two men developed into a friendship. The wholesale dry-goods house of Carson & Pirie, which later developed into the well-known firm of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Company, was founded by this Samuel Carson and John T. Pirie, who had come to the United States together from Newry, Ireland, in 1854. Samuel Carson was of the family of Dr. Alexander Carson, a very distinguished Scotch-Irish Baptist pastor and theologian of the first half of the nineteenth century.

John T. Pirie had in early life made his way from Scotland to Belfast, and later to Newry, Ireland, where he and young Carson, clerks in the same house, became inseparable friends. Coming to America together, after stopping in New York for a few months, they went, in 1855, to Illinois, and first opened a dry-goods store in LaSalle. At the end of three months, however, they transferred it to Amboy, where they did a thriving business, and at the end of nine or ten years they had stores also at Mendota and Polo, all three villages being from seventy-five to a hundred miles west of Chicago. Meantime, the ties between the two friends had been strengthened by the marriage of Mr. Pirie to Mr. Carson's sister, and of Mr. Carson to the sister of Mr. Pirie.

Associating with them two other Scotchmen, who were also old personal friends, George and Robert Scott, and leaving them in charge of the three stores, Mr. Carson and Mr. Pirie, in 1864, went to Chicago and established at 20 Lake Street the wholesale dry-goods house of Carson & Pirie. They found this a profitable way of supplying their three country retail stores, and gradually extended their trade to other retail merchants. From small beginnings the business grew rapidly until it

became necessary for the Scott brothers to join their partners in the city, and soon after they also appeared in the firm name.

It was in 1866 that the firm began to lay plans for adding to their interests a retail store in Chicago. Messrs. Carson and Pirie, both of whom had come to know Mr. MacLeish, were not slow in discovering his unusual qualities of character and business ability, and in May, 1867, he became a member of the firm, since known as Carson, Pirie, Scott & Company, and opened the retail business of the house at 136 Lake Street. His relation to the firm has therefore continued some fifty-eight years.

One who is not a business man can only imagine the difficulties of the task of starting a great retail dry-goods house, fully stocked and equipped for business, in a city like the Chicago of 1867—the large measures required, the multiplicity of detail, the demands on the manager's mental resources, the making of a place in a field already occupied. The daily life of the merchant does not lend itself to narrative. But it so happened that there were changes and tragedies in this merchant's experiences that made it quite exceptional. In 1868 fire compelled the removal of the wholesale business to Wabash Avenue, two blocks south of Lake Street. In 1869 the retail business was removed to a location which became the center of business for the city's great retail stores, the west side of State Street, halfway between Madison and Washington, the upper floors being soon after occupied by the wholesale department. Then came the great fire of 1871, which swept the business district out of existence and destroyed a great part of the city.

Any record of personal experience in that disastrous conflagration is of historic value. The fire broke out on Sunday evening, October 8, 1871. Mr. MacLeish was living on Ada Street on the West Side, more than a mile west of the western line of the fire. He was awakened by a brother-in-law who told him how the fire had leaped the south branch of the Chicago River and was threatening the business district. Hitching up his horse and finding one of his partners, George Scott, they drove rapidly east to the river. Finding the Madison, Randolph, Lake, and Kinzie Street bridges closed, they drove south to Twelfth Street, where they crossed. On reaching their own business premises they found the fire had already made its way to Monroe and Dearborn streets, only two blocks away, and, driven before the southwest gale, was sweeping directly and rapidly toward them. I now quote from Mr. MacLeish's own recollections:

Having made our way into the premises and secured important books and papers, we turned our attention to the saving of merchandise, but were met with the difficulty

that everything on wheels that had horses to pull it was in use. However, we did the best we could, paying as high as fifty dollars for a conveyance, and succeeded in getting one or two express wagons, and hired even hacks to carry books, etc. But the confusion was so great that the wagons we loaded and instructed to drive southward and westward several blocks in very few instances returned for a second load. They were captured by other people who were willing to pay any price for their services. The result of all this was that the amount of merchandise saved was very inconsiderable, although I felt that, in general, the people were disposed to see that property moved from one place to another was not lost to the owners.

It was not long before the fire reached us and compelled our withdrawal, and Mr. Scott and I made our way southward on the streets yet untouched by the flames [doubtless Michigan Avenue], after first seeing our own premises enveloped in the great conflagration.

The excitement and interest of this enormous calamity were so great that I gave little thought to my own share in it until some hours later. One thing I remember vividly. I was suffering from thirst (I had had nothing to eat or drink since the night before) and, as the city's water supply was by this time cut off, I searched for some place where I could get a mouthful of water, which I was able to secure only in a saloon about a mile away from the scene of our efforts. When I reached home some time in the afternoon and saw my appearance in a mirror, with my face blackened and unrecognizable, I remember giving way to the feelings called forth by this stupendous and awful calamity.

These moments of emotional reaction which every Chicago business man must have felt when he realized the financial calamity a single day had brought upon him did not continue. Nor, after those moments passed, was there any resulting mental paralysis, but rather a resurgence of unconquerable purpose and energy such as the world has seldom seen.

The wholesale department of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Company was speedily re-established at 200–202 Madison Street, and in 1873 at the northeast corner of Madison and Franklin streets, where it occupied the whole of a five-story building in which the business advanced by leaps and bounds, and where it remained for eighteen years. Some conception of the magnitude of its operations may be gained from the statement published some years ago, that in 1890, about the end of this period of eighteen years, the annual business amounted to $15,000,000.

The retail business, immediately after the fire, was re-established on Twenty-second Street, and a little later a store was opened on West Madison Street. Still later these establishments were united in a large four-story-and-basement structure at West Madison and Peoria streets. A retail store was also opened on the North Side at the corner of Clark and Erie streets. Mr. MacLeish adopted as the slogan of the West Side store, "It pays to trade on the West Side," and this became so familiar

that it almost passed into a proverb, and stirred the ire of some prominent dry-goods merchants of the South Side.

In 1878, after not quite twenty years of happy married life, Mrs. MacLeish died. Her two daughters were growing into womanhood, and she asked her husband to send them to Vassar College and there they took their college course.

On March 9, 1881, Mr. MacLeish married Miss M. Louise Little, daughter of Jacob H. Little, a Chicago coal dealer, who was a leading member of the Union Park, later the Fourth Baptist Church, to which Mr. MacLeish also belonged. Their son, Bruce MacLeish, was born in 1882, was graduated from the University of Chicago in the class of 1903, entered his father's business, and has been a member of the firm of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Company since 1912. The mother lived less than a year after the birth of her son, dying January 31, 1883, not quite two years after her marriage.

About 1880, Mr. MacLeish was approached by Claflin & Company, of New York, with liberal offers to join in the business of Charles Gossage & Company, a well-known retail dry-goods firm of Chicago, in which H. B. Claflin had a large interest. These offers he declined, and Mr. Gossage having died, in 1883 Carson, Pirie, Scott & Company bought the business and their retail operations were consolidated at the southwest corner of State and Washington streets. Eleven years later the firm was asked to purchase the business of Schlesinger & Mayer at the southeast corner of State and Madison streets. The deal was made, and in this eligible location, on what has been called the busiest street crossing in the world, and in most commodious quarters the great business has since continued. Meantime, the wholesale business had been transferred to the northwest corner of Adams and Franklin streets.

On August 22, 1888, more than five years after the loss of his second wife, Mr. MacLeish married Miss Martha Hillard, daughter of Rev. Elias Brewster Hillard, of Plymouth, Connecticut, of the lineage of the Pilgrim Fathers. Mrs. MacLeish inherited the great qualities of her ancestors. Before her marriage she was the efficient and successful principal of Rockford Seminary, a school for girls at Rockford, Illinois. She combines an attractive personality, an earnest Christian spirit, and quite unusual abilities in public address, and in organizing and administrative work. A very busy wife and mother, she has yet given much time and toil to the missionary activities of Baptist women and has been widely influential and useful. She has been president of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West, and besides occupying

other important positions has recently served as president of the Women's American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society. In many magazine and newspaper articles she has devoted her literary gifts also to the missionary cause she loves.

Shortly after their marriage, about 1890, Mr. and Mrs. MacLeish secured property at Glencoe for a home. Only a few miles north of Chicago, most attractively located, covered with a variety of trees, looking out on Lake Michigan, and surrounded by beautiful wooded ravines, it is an altogether delightful place. The parents and children became every year more attached to it, and it became the permanent family home. Four children came to bless the marriage, three sons and one daughter. The oldest, Norman Hillard, has recently been a student of architecture in Rome. Archibald, named for Mr. MacLeish's father, is a lawyer in Boston. The youngest of the family is a daughter, Ishbel Majoribanks. Kenneth, the third son, entered the Great War, serving in aviation. He lost his life in Belgium. After bringing down an enemy plane he was attacked by other German flyers and shot down. He had been a student in Yale, of the class of 1918. On the entry of our country into the war he enlisted in the navy, but was trained in France as a land flyer and was stationed at Dunkirk and sent out in bombing raids over Ostend and Zeebrugge and other points behind the German lines. After seven months' active service, he lost his life only a month before the war ended. His body was found more than two months later on a Belgian farm. A few months earlier he had written to his parents the following message, which reveals the kind of boy he was, and the kind of man he would have been:

> If I find it necessary to make the supreme sacrifice, always remember this—I am so firmly convinced that the ideals I am going to fight for are right and splendid ideals that I am happy to be able to give so much for them. I will do it gladly, and I will do it honorably and bravely, as your son should, and the life that I lay down will be my preparation for the grander, finer life that I shall take up. I Shall Live!

Kenneth was a lieutenant in the air service. The government, desiring to recognize his exceptional record and signalize his connection with the navy under which he enlisted, has recently given his name to a destroyer of the first class. His parents gave him and he freely gave himself for his country and for mankind, and in the family circle his memory is cherished as a priceless possession. The seven children of Mr. MacLeish have formed a single family, perfectly united in affection and devoted to one another, and have had a happy and beautiful life, into which grandchildren have also entered.

Mr. MacLeish was born a Scotchman, but for sixty-seven years he has been an unhyphenated American. Proud of his Scotch ancestry and of his native land, when he made the United States of America his country he gave it his undivided allegiance. He has taken an enlightened interest in public affairs, and in politics has been a Republican. His business, home, and religious interests and activities have prevented him from being a great club man, but he is a member of the Union League, the Quadrangle at the University of Chicago, the City, and the Skokie Country clubs. In 1888 he was a member of the Illinois Club, and represented it as one of its committee to confer with other clubs of the city in the movement which resulted in the holding of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893.

But his most earnest and devoted service has always been given to the churches and the denomination to which he belonged. In the Union Park, or, as it was later called, the Fourth Baptist Church, he taught for many years a large Bible class. When, in the eighties, the church erected a new house of worship at the corner of Ashland and Ogden avenues, he was the chairman of the building committee. When he removed to Glencoe, although there was no Baptist church, he organized and taught a Bible class in the community church. Later, uniting with the First Baptist Church of Evanston, which the automobile brought within easy distance, he there continued the same sort of service. Meantime, he was called on to serve as president of the Chicago Baptist Social Union. As his services and abilities became more widely known, he was, in 1912, elected vice-president of the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.

But long before this he had become identified, and, as the years went on, more and more closely identified, with the educational interests of his denomination. In 1878 he was made a trustee of the first University of Chicago. When he went on its board, however, it was too late to extricate that institution from its difficulties, and it ceased to exist as a going enterprise in 1886, its work coming to an end in that year. In 1888 he became a member of the board of trustees of the Baptist Union Theological Seminary, now the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. He was made president of the board, and would so have remained if the trustees could have had their way.

In 1889 the effort began which, a year later, resulted in the founding of the present University of Chicago. Mr. MacLeish was so interested in this great undertaking from the first, so sympathetic and helpful in all the preliminary steps, that it was early apparent that he must be con-

nected with its management, and in the articles of incorporation he was named as one of the original trustees. As I was secretary of the boards of both the Seminary and the University, my more intimate acquaintance with Mr. MacLeish, begun in 1865, was renewed in 1888 and long continued. In 1894 he was elected first vice-president of the board of trustees of the University, and was annually re-elected to that position for twenty-eight years.

The trustees of the University have enjoyed no sinecure. For more than thirty years they have met regularly every month and sometimes two or three times a month, to wrestle with the problems of a new and rapidly developing institution. They are divided into five standing committees charged with well-defined duties covering the different departments of the University's work. As vice-president, Mr. MacLeish was a member of all these committees, as well as of special committees which are constantly required for some specific work. These duties, requiring a self-sacrificing consecration to the developing and multiplying interests of the University not required in older institutions, Mr. MacLeish performed, not only with fidelity, but with growing interest in the expanding work. He has seen the annual enrolment of students increase in thirty-two years from 742 in 1892 to more than 13,000 in 1924, and the assets from nothing to more than $54,000,000. This record of prosperity and expanding usefulness has been the only reward he and his fellow-trustees have sought for long years of devoted service. Called frequently, in the absence of the president, Martin A. Ryerson, to preside over the meetings of the trustees, the business training of Mr. MacLeish gave him unusual facility in dispatching business.

An institution like the University, planned on a large scale, developing in all directions rapidly, is constantly discovering new needs that appeal strongly to the trustees, not only to raise large funds, but to do their utmost to provide for these ever recurring and urgent needs themselves, by personal contributions. Mr. MacLeish was one of the subscribers to the first million-dollar fund, and since that time, thirty-five years ago, has repeatedly made contributions as the need for them appeared. He had a part in providing the funds that built the Harper Memorial Library. He established the Andrew MacLeish Scholarship of $3,000 for the benefit of students in the Divinity School. He has made other contributions for general purposes. His great contribution was made in 1918. Self-moved, as one who knew the urgent needs of the growing University might well be, he sent the following letter to his fellow-trustees:

September 27, 1918

The Board of Trustees
University of Chicago:

Appreciating as I do the pressing and increasing need of the University in the way of additional buildings, I take pleasure in turning over to the University for the purpose of helping to meet the need for a building (preferably for administration or modern languages) the securities described in the list inclosed herewith, and therein closely approximating in value at the time of my gift $100,000. All of these securities have been placed in the hands of the counsel and business manager, who has duly receipted to me for the same.

It is my desire that the board of trustees shall have full discretion as to the time when the proceeds and accumulations from these securities shall be applied to the purpose mentioned. . . . .

(*Signed*) ANDREW MacLEISH

It is not to be wondered at that the reading of this letter was greeted with applause by the trustees, and that Mr. Ryerson, the president of the board, expressed the high appreciation of all the trustees of this generous gift and of the wisdom of the giver in suggesting the object of his benefaction. An administration building and a building for the modern-language departments are most urgently needed by the University. It would be difficult to decide which is needed most. The erection of both waits only for the reduction of building costs and additional funds. Meantime, the MacLeish fund is growing annually by the steady accretions of interest, and from this cause and the increase in value of some of the securities already amounts to approximately $200,000.

I have already spoken of the relations and benefactions of Mr. MacLeish to the Divinity School of the University. For more than twenty years he was a trustee of Rush Medical College, which is an important part of the University's greater Medical School now in process of organization. He has thus sustained the most intimate relations with all the various departments of the University from the beginning. He was one of its founders and his life for more than thirty years has been built into its history and will forever remain a part of it. His considerable contributions of money as well as of service make this connection even more enduringly influential. He continued his services as a trustee till 1923, when he resigned after a service of thirty-three years.

Mr. MacLeish is now, in 1925, in his eighty-seventh year, and is still active in the business for which he began to prepare seventy years ago. Every morning still sees him in his office. He is one of those exceptional men of whom I have had occasion to write in these sketches, whose strength after seventy has not been "labor and sorrow."

During the summer of 1921 he made, with Mrs. MacLeish, a trip abroad, visiting among other places the scenes made sacred by the service and sacrifice of their son Kenneth. The winter of 1924–25 he spent in Colorado with Mrs. MacLeish and their daughter Ishbel. Tall, above six feet in height, exceptionally vigorous, he has always been a man of fine physical proportions and appearance. Courteous, affable, friendly, he has won the affection of friends. From his Scotch ancestry, his early training, his devotion to Christian ideals there has developed the man who commands the confidence of all who know him. His life, through assiduous devotion to business and to still higher interests, has been a development from small beginnings to large success and to wide and beneficent influence.

HELEN CULVER

HELEN CULVER

Helen Culver was born in Little Valley, Cattaraugus County, New York, March 23, 1832. Next to Chautauqua, Cattaraugus is the southwesternmost county of the Empire State. At the time of Miss Culver's birth it had hardly ceased to be a part of the western frontier. It was still very largely a wilderness into which new settlers were moving and where the pioneers were hewing out of the woods homes for their families and transforming the forests into farms.

In the last decade of the eighteenth century Robert Morris, superintendent of finances during the Revolution, had bought and later sold to a number of merchants of Holland, the whole of western New York, including more than seven counties and aggregating more than 3,000,000 acres of land. This is now one of the fairest, richest, and most populous regions on the continent. It was then an immense wilderness inhabited by possibly 3,000 wandering Indians of various tribes who were supposed to own this great region they neither occupied nor improved. Mr. Morris purchased the lands from them, paying them $100,000 for their title and setting apart for them several reservations which were more than ample for the few hundred Indian families.

This entire tract has passed into history as the Holland Purchase. After a careful survey it was opened for settlement about 1800 and offices were established for the sale of the lands. Some of these old office buildings of a hundred or more years ago are still standing quite unused, but preserved by the prosperous towns in which they stand, silent memorials of a vanished past. In that early day my own grandfather set out from Glens Falls on the Hudson River to make his way to the Holland Purchase, which was a kind of land of promise, and locate a home for his young family, and somewhere in the intervening wilderness perished.

For some years after 1800, settlers entered this remote wilderness very slowly. There was no way to reach it save by the most primitive modes of travel through the forests of central New York over the most wretched roads, or the old Indian trails. There was no way of transporting anything the settlers produced to eastern markets. The Erie Canal had hardly been suggested. That great waterway did not reach western New York and fully open the Holland Purchase to settlement and commerce until a quarter of a century had passed.

Yet settlers came, bringing a few cattle and sheep, each man making a little opening in the forest, building a log cabin and barn, raising enough of the simplest necessities of life to subsist on, but every year clearing a little more land and gradually improving his condition. Here and there very small villages began to appear with mechanics and merchants and the emergence of trade. Missionaries penetrated the wilderness, and scattered churches and primitive schools were established. With the passing of the years settlement became more rapid and the country began to be inhabited.

But suddenly the current of settlement was dammed and began to flow backward. The War of 1812 came on and in a little while the whole territory of the Holland Purchase was filled with apprehension. The British crossed the Niagara River, burned Buffalo, then an insignificant hamlet, and threatened an invasion of the state. Such was the panic in many parts of the Purchase that settlers abandoned their homes and fled eastward, some of them never to return. It was not till the war was over that the tide of settlement again set in, but it then rose higher than before.

It was very soon after the close of the war that Noah Culver, the grandfather of Helen Culver, brought his family from Wallingford, Vermont, and bought one of the abandoned farms in the town of Little Valley, Cattaraugus County.

The American ancestor of the family, Edward Culver, came to New England with John Winthrop, Jr., governor of Connecticut, in 1635. Landing in Massachusetts he first settled in Dedham, a few miles from Boston, later going to Connecticut where he became one of the 124 original settlers and landowners of the town of Wallingford. Toward the close of the eighteenth century, 135 years after Edward Culver helped to found Wallingford, Connecticut, some of his descendants broke away from the old home and traveling 150 miles north, together with a few neighbors, founded a new Wallingford in the wilderness of Vermont.

The war of the Revolution soon came on, and one of the volunteers from the new settlement in the struggle for freedom was James Culver. It was a stalwart race in some members of which the pioneer strain long persisted. One of them was Noah Culver, a son of the patriot James, who a generation after the Revolution took his family, and making his way 350 miles westward, established a new home in the Holland Purchase. Cattaraugus County, in which he settled, lies south and southeast of Buffalo. It surface has been described as resembling a piece of rumpled calico. Two north and south valleys divide it, Great Valley on the

east and Little Valley on the west. In Little Valley, Noah Culver found one of those abandoned clearings from which the owner had fled in the War of 1812. The loghouse in the middle of the clearing had been the lair of beasts of the forest during four or five years after its owner had fled from it, but, renovated, it now became the home of the Culver family. The claim, and indeed the whole country, was covered with a thick growth of pine and hemlock and many varieties of deciduous trees, maple, oak, elm, and others. The center of the county east and west was a series of high hills, rising 2,000 feet above the sea. Cattaraugus Creek, on the north of this ridge of hills emptied its waters into Lake Erie and the North Atlantic. The waters of the streams to the south found their way through the Allegheny, the Ohio, and the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico.

The Culvers found one treasure in their new home—a loom, left behind by the first occupants. It was a veritable godsend, and on it the weaving of the family was done for many years. The head of the family was a big man of great strength and endurance and of equally pronounced independence and self-reliance. On that western frontier he needed money badly, and money being due him from a neighbor in his old home which seemed uncollectible by mail, he went all the way back to Vermont to collect it in person. But the debtor could not or would not pay, and Mr. Culver, his stock of cash reduced to a pittance, was compelled to walk all the way back. His money did not hold out and, too proud to ask for bread which would have been given him freely, he walked the last three days without food. He would himself have cheerfully given a meal to a hungry passer-by, but he would not receive one from strangers.

His three sons, Lyman, Eliphalet, and Henry, were like him, all of them 6 feet or more in height, men of hardihood and courage. These four, father and sons, were deemed worthy at general training "to hold one side against the assault of the town." The father's qualities were well illustrated by Lyman, the oldest son, who, at fourteen years of age, was sent to Vermont to bring back to the farm a small flock of sheep. Perhaps these sheep constituted the payment of the debt the father had failed to collect. The boy made the journey of nearly 800 miles, much of it through the primeval forest, on foot, on his return driving the sheep before him. This boy, some sixteen years later, became the father of Helen Culver.

As Lyman Culver grew to manhood a village was started near the farm and took the name of the township, Little Valley. Mr. Culver

was a man of energy and enterprise. He had good business qualities. When his first farm was cleared and brought under cultivation he rented or sold it and began straightway to clear another. He was a reading and thinking man of strong convictions and independent action. Although he was the only man in the township to do so, he regularly voted the abolition ticket. He knew it did not have the slightest chance of success, but, rain or shine, he was always at the polls, and quietly, without controversy, deposited the single abolition ballot of the town. He was a trustee of the Free Will Baptist Church of Little Valley and had the confidence and respect of his own community and of the neighboring townships.

About 1825 Mr. Culver married Emeliza Hull, sister of the father of Charles J. Hull. Charles, a very small boy at that time, was living a few miles away in Castile, Wyoming County, with his grandparents. Mr. Culver, clearing his first farm in the wilderness, soon had a little family growing up about him, two daughters, Susan and Aurelia, and a son, Robert.

From the mother's side of the family there have come more than a few interesting personalities since Rev. Joseph Hull led his flock across the sea to Massachusetts in 1635 in search of religious liberty. Among them was the last woman martyr for conscience' sake, Elizabeth Dyer. As a result of the persecution of the Quakers many of the Hulls joined that faith, and not without significance, as showing persistent family traits, were the words of that martyr when offered her life if she would leave the colony: "The Lord hath brought me hither and here will I abide."

Helen was the fourth of Lyman Culver's children and it is a curious fact that on the day of her birth, her cousin, C. J. Hull, with whom she was to be so long and intimately associated in after-life, was visiting the family. He was a boy of twelve, and their acquaintance and friendship of fifty-seven years began that day. The frontier had moved farther west in 1832 when her life began, but some of the conditions of the old wilderness life still continued.

In her early childhood, in 1835–36, there occurred a widespread revolt of the settlers of the Holland Purchase against paying for their lands. At Mayville, in Chautauqua County, a few miles from her home, a mob burned the land office, expecting in this way to destroy the records of their indebtedness. William H. Seward, then a young lawyer, afterward a very famous figure in American history, was called in and by his consideration, tact, and wisdom quieted the disturbance in Chautauqua,

made friends of the malcontents, collected the debts, and completed the sale of the lands. In an automobile trip through Chautauqua County with my family in June, 1922, I visited with interest the old land office Mr. Seward built in Westfield in 1836, a one-story brick building, now unused, but left standing to commemorate the residence in the town of a great man. Lyman Culver was not one of those who defaulted their payments, but paid for and cleared one farm only to sell or rent it and buy and improve another.

The old loom appears to have descended to her father and was still in use during Miss Culver's girlhood. She unhappily lost her mother when only five years old. She was a delicate child with quiet and rather shy ways. The older sister, Aurelia, remembered that her mother, seeing her own end drawing near, said to her, "You must be good to your little sister when I am gone for I think you will not have her long." But the delicate little girl outlived all her youthful contemporaries. As she became older and stronger and her sisters left home to teach school, the old loom fell to her and gave her occupation, and she spent much time alone, spinning and weaving, for there was also a spinning wheel, these things being her special part of the work. It was a family in which industry was the law of life to which all submitted as a matter of course.

But it was also a highly intelligent family, the older sisters early preparing themselves for teaching. Books were, indeed, still rare in the Cattaraugus woods, but such as she could come at Helen eagerly devoured, and early developed an extraordinary love of reading. The father was an intelligent man and encouraged this love for books. Even after the hard day's toil on the farm he shared the studies of his children. In clearing his lands he had occasion to float his logs down the Allegheny to market. On these trips he was always on the lookout for books. Perhaps the first he brought back for his daughter Helen was a copy of Shakspeare which has remained a precious possession throughout her long life.

After the death of her mother one and another of her father's sisters cared for the family till a second mother came. As the years went on a second family was reared. The voices of children again filled the house. To secure quiet for reading, the studious sisters, Aurelia and Helen, in winter used to retire to the unwarmed room of the house and, wrapped in one great shawl, revel in the pages of *Paradise Lost* or some other English classic. Helen kept a book on the head of the spinning wheel where as she came and went she could catch a few words on nearing the wheel. She went through the district school and early exhausted its

resources of instruction. She was eager to go on, but there were no schools at hand to carry her farther. Her father advised her to consult an intelligent neighbor as to what she could profitably take up. Rhetoric was suggested. A textbook was found and, there being no teacher available, the lessons were faithfully studied and recited to someone who held the book and followed the recitation in the text.

I am not informed about the amusements or recreations of Miss Culver's youth. It is evident that her studies and reading were recreation. But her love of nature must have given her delight in the hills and valleys, the forests and streams that gave variety and beauty to the scenes about her. In an old book describing the Holland Purchase, I find this story of Little Valley:

> On lot 77 the summit of the hills is comparatively level and covered by a peculiar rock formation which has not inaptly been termed the Rock City. This city of stones covers an area of nearly 100 acres, elevated about 2,000 feet above tidewater and several hundred feet above the level of the valley and is truly a natural curiosity. The rocks are arranged in large masses resembling elevated squares, or stand upright in rows, with large fissures between them, like streets and alleys in a city. Very often these streets cross each other at right angles. These huge masses are composed of white pebbles conglutinated together and the passage ways have been caused by the disintegrating agencies of time which have wasted away the softer parts of the rocks.

In the crevices of the rocks trees have sprung up and shaded the streets of the city. To this place of wonder the young people of the vicinity have long been accustomed to resort for picnics and it was well known to Helen Culver in her youth.

She early developed qualities of initiative, self-reliance, and courage, prosecuted her independent studies and reading with ardor, and when she was fourteen was ready to take up teaching. She applied for a country school, and with some trepidation appeared for examination. The committee began by asking if she was one of Lyman Culver's daughters. And such was the reputation of Mr. Culver and his older daughters that she was quickly assured that she could have the position. She was very young, but her evident mastery of the subjects to be taught, her interest in the work, her serenity, self-possession, and air of quiet authority not only made her first school successful, but confirmed her in her purpose to get a better preparation for the work of teaching.

About this time a school of higher grade, the Chamberlain Institute, was established at Randolph, only ten miles from Little Valley. Meanwhile her father had begun to clear a new farm still nearer to Randolph, and it became easy for her to enter the new school. Appreciating her hunger for an education her father assured her that she should continue

her studies as long as she wished. She went on happily in the Academy for two or three years. She lived in Randolph, carrying supplies from home, returning for week-end visits or when her larder needed to be replenished.

The cost of living and securing an education at that time—seventy years ago—seems incredibly low. The annual tuition charge of the Academy was $12.00 and the price of a room and board in the village $1.50 a week. The four Culver children, Susan, Aurelia, Helen, and Robert, were students in the first years of the school. Helen was in her last year in 1851.

And then, all at once, her world seemed to come to an end. Her big, vigorous father, who had hardly known a sick day, and never spent a day in bed, was taken sick, and within a few days died. He was serving on the grand jury when he and his fellow-jurymen were stricken with typhoid fever and eleven of the panel died! Ignorance of sanitary laws and crude treatment were responsible. For Helen, the foundations of the earth had suddenly given away. Her father was a young man, only forty-eight years old. He had been energetic and resourceful, and had accumulated an estate not inconsiderable in those days and in that region for a man of his age. He left a widow and young children, and in a spirit of unusual self-sacrifice Miss Culver, her sisters, and brother surrendered all claim to the estate, deciding that they were old enough to fend for themselves. Helen's sole inheritance was her father's watch and the privilege of finishing her course in the Academy which she did, graduating with the first class in 1852. Her father had died in 1851 only a few months before her graduation.

She was now twenty years of age and, by her own choice, dependent upon her own exertions for a living. There were few openings in 1852 for women who had their own way to make. Outside the home, teaching was one of the very few callings open to them. Happily Miss Culver had teaching gifts and had already decided to be a teacher. But she was not content to remain in the environment in which she was born.

In 1852 our country was at the beginning of a new era. It was in that year that the eastern railroads reached Chicago. Access to the great new world of the West was for the first time made easy and its settlement entered on a new stage. Rumors of the way the West was attracting hundreds of thousands from every quarter and of the opportunities it presented for a career filled the older states and drew other multitudes to the valley of the Mississippi. Among these were Helen Culver and her brother Robert. Their grandfather Noah, in whose veins the blood

of the pioneer ran strong, had again sought the western frontier and found it in DeKalb County, about 60 miles northwest of Chicago.

The brother and sister joined the great westward migration in 1853 and naturally made their first stopping-place with or near their grandfather. The nearest village was Sycamore, and there Miss Culver opened a "select school" in a disused schoolhouse. It was so successful that very soon an evening session was demanded which was attended by young people who were so employed that they could not be present in the daytime. In this most successful enterprise she associated with herself a Miss Kennicott of the family of Robert Kennicott, the first director of the Chicago Academy of Sciences.

Her brother Robert had gone to Chicago, and her cousin Charles J. Hull and his family had permanently settled in that city. The day and evening work combined had become too strenuous in Sycamore, and in 1854 Miss Culver went to Chicago to seek a position in the schools of the young city. She found there only six public schools. Readily passing the examinations she was appointed principal of the primary department of "School Number 6" though she was only twenty-two years old. It is apparent from what I have already said that she was a young woman of uncommon abilities and a superior teacher. This became quickly evident to the school authorities and in a few months she was promoted to be assistant to the principal of "Grammar School No. 3." In this position she remained between two and three years when her unusual ability led to her promotion to the new high school which stood on Madison Street, a little west of the river. She had won her way by sheer ability from a country school to a position of dignity in the high school of a city of nearly 100,000 people. She continued in this service for about three years. Then came a change which gave a wholly new direction to her life.

During these first six years in Chicago, Mrs. Hull, the wife of her cousin Charles J. Hull, conceived for her a warm affection. She regarded her with so much confidence that when Mrs. Hull's health failed and she saw death approaching and reflected that her two children, Charles and Fredrika, would soon be left without a mother, she entreated Miss Culver to give up her teaching and assume the care of the children. The home was a spacious house in what was then a pleasant residence district on South Halsted Street made famous since that day as the central building of the Hull-House Social Settlement, presided over for more than thirty years by Miss Jane Addams. The promise made to Mrs. Hull was kept, and as soon as she could secure release from her high-school work Miss Culver took charge of the Hull home.

This was the beginning of a new life. The remarkable thing about it is that Miss Culver was quite as successful in the care of a family and as a housekeeper as she had been as a teacher. The characters of the son and daughter developed, under her gentle and inspiring influence, in a way that greatly gratified their father. The son was prepared for college and, entering the old University of Chicago, graduated in 1866. The brother and sister were both eager in their school work in which "Cousin Helen" gave her intelligent and sympathetic aid.

No one will understand Miss Culver who does not keep constantly in mind that she has always been a student, in love with books, passionately devoted throughout her long life to reading and study. Her love of books and her teaching gifts made her an ideal companion, adviser, and helper to the two young people left in her charge during a most important period in their education. During this time she began the study of Latin and resumed the study of French. In those days Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Tennyson, and Browning were writing, and she reveled in the new literature then appearing as well as in the old. And she never dropped the habit of study even in her busiest years. She acquired a good reading knowledge of the German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages and literatures, taking up the study of Italian when over seventy years of age.

Miss Culver's care of the Hull home was interrupted for a time by the call of the country for service during the Civil War of 1861–65. She had always had a deep interest in public affairs and the great war for the preservation of the Union stirred her profoundly. On the last day of 1862 and the first days of 1863 the desperate battle of Stone River in central Tennessee was fought. It might well have been called the battle of Murfreesboro, as it occurred in and around that town. In retreating from the field General Bragg left 2,500 of his wounded behind. The wounded of the Union army aggregated 7,245. The wounded were for the most part sent to the permanent and well-equipped hospitals back of the lines. But as the army of General Rosecrans made its headquarters at Murfreesboro for more than five months and conflicts continued to occur in the neighborhood, hospitals were necessarily maintained in that place. Not being permanent establishments, they were not well equipped, but for the period of their existence were an essential factor in the campaign which resulted in the recovery of Tennessee for the Union. For the care of this work the United States Sanitary Commission assumed, in part at least, responsibility. It called for helpers from Chicago. Miss Culver responded with two other women, went to Murfreesboro and, showing administrative qualities, was put in charge

of the nursing in one of the hospitals. There were about forty beds close together in one large room. The nurses lived in the hospital. They kept the hospital and the beds sanitary, kept the wounded clean and comfortable, prepared their food and administered their medicines, wrote letters for them, and rendered them all sorts of services.

Miss Culver continued this work as long as Murfreesboro remained the headquarters of the Army of the Cumberland, a period of several months. In June and July the campaign began which culminated in the battle of Chickamauga and the occupation of Chattanooga. The hospitals at Murfreesboro were broken up and Miss Culver returned to her home duties in Chicago, her interest in the great conflict for the preservation of the national life intensified by the part she had taken in it, and her mind enlightened by the near view she had had of its horrors.

Her life now went on quietly and uneventfully till 1866. Then came a tragedy in four lives. Mr. Hull's son Charles graduated from the old University of Chicago in June, 1866, and with the opening of the Autumn Quarter of that year entered the Law School. At the same time Miss Culver took the daughter Fredrika to Oberlin which she had chosen for the girl's college course. A few weeks later, in October, in a sudden return of the cholera which had visited Chicago, but was supposed to have spent itself, the brother Charles was attacked and died after an illness of only eleven hours. He was only nineteen years old, a most promising young man, tall and strong, gay and genial, looking out on life with high purpose. Miss Culver went to Oberlin to carry the word in person to the sister and be with her through the first days of her sorrow. She found that Fredrika had begun a friendship with a classmate—Martha Ellen French. The friendship continued through the life of Miss Hull and brought Miss French and Miss Culver together in a close bond which was only broken by the death of Miss French more than fifty years later. After the graduation of the two younger women from Oberlin they went abroad together and spent perhaps two years, when Fredrika returned home hoping that she might be useful to her father by entering his office.

I am indebted to notes made by Miss French for many of the facts related in this sketch. She gives the following picture of Miss Culver as she looked at their first meeting in Oberlin in 1866. "She was of medium height and figure, with large gray eyes, blooming complexion, loosely curling bronze hair, and seemed enveloped in calm serenity in spite of her tragic mission." She was then thirty-four years old. After teaching sixteen years in various high schools and colleges, Miss French

accepted an invitation to make her home with Miss Culver, as a companion and assistant, particularly in her philanthropic work. During the last thirty years of Miss French's life the two made their home together.

With the son gone and the daughter at Oberlin, the big house began to seem lonely and in 1868 it was given up. Miss Culver saw that Mr. Hull needed her in his business. He had been under a tremendous strain for ten years recovering from the financial crash of 1857. She had become fully acquainted with his affairs, and Mr. Hull soon discovered that she had business qualities of a high order. She herself awoke to the discovery that she possessed business gifts hitherto unsuspected. It was therefore inevitable that Mr. Hull should begin to advise with her, that she entered the business office as an assistant and adviser and that her influence, activities, and responsibilities continually increased. Her connection with Mr. Hull in the business continued to the end of his life, about twenty-one years. From being an assistant in the office she came to be an associate in the business and in the end its mainstay. Mr. Hull was accustomed to give frequent expression to his appreciation of the invaluable service she had rendered to the business. They were engaged in a great real estate enterprise, with headquarters in Chicago, but extending to Maryland, Georgia, Texas, Nebraska, and other parts of the country. The object in view was to encourage and assist the working classes in owning their own homes.

This took Mr. Hull away from Chicago much of the time especially in the winter, looking after the business in Baltimore, Savannah, and other cities. Miss Culver for the most part remained in charge of the Chicago office. Not all the time, however. In the early seventies they bought tracts of land in the outskirts of Savannah, Georgia, and encouraged and aided colored men to buy lots and build their own homes. In connection with this Savannah business they opened in their office a night school for the colored people. The school was wonderfully successful. There were more than 300 names enrolled, "and a clamor for new admissions." This was in the winter of 1871–72. The success of the school was not to be wondered at, for Miss Culver had that winter left the Chicago office and was conducting the Savannah school.

Mr. C. P. Treat, now of Stamford, Connecticut, who was then in the Savannah office and taught with Miss Culver, writes me: "Every night but Sunday the place was packed with pupils of all ages, most learning to read and write, one man to study navigation. Never were more

eager students, and never was there a more patient or successful teacher than Miss Culver." The business in Savannah was as successful as the school. The time came when one of the city papers stated that a larger proportion of blacks than whites owned their homes in Savannah and a larger proportion than anywhere else in the South. I cannot leave this Savannah episode without calling attention to the extraordinary picture of this cultivated woman toiling all day in the business of helping these poor and ignorant black men to acquire homes of their own and giving her evenings to teaching them and their children. I know few stories like this.

For the most part, however, Miss Culver confined her personal activities to the headquarters in Chicago and the care of the great real estate business in that city. This main office controlled all transactions in other cities so that she came to have an oversight of all the operations of the widely extended business. For convenience she became a notary public, the first woman, it is said, to be so commissioned in Illinois. I do not know whether she was the first office woman in Chicago or not. She herself knew of no other when she entered the office. But I think it quite certain that she was the first business woman in charge of very large affairs. But she went her way so unconsciously bent upon her business as to attract little attention and to feel no embarrassment herself. Her entire business career was pursued, indeed, with the quiet unobtrustiveness so characteristic of her, and she seldom left her office except to make necessary visits at the banks, courthouse, or city hall. For many years during Mr. Hull's life, she gave herself to the business with absolute devotion, hardly taking a single vacation. As in Savannah so in Chicago she often gave her evenings, after working all day, to teaching in the office where a school for newsboys was sometimes maintained.

It will be recalled that the family home had been given up in 1868. There were hopes that it might be re-established on the return of Mr. Hull's daughter, Fredrika, from her period of European study and travel. Her own hope was that she might enter her father's office, while Miss Culver again made the home. It was a vain hope on every account. Fredrika's health gave way. She had to be taken South, where every effort was made to nurse her back to strength. She died, however, in July, 1874. She foresaw her end and anxiety for her father prevailed over every personal consideration. She was not satisfied till she had secured from Miss Culver a renewed promise that she would remain with him.

But aside from this, Miss Culver's connection with the business had

become indispensable. There was no more thought of re-establishing a home for ten years. Miss Culver lived in a hotel, and Mr. Hull was much of the time absent from Chicago caring for the business in distant cities. But when in 1884 the insidious disease, which finally ended his life, appeared and it became apparent that he needed the comforts and care of a home, a house was built on Ashland Avenue, facing Union Park, and the family life re-established. Miss French came to be a member of the household and never thereafter left Miss Culver.

Mr. Hull died on a business visit to Houston, Texas, in 1889. He left no family to inherit his wealth. Miss Culver had been associated with him in business for more than twenty years. He felt that she had had so much to do with accumulating his fortune that it belonged to her as much as to himself. She was his cousin. They had often conferred together as to the ultimate disposition of the estate. She was fully acquainted with his views and in entire sympathy with them. And, to sum it all up, she commanded his unbounded confidence. It was only natural, therefore, that the great estate passed into her possession without conditions or limitations upon its use or disposal except such as she imposed upon herself, because of her knowledge of, and sympathy with, the desire of Mr. Hull that a considerable portion of it should ultimately be devoted in some manner approved by her to the public welfare.

In the real estate office on West Lake Street, the widely extended business went on just as usual. Now its sole head, she was in her office early and late. In addition to the Chicago business, active real estate operations were being carried on in Baltimore, Savannah, and Houston, with local agents in those cities. Complete duplicate records of all their transactions were kept in the Chicago office from which Miss Culver supervised and controlled all the various operations. In Jacksonville, Florida, and Lincoln, Nebraska, and other places, minor activities were carried on by her directly without local agents.

Mr. W. W. Grinstead, then a Chicago lawyer, now of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who was Miss Culver's attorney and business assistant and adviser from 1891 to 1904, has written me illuminatingly of her as a business woman. She had all the operations of the extended business well in hand. She had a thorough knowledge of the general situation and of the different properties in the distant cities, and she decided promptly any questions which arose in the handling of different subdivisions and directed the operations of all her agents. In Chicago there were many improved pieces of real estate with numerous tenants,

and many unimproved. "There were rents to be collected, leases to be made, repairs to be looked after, improvements to be decided upon, sales to be negotiated, taxes to be paid, loans and investments to be made, and the many other details incident to the handling of large real estate holdings." To these and all the multiplied interests of the business Miss Culver gave her personal attention. She knew and understood and directed every branch of her business. For many years after the death of Mr. Hull she continued the management of the business with the same ability that had had so large a share in accumulating the estate. In concluding this review of Miss Culver's business life I cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Grinstead's statement of the characteristics which particularly impressed him in her business dealings. He says:

> In the first place she was absolutely fair in a business transaction. In the early days of our acquaintance she made a remark which I have never forgotten. It was to the effect that it had never seemed to her to be necessary that a business transaction should be profitable to only one of the parties concerned: that business intercourse of the right sort was a mutual thing and that it was by no means to be assumed that only one of the parties could be benefited. Her dealings with all classes of people were founded upon this truth, and her business success is proof of its soundness. The man of small business capacity was as safe in his negotiations with her as the man of wide business experience, and soon realized that she was considering his side of the proposition as well as her own and seeking an arrangement which would result in benefit to him as well as to herself.
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> Another notable characteristic was her placid, even temperament. She approached a proposition without bias and with calm deliberation, never allowing herself to be hurried or disturbed and made her decisions only after careful study of the whole question from every angle. When they were made, they were not easily changed and were pretty certain to be for the best interests of all parties concerned.
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> She was gifted with a wonderful memory and an unusual capacity for mastering details. She made good use of these gifts to have at all times a thorough knowledge of her business. It was not often necessary for her to go to the records to acquaint herself with the situation, for she usually had the information at her fingers' ends.
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> She was firm, but not aggressive in business, a leader rather than a driver. She was thorough and painstaking herself and expected the same qualities in those surrounding her, but she developed them in others by example and not by hard and fixed rules. In her relations with her employes and with those with whom she came in contact in business she was always courteous, considerate, and easy to approach, carrying into her business life the same gentle and amiable qualities which have called forth the admiration of those who have had the good fortune to be counted among her friends.

In 1896 Charles Hull Ewing, Miss Culver's nephew, the son of her sister Aurelia, entered the office and displayed such ability that she very soon began to transfer the burdens of the office to his younger shoulders. As the years passed this was done more and more fully. For several

years Mr. Ewing was a member of her family and gradually took over the care of the office, until as Miss Culver's years increased, he succeeded to the business, remaining, however, in the closest association with her.

Laying aside the burdens of business she sought a place where she could, after so many years, once more enjoy the rural delights of her youth. This she found in the early years of this century at the suburb of Lake Forest on the shores of Lake Michigan, 35 miles north of Chicago. Before any other city dwellers realized the charm of the second ridge of land west of Lake Forest, she bought on it a neglected farm and there built her summer home, which she called "Rockwoods." There she found pleasure in the outdoor life, and as long as she was able personally directed the improvement of the farm.

Later she found a winter home at Sarasota on the west coast of Florida. West of Sarasota on one of the keys that fringe the entire coast she built a second home where she spends about half the year.

It has given her happiness in her later years to renew the early family ties which distance and business tended to loosen on both sides. Brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, have been much about her and "Aunt Helen's" home has been a center of family life. One and another have been with her for years, and then the little ones of the next generation have come to brighten her life. One by one the brothers and sisters have passed away till she is left the last of her own generation.

The sorest penalty of advancing years that Miss Culver has been compelled to suffer has been the gradual failure of her sight. When with her usual serenity of spirit she recognized the approach of blindness she did a characteristic thing. She began to prepare for the evil day by committing to memory favorite poems. Among them are "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," William Vaughan Moody's "Gloucester Moors," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," many of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, and innumerable shorter ones from many other poets.

The passion for reading and study she conceived in early life characterized her in her mature years, and, if possible, increased in her old age. Blindness did not dim the flame, but rather brightened it. No longer able to read herself, others read to her. It takes more than one reader to meet her needs. Books she declares are the "breath of life" to her. Her companions are frequently at a loss to find new books for the current reading table, so rapidly does her eager and tireless mind devour biographies, histories, books of letters and travel. She smilingly rejects modern fiction. Listening to good books and listening every

day and all day is her business in her old age. With a keen sense of humor, constantly bubbling up in original expressions or in merry laughter over the sallies of others in speech or in books, the classic humorists have a beloved shelf in her catholic library.

I do not know how Miss Culver's personality could be better summed up than it was by Dr. Robert Collyer, her old pastor, when he said to her during a call she made on him in his last days: "Miss Culver, ye mind me o' my mother. If she had been on a ship in mid-ocean with the captain and the crew smitten down and it had been said to her: 'Ye'll have to bring this ship into port,' she'd a done it."

The various publications which present very brief biographical statements of prominent Americans begin their articles on Miss Culver as follows: "Helen Culver. Philanthropist." This is their interpretation of her life. It is a proud title and she has well deserved it. The public welfare and how she could promote it have been her life-study and particularly so during the past forty years. The will of Mr. Hull leaving his entire estate to her was made in 1881, eight years before his death. They had considered together beneficent uses to be made of a considerable part of the estate, and he had committed the whole matter to her with perfect assurance that she would carry out the altruistic purposes they cherished in common.

In the very year in which Mr. Hull died, Miss Jane Addams, casting about for a place in which to begin the social settlement which was the dream of her youth, happened on the house on South Halsted Street which had been the home of the Hull family twenty-five years before. It appealed to her as the place she wanted. When she approached the owner it occurred to Miss Culver that Miss Addams was offering her the opportunity of beginning a work of true philanthropy. The Hull-House Social Settlement resulted. The conviction of its usefulness grew on Miss Culver. Her interest in it increased from year to year. Largely through her bounty the house and the entire block became the property of the Settlement. She gave $50,000 for the erection of a building for boys, and has for years made a considerable monthly contribution to the work among the boys. These are only a few of the things she has done for Hull-House. Recent large, unannounced gifts to the sustentation fund have been made to relieve Miss Addams from the burden of the annual effort to raise by personal solicitation the funds to meet the current expenses. And to great gifts of property and money she has added during the past thirty-three years her personal friendship and sympathy and support for Miss Addams, not always agreeing with

her, as Miss Addams assures me, but according her freedom and generous support. She has been one of the seven trustees of the Hull-House Association, Charles L. Hutchinson, Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, Julius Rosenwald, Allen B. Pond, Jane Addams, and Mary R. Smith being the other members of the board. Miss Culver continued to serve actively as a trustee till 1920 when, the infirmities of age compelling her to withdraw, she was elected honorary president for life and her nephew Charles Hull Ewing took her place in the list of active trustees.

Miss Culver has always taken a deep interest in good government. As indicated by her service in the Murfreesboro hospital in 1863 she has been an ardent patriot. During the Great War she invested very largely in the Liberty Bonds, and finding that, in spite of her blindness she could still knit, she turned in more stockings for the soldiers than any other member of the group of women war workers at Lake Forest.

Her interest in good government is well illustrated by the following incident. During a violent sickness when her hearing was for a time almost gone and her sight entirely so, though this was before her permanent blindness came on, and while her life hung in the balance, an important city election took place, in which there seemed a chance for better administration. When the doctor came in, the morning after the election, he asked sympathetically: "Miss Culver, is there anything you want?" To his amazement her voice rang out suddenly clear and strong: "Yes, I want to know how the election went."

In 1905 the City Club of Chicago undertook an inquiry into the municipal revenues of the city. This was financed by Miss Culver to the extent of several thousand dollars. The investigation was turned over to Professor Charles E. Merriam, of the University of Chicago, and with the aid of a number of assistants he worked out a somewhat elaborate report published later in 1905 and 1906 under the title of *The Municipal Revenues of Chicago.*

Because of the attention attracted by this work, Professor Merriam was appointed a member of the charter convention by Governor Deneen and made chairman of the committee on revenue and expenditures. He was also appointed a member of the State Tax Commission by the governor. On entering the Council he undertook, 1909–11, a comprehensive inquiry into the expenditures of the city of Chicago, largely as a result of the interest and experience gained during the investigation for the City Club. As he and his associates neared the close of their City Hall investigation they concluded that it would be very important to set up a private agency to cover not only the city but other local governments

in and around Chicago. Mr. Walter Fisher, Mr. Julius Rosenwald, and Mr. Merriam were most active in organizing this bureau.

As another outgrowth of the work of the City Hall investigation there was established under the direction of the Civil Service Committee an Efficiency Division which for a number of years did extremely valuable work. In 1915 under the Thompson administration the employees of this division were dismissed, but the staff was taken over by the finance committee and is used for budget-making and inspection purposes through the year.

All these important results were largely due to the work begun by the City Club in 1905—work made possible by the interest and generosity of Miss Culver.

A number of years ago Professor W. I. Thomas began a study of immigrant groups which it was hoped might not only be of scientific interest, but also enlightening as to the best measures to be taken relating to them after they reached our country. The results of the study were to be published in five large volumes. Experts racially connected with the several groups have assisted in the work. This important piece of work has also been made possible by the liberality of Miss Culver.

These are illustrations of her interest and liberality in movements that promised benefit to the public. But they are only illustrations of the many channels through which the current of her bounty has run in a continuous stream. Ten days ago one who was just going abroad in the interest of world-reconstruction casually said to me, "Miss Culver has just sent me a check for $1,000." She gave $2,000 for the library building which was erected as a memorial of President William R. Harper.

The story of the greatest of Miss Culver's public benefactions forms a very important chapter in her life and also in the history of the University of Chicago. In its educational plan the biological sciences cover a wide field, including zoölogy, anatomy, physiology, botany, pathology, hygiene, and bacteriology. The University began its work in 1892 with no provision whatever for housing these important departments. Six months before the opening, the board of trustees declared their intention "to appropriate the first $150,000, available for such purposes, to the construction and furnishing of a biological laboratory." The need of such a laboratory increasingly burdened President Harper's mind. At the Summer Convocation in 1894 he declared that this was the greatest need of the University, that the biological departments, although they required the most carefully adjusted accommodations,

were compelled to occupy rooms, some in one laboratory, some in another, scattered about on different floors, without unity of plan or adequate facilities and that it was literally impossible for the work to continue in the quarters then available. He concluded by saying, "The laboratory can be erected for $100,000. Who will build it?" At every succeeding Convocation he urged this need, enlarging on it in December, 1894, reiterating it in June, 1895, when he added this despairing cry, "The situation, in a word, is so serious that we shall be compelled to give up a portion of the work already undertaken unless help comes most speedily."

And help did come speedily. Those were interesting years in the University. Something new, unexpected, surprising, was always happening. It was so in this crisis. On December 19, 1895, a letter was submitted to the board of trustees from Miss Culver in which she said:

It has long been my purpose to set aside a portion of my estate to be used in perpetuity for the benefit of humanity. The most serious hindrance to the immediate fulfilment of the purpose was the difficulty of selecting an agency to which I could intrust the execution of my wishes. After careful consideration I concluded that the strongest guaranties of permanent and efficient administration would be assured if the property were intrusted to the University of Chicago. Having reached this decision without consulting the University authorities, I communicated it to President Harper with the request that he would call on me to confer concerning the details of my plan. After further consideration I now wish to present to the University of Chicago property valued at $1,000,000, an inventory of which is herewith transmitted. The whole gift shall be devoted to the increase and spread of knowledge within the field of the biological sciences.

By this I mean to provide: (1) That the gift shall develop the work now represented in the several biological departments of the University of Chicago by the expansion of their present resources. (2) That it shall be applied in part to an inland experimental station and to a marine biological laboratory. (3) That a portion of the instruction supported by this gift shall take the form of University Extension Lectures on the West Side of Chicago. These lectures shall communicate in form as free from technicalities as possible the results of biological research. One purpose of these lectures shall be to make public the advances of science in sanitation and hygiene.

To secure the above ends a portion, not to exceed one half of the capital sum thus given, may be used for the purchase of land, for equipment, and for the erection of buildings.

The remainder, or not less than one half the capital sum shall be invested and the income therefrom shall constitute a fund for the support of research, instruction, and publication.

Among the motives prompting the gift is the desire to carry out the ideas and to honor the memory of Mr. Charles J. Hull who was for a considerable time a member of the board of trustees of the old University of Chicago. I think it appropriate therefore to add the condition that, wherever it is suitable, the name of Mr. Hull shall be used in designation of the buildings erected and of endowments set apart in accordance with the terms of this gift.

Yours very truly,

HELEN CULVER

The relief and satisfaction this great, unsolicited benefaction gave to President Harper, the trustees, the staff of the biological departments, and to the entire University can hardly be described.

The property conveyed to the University by Miss Culver consisted of a large number of pieces of Chicago real estate, some of it vacant, but much of it improved with dwellings or with buildings used for business purposes.

A very little consideration of the building problem made it plain that something more was needed than a "biological laboratory" to cost $100,000. Miss Culver consenting that $300,000 should be used for buildings, four laboratories were erected. They formed a quadrangle, Zoölogy on the northeast corner, Anatomy on the northwest, Physiology on the southwest, and Botany on the southeast. A cloister connected Botany with Zoölogy, and Physiology with Anatomy. A covered gateway leading into the quadrangle from Fifty-seventh Street connected Zoölogy and Anatomy. The four laboratories were thus in effect under a single roof. On the south between Botany and Physiology was a high iron fence with an ornamental gateway, opposite the imposing northern gateway. The space thus inclosed by the laboratories and fence was called Hull Court and the group of buildings is known as the Hull Biological Laboratories.

It was found that this extensive group could not be built for the sum set apart for it, and in 1896 Miss Culver made a new contribution of $25,000 which made the building fund sufficient, and in 1897 she gave $15,000 more to complete the laboratory equipment. Owing to a serious depreciation in values the real estate did not realize the prices hoped for, and in 1898 Miss Culver added $143,000 to her gifts. In 1899 she made an additional donation of $10,000 and once more in 1902 of $60,000. The total fund including the cost of the laboratories exceeds $1,100,000.

The cornerstones of the four laboratories were laid July 3, 1896, in connection with the University's Quinquennial Celebration. It was a great occasion. Professor Whitman, head of the Deparment of Zoölogy, said:

> The Culver gift to Biology came to us all as a grand surprise. Our earliest days in the University were spent in the garrets and kitchens of a tenement house. We were then tenderly transferred to the unused corners of Kent Chemical Laboratory where . . . . we struggled for three years for bare existence. . . . . Just as our hopes had cooled to near the freezing point came . . . . the story, told in all the brevity and gravity that befit great deeds: "*A gift of a million to Biology.*"

The laboratories were finished and occupied in the spring of 1897 and dedicated July 2 in connection with the Nineteenth Convocation.

Professor William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, delivered a dedicatory address in Hull Court on "Biology and Medicine" and Miss Culver presented the buildings to the University in the following most happily expressed statement:

In some strenuous natures, anxiety regarding a happy personal hereafter is largely replaced by a passionate desire to accomplish some real work here—"to produce," as Carlyle puts it. To them it is not enough to add somewhat, daily, to the sum-total of well-being. They long to preserve the life-force from total dissipation at the close—to leave in concrete form a definite resultant, and give it such direction that it may move on as a continuation of personal effort. The son it is hoped may be heir to his father's spirit and purpose, or by some other means, power may be transmitted to succeeding generations and an immortality of beneficent influence be secured. It was in obedience to such a driving power that provision for these buildings was made. Since it has fallen to me to conclude the work of another, you will not think it intrusive if I refer briefly to the character and aims of the real donor. During a lifetime of close association with Mr. Hull, I have known him as a man of tenacious purpose and inextinguishable enthusiasm, and above all things, dominated by a desire to help his kind. Much of his time for fifty years was spent in close contact with those most needing inspiration and help. He had also profound convictions regarding the best basis for social development in this country, and these directed the entire energies of his life. Looking toward the cessation of activity, it was for many years his unchanging desire that a part of his estate should be administered directly for the public benefit. Many plans were discussed between us. And when he was called away before he could see the work begun, I am glad to know that he did not doubt that some part of his purpose would be carried out. He would have shared our joy could he have foreseen the early creation of this great University, and it would have been a greater pleasure added could he have known the wide diffusion of its benefits sought by its management. I have indicated that, apart from my own interest in the matter, I have looked upon myself as the guardian of a trust, only the more sacred because unexpressed. That burden, Mr. President, and members of the board of trustees, I have laid upon you—and upon all those who are to work within these Halls—instructors and students. To you, and to them, I pass the name, which no son or daughter is left to wear, with the material inheritance and the advantages and duties thereto attaching.

I have believed that I should not do better than to choose as his heirs and representatives those lovers of the light, who in all generations, and from all ranks, give their lives to the search for truth, and especially those forms of inquiry, which explore the Creator's will, as expressed in the laws of life, and the means of making lives more sound and wholesome. I have believed that moral evils would grow less as knowledge of their relation to physical life prevails—and that science, which is knowing—knowing the truth—is a foundation of pure religion.

I shall attempt no further statement of the lines along which I have hoped good would flow from this foundation. Those possibilities would be better measured by some worker in the field of biological research. Mr. President and gentlemen, I leave the buildings and my responsibility with you.

In receiving the buildings President Harper spoke with deep feeling. Briefly he told again the story of how the great donation had been made for the equipment and endowment of a school of the biological sciences

and expressed the gratitude of the University to the modest lady who, in honor of another, had done this unspeakable service to the institution and to education.

No one can estimate, much less measure, the greatness of this service. Great men have labored in the laboratories. Investigations which have resulted in inestimable benefits to mankind have there been prosecuted. Scholars have been sent out from the several departments who have already become eminent in the scientific world. The classrooms have been crowded, more than a thousand students now being enrolled every year, nearly half of whom are graduate students from many colleges and universities receiving their training as investigators who will devote their lives to the advancement of science. In these laboratories more than 300 men and women have earned the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Two of these have become presidents of institutions of higher learning. About forty have become deans, directors, and heads of departments in colleges and universities. More than 160 have reached professorial rank in universities in all parts of the world. Others are curators of collections, physicians, and investigators in institutions of research. It was the presentation of some of the fruits of her beneficence in the single Department of Botany, made to her by Professor C. J. Chamberlain, and his assurance that it would greatly gratify all the departments, that finally overcame Miss Culver's dislike of publicity and induced her to consent to the preparation of this sketch.

But these results of those great gifts of Miss Culver do not complete the story. The University has continued to build on the foundation she laid. The work grew continually until the four laboratories became inadequate. In 1915 the University out of its own funds built a laboratory for Pathology costing $60,000 to relieve conditions, and in 1922–23 erected another for Bacteriology and Hygiene which cost almost as much more. Both of these structures bear the name of Dr. Howard T. Ricketts, a former member of the Department of Pathology who died, a martyr to science, in the City of Mexico near the end of an epoch-making investigation into the cause and cure of typhus fever, one of the worst scourges that has afflicted humanity. He discovered the cause, the bite of the body louse, and isolated the germ that occasioned the fever, when he was himself bitten in the hospitals where he was investigating the dread disease and became himself one of its victims. His work which will prove of incalculable value to the world was one of the direct results of Miss Culver's beneficence. And this is only one of many achievements which it would require volumes to present.

The present expenditures of the six biological departments aggregate nearly or quite $300,000 every year. Perhaps 40 per cent of this amount is provided by the fees of students. The balance, $180,000, comes out of the income from the University's endowments.

Such have been the fruits and developments of the first quarter-century following the great contribution of Miss Culver for the "increase and spread of knowledge within the field of the biological sciences."

The donor is still living as this is written. Her thirst for information, her desire to increase her knowledge, her love of good reading, continue as great as ever. Essentially optimistic in nature, her instinct has always impelled her strongly toward faith in immortality, and she has even expressed an eagerness to enter upon the new life. But she retains all her interest in life and in the world about her. She continues an inspiration to her friends. Her outlook and sympathies are as wide and her judgment remains as sound as ever. Service to the world has been the ruling motive of her long and useful life. This could not be more happily expressed than in her own words at the dedication of the Hull Biological Laboratories: "I have believed that I should not do better than to choose as his heirs and representatives those lovers of the light, who, in all generations and from all ranks, give their lives to the search for truth, especially those forms of inquiry which explore the Creator's will as expressed in the laws of life and the means of making lives more sound and wholesome."

ADOLPHUS CLAY BARTLETT

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A. C. Bartlett was born in Stratford, Fulton County, New York, June 22, 1844. Fulton County is historic ground. It was the home of Sir William Johnson, one of the great figures of colonial history, Indian superintendent, who won and held the loyalty of the Iroquois confederacy of the six nations, and who died while holding a great Council of the Indians at his home in Johnstown in 1774. He owned most, if not all of Fulton County, but his great holdings were forfeited to the state by the adherence of his son, Sir John Johnson, to the king in the revolutionary struggle. The years of that struggle were terrible ones for all that region. The horrible Massacre of Cherry Valley by a raiding party of Tories and Indians led by Walter Butler, one of the former gentry of the region, was only one of the many that kept that whole country in a state of terror. In the last of these raids, toward the close of the Revolution, Sir John Johnson and Walter Butler were defeated in the battle of Johnstown and driven in headlong rout north and west through the wilderness where A. C. Bartlett was later born and brought up. At the passage of the West Canada Creek, not more than 6 or 7 miles from the home of his youth, where the enemy made a last stand, Walter Butler was slain. It is related that the Oneida Indian who shot, tomahawked, and scalped him cried out to him before striking the final blow, "Cherry Valley! remember Cherry Valley!"

These were among the traditions of Mr. Bartlett's boyhood often repeated at every fireside. The natural features of the countryside retold them to the boy's imagination and fixed them in his memory. He lived among the foothills of the Adirondack Mountains. Brooks, creeks, rivers, lakes, hills, valleys, and wonderful forests were all about him. Even as late as 1880, thirty-six years after Mr. Bartlett was born, Verplanck Colvin, the state surveyor, said of the northwest part of Fulton County which is Stratford township:

> A dense forest, largely consisting of valuable evergreen timber covers the mountains down to the very margins of beautiful lakes and trout streams, and wild game, deer and bear, are found even near the margins of the forest.

It is little wonder that Mr. Bartlett remembered and loved to the end of his life the region where he was born and spent his youth. It was

an unforgettable country. The mountain peaks of the Adirondacks to the north, the green hills all about him, the great forests with their unchanging foliage, the clear streams singing their way through the woods, the enchanting lakes hidden among the pines and spruces and balsams and cedars, the solitary eagle winging his way above the trees, all these remained with him, vivid pictures of his youth, never forgotten and enriching all his maturer years.

The Bartletts of the United States do not trace their ancestry back to a single American progenitor. There were, perhaps, a dozen men of that name who came to the New World and made their homes in different places during the forty years following the landing of the Pilgrims. They founded as many distinct families which sometimes have intermarried, and it is not always easy for a Bartlett to trace with certainty his ancestry. It was not easy for A. C. Bartlett. He became interested in the matter in the last years of his life. His father was Aaron Bartlett and his grandfather Lieutenant-Colonel Ichabod Bartlett, who served in the War of 1812. This was as far back as the line of descent could be traced. Having undertaken the preparation of this sketch, the question of Mr. Bartlett's ancestry interested me. I examined all the Bartlett genealogical records. I could find no connection of any of the several families with Lieutenant-Colonel Ichabod Bartlett until I came to the genealogy of Robert Bartlett, who came to Plymouth in the ship "Anne," in 1623, three years after the landing of the Pilgrims.

The record that follows is a curious one. Robert Bartlett married in 1628 Mary Warren, of a family afterward famous in Massachusetts history. He had a son, Benjamin, who in 1656 married Sarah Brewster, granddaughter of William Brewster, the beloved elder of the Plymouth church. Benjamin had a son, Ichabod, who in 1699 married Elizabeth Waterman and had a son, Ichabod the second, who married Susannah Spooner in 1721 and had a son, Ichabod the third, who in 1753 married Hannah Rogers and in 1754 had a son, Ichabod the fourth. Here the record ends, and the question arises, was not Ichabod the fourth the father of Lieutenant-Colonel Ichabod who was born about 1775 and was the grandfather of A. C. Bartlett of whom I write?

But here is another record. Robert Bartlett of Plymouth had another son, Joseph, who in 1665 married Hanna Fallowell, and had a son, Joseph the second, who married Lydia Griswold in 1692, and had a son, Joseph the third, who in 1717 married Elizabeth Bartlett and had a son, Joseph the fourth, who married Laurana Drew and had a son Ichabod, who was born in 1775. Here this record ends. Was this Ichabod

that Lieutenant-Colonel Ichabod born in 1775 who was A. C. Bartlett's grandfather? It seems to me quite certain that through one of these two families the line of A. C. Bartlett's descent runs straight back to Robert Bartlett, who came to Plymouth in the ship "Anne" in 1623. These families had been gradually making their way westward and at the beginning of the Revolution had almost reached the western limit of Connecticut. The Ichabod, who later became a soldier, made his way a little farther west and north to the region of Albany and entered the Army from Montgomery County, New York. The country was a wilderness with little opportunity for communication with New England, and in the confusions of war the soldier lost connection with his relatives. He married, moved into the backwoods of Herkimer County under the shadow of the Adirondacks, and began the life of a pioneer. Dying before his grandson was born, the story of his ancestry died with him. His last years were spent at Salisbury Center, Herkimer County, and there his son, Aaron, the father of A. C. Bartlett, was born. There also Aaron married. Losing his wife and left with two daughters, in 1836 he married again, this time Delia Dibell.

Nathaniel Dibell, her father, was a farmer who settled in the neighborhood soon after his own marriage, bought and improved a large farm, raised a family of eight daughters, served the community in various public offices and lived an honored and useful life.

Aaron Bartlett, after spending many years on a small farm, moved to the village of Stratford, a few miles northeast of Salisbury Center, and opened a small store. He was forty-three years old when in 1844 his son, Adolphus Clay, was born.

By this time southeastern New York had become well settled and had begun to call for the lumber and other products of the northern forests. Mr. Aaron Bartlett developed somewhat unusual business abilities. He foresaw the demands of the southern market and in addition to his store established a saw-mill and a tannery. The creek not only gave him power to run his mill but floated his lumber and leather to market, and he prospered. He became the leading citizen of the village and was universally respected. By 1854 he had won his way to what was at that time considerable success, when death brought his plans to an end. He left his widow, his two daughters, and his son $5,000 each. The son was thus left fatherless at ten years of age.

The earlier home of both the Bartletts and the Dibells had been Salisbury Center, not more than 5 or 6 miles southwest of Stratford, and soon after her husband's death Mrs. Bartlett moved with her little

family to that place. There the boy continued his education, begun in Stratford, in the village school. His old friend, Bliss Kibbe, of Stratford, tells me that "as a boy and young man he was unusually bright and pleasing." It will appear later that he was warmly attached to his friends and associates and it will be easy for those who knew him in his mature years to believe that he was a favorite in the villages where the first nineteen years of his life were spent.

Parts of three of these years he was away from home at higher schools. One of these he spent at Dansville Academy. Dansville was 160 or 170 miles west of his home and he seems to have been drawn to that place because one of his sisters was there taking treatment in the sanitarium. The places familiar to him in his boyhood never lost their interest to Mr. Bartlett and when, perhaps half a century later, he was taking an automobile trip with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Whipple, through the East, he made it convenient to stop at Dansville and took Mr. Whipple not only to see the Academy but to visit the room in which he lived while at the school. Following the year in Dansville, he spent two years in study in the Liberal Institute at Clinton, which was not more than 25 miles from his home in the adjacent county of Oneida. That he had a bright mind and was a devoted student is made evident by the reports of the Institute for the years 1862 and 1863 from which it appears that he received 10, the highest mark given, in practically every study.

He had found time during these years to teach the village school in Salisbury Center for one term at least. After leaving the Institute he secured a clerkship in Salisbury Center in the store of J. C. and M. B. Avery. This had continued for a short time only, when, being energetic and ambitious, he concluded that the wages to be earned in clerking in a country store would never get him far, and he decided to try conclusions with fortune in a larger field.

Mr. Bartlett had one striking peculiarity. He cherished a deep and enduring interest in the villages and the people where his youth was spent. He loved to visit them in his later life. Whenever he returned to Stratford, Mr. Kibbe tells me, he "always went into his old home and would point out where he used to hang his little pink sun bonnet." He took much interest in the older people who were young with him, helping them when they needed help. He sent money to keep the village cemeteries of both villages in condition. He sent money to be used for people who were sick. For a number of years he sent from sixty to seventy hams to be presented to as many heads of families for the holidays. At one time he took steps to purchase the old family home in Stratford that

he might establish a public library in memory of his parents, but the owners of the property demanded so exorbitant a price that he gave up the project. When anyone from his old home called on him in his office in Chicago, he would not let them go till he had learned all they knew about the people of both towns. When he made his will he left $500 for each of the four churches in Salisbury Center and Devereaux. The latter place and Stratford are really one, the village being called Stratford on the east side of the East Canada Creek and Devereaux on the west side. The creek being the county line at that point, Devereaux is in Herkimer and Stratford in Fulton County, the combined villages having a population of about 200, the churches being on the Herkimer side of the stream. Salisbury Center was a little larger than Stratford-Devereaux, having 350 or 400 people.

Mr. Bartlett was nineteen years old when he entered on what was, and what must have seemed to him and his mother, the great adventure of his life. He was not a poor country boy, but he was a country boy with little or no knowledge of cities. He had what might be called a high-school education. He had taught school and had a little experience in business and he had decided on a business career. Where he should begin must have been often discussed in the little family. In 1863 the name and fame of Chicago had become known in every village in the country. Its wonderful growth, its rapid development as a great center of business, its promise of success to young men of energy and ability, formed a compelling attraction to ambitious boys and young men who flocked to it from every part of the country. The family discussions in Salisbury Center resulted in the decision that young Bartlett should try his fortune in Chicago.

To leave his home in the little village of a wilderness country and go 800 miles west to a strange city to work out a career was a momentous step for a boy of nineteen to take. It might well be called a great adventure. He went, not knowing what might befall him. He had, indeed, some decided advantages. He had been well brought up and had the greatest of all assets—character. Endowed by nature with a good mind and having by study laid the foundations of an education, he had a second invaluable asset—intelligence. By training and inheritance he was both industrious and frugal. Recalling his father's ability and success he was ambitious to succeed. He found Chicago a city of 150,000 inhabitants. In 1863 business was booming. Young Bartlett was six feet tall, had a fine, open countenance and made a prepossessing appearance. When he started out to seek a situation he was not long in finding

one. This was a clerkship in the wholesale hardware store of Tuttle, Hibbard and Company. With this house, under various changes of name, he remained for fifty-nine years—to the end of his life.

The firm of Tuttle, Hibbard and Company was organized in 1855, Nelson Tuttle, W. G. Hibbard, Frederick Tuttle, and George M. Gray each furnishing an equal share of the small capital required. Nelson Tuttle, a former dry-goods merchant, had charge of the finances and credits. Frederick Tuttle and Mr. Gray were silent partners. Mr. Hibbard was the only hardware man in the firm and, continuing with the business until his death in 1903, has always been regarded as its founder. When young Bartlett became an employee in 1863, the place of business was at 62 Lake Street, corner of State Street. The store was in a five-story block, but it was only 24 feet wide and 140 feet deep. The salary of the new clerk was a trifle more than $1.25 a day—$400 a year.

Next door to the hardware house, when the business first began in 1855, was a stove store, the manager of which was Franklin F. Spencer. Between Mr. Hibbard and Mr. Spencer a warm friendship grew up and in 1865 they bought the hardware business of Tuttle, Hibbard and Company and the firm name became Hibbard and Spencer. The business prospered. Young Bartlett, who began as general utility boy, soon made a place for himself and grew into a position of responsibility in the selling department. The business soon outgrew its narrow quarters and in 1867 moved to Michigan Avenue between Randolph and Lake streets, next door to the building then occupied by the Pullman Palace Car Company.

The firm of Hibbard and Spencer pursued a liberal policy toward its more capable and faithful employees and in 1868 introduced the practice of sharing profits with them which has continued ever since, its scope having been broadened since the beginning of the new century. Mr. Bartlett was one of the first to profit by this liberal policy. He won his way to recognition by interest in his work and devotion to it. It has been said of him that although there were eleven employees when he entered the store, "he was the first to arrive in the morning and the last to leave at night." He was frugal in his expenditures, walking 2 miles to and from business to save money. For the first ten years of the business the firm had no traveling salesmen. Dealers came in from the country, looked over the stock and gave their orders in the fall and again in the spring and then depended on a few orders by mail to keep good their assortment between visits. In 1865 one salesman was put on

the road. "For several years he was the sole salesman outside the house." I have said that Mr. Bartlett began early to be engaged in the selling end of the business. As he studied it he began to see the possibilities of enlarging the sales through traveling salesmen. I read in accounts of his life that "he was among the first to conceive the idea of sending out salesmen on the road to call on the trade. To him is very largely due the immense sales system Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett and Company have developed."

Mr. Hibbard supervised the buying, Mr. Spencer the financing, and the selling fell more and more into Mr. Bartlett's hands. He gave to it earnest purpose, high intelligence, and tireless energy. It was only natural, therefore, that the time came when a partnership was offered him. This took place at the beginning of 1871. He put $10,000 into the business, part of this sum being the inheritance from his father and part the savings of between seven and eight years of employment with the firm. He was only twenty-seven years old and was a general partner in a business which seemed to have an assured future. A single sentence of a written statement of his prepared some years later really explains the secret of the success which a boy of nineteen had worked out in less than eight years. He said:

> If the young men when coming into the house fully realize how much their advancement and ultimate welfare and success depend upon their thoroughness, diligence, loyalty and integrity their futures are assured, for with that realization no one of intelligence can deliberately throw away his opportunities.

Thus by 1871 he had scored his first great success in business and the future was bright with promise. He had not got into the firm name which still remained Hibbard and Spencer. He was, however, no longer an employee, but a partner in a business that was increasingly prosperous every year and promised wealth to its owners.

And then came the great fire of 1871. The store and almost all its contents were swept away. His $10,000 the flames had swallowed up. He said to his old Stratford friend, Mr. Kibbe, "that the morning after the big fire he got up a little worse off than nothing." How did he and his partners meet the calamity? The story is told in a letter they sent to their customers on Tuesday, October 10, 1871, the last day of the fire, while the ashes of their store were still hot. This was the letter:

> Dear Sir:
>
> In the terrible calamity that has overtaken our thriving city we have suffered severely. Nearly our entire stock of goods is in ashes, and yet we have great reason to sincerely thank God for the preservation of our lives and the solvency of our firm.

In the past we have endeavored, by promptness and fair treatment of our customers, to merit and receive the patronage of the hardware trade. We shall redouble our energies in the future.

We have now a great personal favor to ask of each of our many friends and of the trade throughout the Northwest, viz., that those who are indebted to us will remit with the least possible delay, *and that you will favor us with your orders for goods*. We have a remnant of our stock from which we shall ship as far as possible, *in perfect order*, and the balance of your memorandum will be sent to New York, where two of our firm are engaged in filling orders and forwarding goods with the utmost *dispatch*. We shall make prices *cheap* and allow you difference in freight when goods are shipped from New York. Hoping to make it to your advantage to grant this great favor and assuring you that it will be appreciated, we remain,

Yours truly,

HIBBARD AND SPENCER
489 STATE ST., CHICAGO
54 CLIFF ST., NEW YORK

This letter is a good illustration of the spirit with which the business men of the stricken city met that tremendous crisis.

The letter was followed by corresponding activity. Before the end of the week in which the fire occurred the floor was being laid in a new one-story, wooden store on the lake front opposite the site of the old store on Michigan Avenue. The saved remnant of the stock was here gathered and displayed, and business promptly resumed. Mr. Bartlett was one of the partners who went East to see their largest creditor. The *Hardware Age* says of this visit:

In talking to the head of this eastern concern Mr. Bartlett said he had come away without any figures or statement, but that everything would be paid in full. The head of the firm replied, "I fear that you Chicago men with your western spirit and enthusiasm are undertaking more than you can accomplish without injustice to yourselves and your future state. We shall be glad if you pay 100 cents on the dollar, but will be just as well satisfied if you can pay 50 or 25 cents on the dollar. Our stock is open for all goods you may order, and, if you are short of money draw on us."

This wonderful spirit of sympathy and co-operation on the part of their creditors was matched by their debtors and customers. Money poured in from debtors and orders from customers. The following year they were in a new building on the corner of Wabash Avenue and Lake Street, beginning a new career of rapidly increasing prosperity which has had no interruption. In 1877 the firm name became Hibbard, Spencer and Company, and in January, 1882, the business was incorporated under the name of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett and Company, with Mr. Hibbard president and treasurer, Mr. Spencer vice-president, Mr. Bartlett secretary, and Charles H. Conover and J. W. Nye directors. After the death of Mr. Spencer in 1890, Mr. Bartlett became vice-president. On

the death of Mr. Hibbard in 1903 Mr. Bartlett succeeded to the presidency. This was just forty years after he went to Chicago and entered the service of the firm. He was fifty-nine years old. It was at just this time that the company completed the erection of its immense new building on the south bank of the Chicago River, at the foot of State Street. It was eleven stories in height and extends a little over 350 feet along the river, and fronts on State, South Water, and River streets. In addition to this there was a great warehouse for surplus stock on the north bank of the river, 120 by 420 feet, with five floors and basement. To such physical proportions had the little store, 24 feet wide, into which the boy 19 years old had entered in 1863 and found employment at a little over one dollar a day as "general utility boy," developed. The great adventure from a worldly and business point of view had been a wonderful success. High character, large intelligence, and sustained devotion and industry combined with a great opportunity, furnish the key to the secret of his business success. It was said of him that he had such powers of mental concentration that he was capable of doing, when the occasion demanded, a well-nigh incredible amount of work. The *Hardware World* declares that "he and the late E. C. Simmons of St. Louis were looked upon as the originators of the modern wholesale hardware jobbing houses."

It will be recalled that in the letter which the firm of Hibbard and Spencer sent out to their customers after the great fire of 1871 they spoke of their territory as being "the Northwest." Mr. Bartlett had charge of the selling end of the business. It was his work to find markets and sell goods. He soon began to reach out after new business, to increase the number of traveling salesmen and send them farther afield. They extended their operations in every direction—west, south, east, north. The continent became too small for them and in the end, through them, Mr. Bartlett carried the business of the firm throughout the United States, Mexico, Canada, Cuba, Porto Rico, and west to the Philippines, his partners meantime conducting their divisions of the enterprise with the same efficiency.

On August 27, 1867, Mr. Bartlett married Miss Mary H. Pitkin. The first Mrs. Bartlett was born August 27, 1844, and was the daughter of La Fayette Pitkin, a business man of Delavan, Wisconsin. They were married at that place. Born the same year, they were twenty-three years old at their marriage. After living in various parts of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett made their home about 1880 at 2222 Calumet Avenue, remaining there till 1888. From that time the permanent city home of the family was at 2720 Prairie Avenue. In the same block were

the homes of their friends—Charles L. Hutchinson, A. A. Sprague, O. S. A. Sprague, and neighbors on the avenue were E. A. Hamill, Frank G. Logan, and Dr. Gunsaulus.

There were four children of this marriage, Mae Bartlett, who married Dwight B. Heard; Frederic Clay Bartlett, the artist; Frank Dickinson; and Florence Dibell Bartlett. Frank, who was born in 1880, died abroad in July, 1900. He was a student in Harvard University and died during the summer vacation while visiting his brother in Munich.

I am told by one of the old friends of the family that the children were brought up to take responsibility and be helpful and useful. When traveling with their father and mother, the boys were expected to purchase the tickets, check the baggage, and take the other responsibilities and duties of the trip. When this friend and his wife were visiting in the Bartlett home, he says the eldest daughter "then 18, was looking after the house and servants that year," and he adds, "the home was a place where a king or a peasant could be at ease."

At the end of twenty-three years the charming home suffered the loss of the wife and mother. The first Mrs. Bartlett died in 1890. Her husband was still a young man, being only 46 years old, and his children were still young.

Mr. Bartlett's character and ability early gave him a standing among the leading business men of Chicago. He was one of the men who conceived and organized the Chicago Freight Bureau in 1883. The object of this organization was

> to give the Railroad and transportation companies such information regarding the various lines of goods it represents as shall insure their proper classification; to secure freight rates to all shipping points that shall in no case discriminate against Chicago; to assist in adjusting claims for losses, damages, or overcharges, and to render its services to members, individually and collectively, in all matters pertaining to the transportation of merchandise and the extension of the trade of Chicago.

Mr. Bartlett was for some years the head of the Bureau, which, working in cordial co-operation with the transportation companies, did a vast service to the business interests of the city.

Mr. Bartlett did not follow the example of many of his contemporaries who put their surplus into Chicago real estate. He preferred to invest it in stocks and bonds so that his estate consisted, not exclusively indeed, but very largely, in personal property. Not only was this true, but he had a very decided preference for the securities of corporations which had their headquarters in Chicago. It followed naturally that he became personally connected with the management of many Chicago business

enterprises. In 1886 he was vice-president of the Purington-Kimball Brick Company. He was a director of the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company when T. B. Blackstone so ably and successfully conducted its affairs. He was a director of the First National Bank, the first bank in Chicago to organize as a national bank, May 1, 1863, under the then new law providing for national banks. He was also a director of the Metropolitan National Bank and of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company. He was one of the founders of the Northern Trust Company in 1889 and was a director from its organization to the end of his life. He and the late Byron L. Smith, the president of the Northern Trust, were close friends. Mr. Smith lived south of Twenty-second Street and he and Mr. Bartlett often walked down to business together.

Mr. Bartlett was a very genial, friendly man and became a member of many clubs. As early as 1882 when he was still a young man, thirty-eight years old, five years after the organization of the Commercial Club, he was associated with the leaders of Chicago business as one of its members. Among these were Marshall Field, George M. Pullman, John Crerar, Erskine M. Phelps, A. A. Sprague, O. S. A. Sprague, William A. Fuller, Edson Keith, Charles L. Hutchinson, Martin Ryerson and Martin A. Ryerson, father and son, John V. Farwell, Marvin Hughitt, P. D. Armour, and other men eminent in the history of Chicago. In 1887 Mr. Bartlett was president of the club. He was a member of the Union League, the Chicago, the Literary, the Caxton, the Quadrangle, the Twentieth Century of New York, and other clubs.

Mr. Bartlett was one of those men, all too few, who are not only interested in, but devote themselves to, promoting the public welfare. In 1878 he accepted an appointment from Mayor Heath as a member of the Board of Education. He was an active member of the Board of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society which later, through a consolidation of relief associations, became the United Charities of Chicago. He was a trustee of the Old Peoples Home of the city and vice-president of its board, his active connection with it continuing more than twenty years until his death. When its fine new building was erected at 4724 Vincennes Avenue he gave $50,000 to the building fund and the north wing bears his name. For some years he was a member of the board of trustees of the Chicago Orphan Asylum, serving this oldest of Chicago's charitable institutions until absorbed in the responsibilities of another great cause.

The charity to which he devoted the most time and attention and money was the Chicago Home for the Friendless. This great charity

was an outgrowth of the early Ragged Schools and was founded in 1858 "to afford protection and assistance to worthy destitute women and children until other homes and means of support can be secured for them." For sixty-five years the Home has been engaged in this beneficent mission. With the growth of the city its work has increased until, at the time this is written, more than 1,200 children and 300 women are received and cared for every year. These are not permanent residents. They are cared for until permanent homes can be found for the children and other means of support for the women. The ordinary family is perhaps 250. The number of children, not to speak of the women, in the Home January 1, 1921, was 172. The number admitted during the year was 1,041. The number dismissed, for whom homes had been found, was 1,051. This is an extraordinary work with an extraordinary power of appeal. So it seemed to Mr. Bartlett, and he devoted more than thirty years of his life to it. He became president of the Home and of its board of managers in 1890, and continued to work for it during the rest of his life. Many Chicagoans will remember the old Home for the Friendless on Wabash Avenue near Sixteenth Street. If they will compare it with the great building on Vincennes Avenue and Fifty-first Street, looking out on Washington Park, they will see an impressive illustration of the growth of this work of humanity and behold one of the monuments which Mr. Bartlett left behind him. The recording secretary of the board of managers in sending me the "Appreciation" adopted on the death of Mr. Bartlett said: "No words can express the love and admiration of the Home for the Friendless for Mr. Bartlett. He was our tower of strength." I cannot tell the story of his work in any other way so well as by giving in full this "Appreciation."

The death of Mr. A. C. Bartlett has come to the Chicago Home for the Friendless as a great wave of sorrow. To every member of the Corporation and Board of Managers it is a distinct personal loss. For over thirty years this institution had been under his special care and watchful interest. He had a deep and intelligent concern in all the life of Chicago and sought to improve conditions wherever needed. Every phase of life was familiar to him; hence he had a ready sympathy with sorrow and trouble and always sought to relieve those who suffered.

Mr. Bartlett became President of the Home for the Friendless in 1890, on the resignation of Mr. C. B. Holmes. He immediately saw the need of a new location and new and larger buildings and began to plan for the future. He worked so quietly that few realized what was being accomplished. He with Mr. S. B. Cobb and Mr. Thomas Murdock gave $50,000 each to build the present Home. He also secured the gift of the present site and through his influence and untiring efforts came most of the large gifts for the building and furnishing and in 1897 he was happy to see the beautiful building finished and in use.

He was always desirous to increase the effectiveness of the work and to reach every human need. In one of his annual messages to the Corporation are these characteristic lines—"The great problem is not how to raise money, but how to broaden the range of service," and under his leadership the work progressed enthusiastically. He was interested in every phase of the work, ready to listen, to advise, to act. Intelligent, wise, efficient, just and righteous, he was a wonderful leader, a quiet, broad minded Christian man whom it has been a pleasure and an honor to know and be associated with in the work.

When failing health made it necessary for him to be away from the active work, there was no loss of interest. The Home could always reach him and every interest of the work was vital to him. He responded to every call whether for counsel or financial support.

This is a tribute such as only the choice spirits of our race receive.

The Home, having no sufficient endowment, is largely dependent on annual contributions for carrying on its work. Mr. Bartlett, in addition to his great gifts, made, with many others, annual contributions to meet its current needs. His family so sympathized with him in this long devotion to the needs of the friendless that they have offered a large sum for the endowment of the Home if a sufficient fund can be secured. When advancing years and failing health compelled him to give up the presidency, he was made honorary president, Robert O. Lord, of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank, being elected to succeed him.

This exceptional devotion to these great causes did not close Mr. Bartlett's heart to other calls. In a great city like Chicago the demands of good causes on the benevolent are multitudinous and unending, and Mr. Bartlett was a generous giver in many directions. All the recognized charities were on his list for annual or occasional assistance. Nor did these exhaust his beneficences. Mr. John J. Glessner, learning that I was writing this sketch, sent me the following story:

Some score or more years ago a very active worker in welfare work here died suddenly, leaving but a small estate and his home heavily mortgaged. His widow would have lost this, but Mr. Bartlett, learning of it, started out from his house on Prairie Avenue one Sunday afternoon, walked the length of that street from his home (No. 2720) to 16th Street on one side of the street and back on the other and collected enough money from the residents not only to pay the mortgage, but to give the widow a good start.

And Mr. Glessner adds:

That is the kind of thing that Mr. Bartlett was doing very often, and never saying anything to anybody about it.

Business, interest in charities, benevolence did not exhaust his activities. He was a many-sided man. He took an active part in the artistic, literary, educational, and religious life of the great city. He was one of Mr. Hutchinson's helpers in developing the Art Institute of Chicago,

being one of its trustees for thirty-five years, from 1887 until his death. He was a member of the Chicago Historical Society for thirty years. From 1891 to 1900 he was a trustee of Beloit College and left a bequest to that institution of $10,000. He was a trustee of the Chicago Athenaeum which, organized in 1871 as the Young Men's Christian Union to furnish aid to sufferers of the great fire, developed into an educational institution, with a library and reading-room.

Mr. Bartlett had been brought up as a Universalist and when he went to Chicago was, for a time, connected with one of the churches of that faith. After Dr. John Henry Barrows settled in Chicago as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in 1881, his very attractive personality and preaching drew Mr. Bartlett to that church. The two men became very warm friends and during the fifteen years of Dr. Barrows' pastorate from 1881 to 1896, Mr. Bartlett was a most faithful supporter of his work. He was a regular attendant at the Sunday services, became a trustee and was a strong factor in the financial support of the church.

At the beginning of 1883 Dr. Barrows began to preach Sunday evenings in Central Music Hall in which the Central Church, Professor David Swing, pastor, held morning services. I have received from Mr. Philo A. Otis so interesting an account of these Sunday evening services that I give it in full:

> The Sunday evening services at Central Music Hall were started by William L. Tomlins, Conductor of the Apollo Musical Club, the first service being held Sunday evening, December 10, 1882. In a few weeks the financial problems were such that Mr. Tomlins was about to abandon the work. He asked me if I would get Dr. Barrows to speak some Sunday evening, which Dr. Barrows was very glad to do, and accordingly addressed the audience Sunday evening, January 7, 1883. Mr. Tomlins was assisted in his work by a chorus from the Apollo Musical Club, of which I was a member, with Clarence Eddy as organist. While waiting that evening for the people to assemble I told Dr. Barrows of Mr. Tomlins' difficulties and that the financial problems were so great he was about to abandon the work. "I can make this go" was the minister's answer. In a few weeks he brought it up before the Session of our church and, thereupon, a committee was appointed, consisting of A. C. Bartlett, C. M. Henderson, my father, James Otis and others who paid the cost of the services, with Mr. Tomlins to lead the choir, with a quartette of the First Church and Clarence Eddy as organist. These Sunday evening services were continued until 1888.

Mr. Otis adds:

> Mr. Bartlett was a fine man, was a member of the board of trustees of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and in many other ways contributed to the good of the community.

After Dr. Barrows left Chicago Mr. Bartlett went with Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus into the Central Church. He was there a member of the "Society." He was twice president of the board of trustees, always a

generous supporter of the work of the church, and left $10,000 to its endowment fund.

Mr. Bartlett was invaluable to Dr. Barrows in all his devoted labors for the great Parliament of Religions held in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. Mrs. Barrows writes me that "he assisted in raising the money to bring to Chicago the penniless Orientals and later organized the company which financed the publication of the *History of the Parliament of Religions*." When Dr. Barrows died he told his wife to put her affairs in Mr. Bartlett's hands. Her appreciation of the way in which he administered this trust may be gathered from one sentence in a letter from Mrs. Barrows telling of his relations to Dr. Barrows and services to him and his family. She says: "He was the best man, except my husband, I ever knew and the most truly Christian."

Mr. Bartlett always took a deep interest in public affairs, though he was too busy with all these business, charitable, educational, and religious interests to be able to take a very active part in politics. He was, however, sufficiently prominent in the affairs of the Republican Party to be strongly urged in 1909 by a large body of Chicago business men for nomination to the United States Senate to succeed Albert J. Hopkins.

At the time of the nation-wide interest in a better banking system which finally resulted in the Federal Reserve Bank, Mr. Bartlett, himself a director in several banks, took a deep interest in that movement. He united with other able men in organizing the National Citizens League for the Promotion of a Sound Banking System and was made treasurer of the League which was organized under the laws of Illinois, with sections in many, if not all, of the states. The League published a periodical in which the whole question was discussed by able men, bankers, merchants, university professors, and authorities on national finance. Among the addresses published was one by Mr. Bartlett before the Western Economic Society in Chicago in 1911. This movement had its part in the evolution of the National Reserve Banking System, the adoption of which introduced a new and better era in the financial history of our country.

On June 15, 1893, Mr. Bartlett married Miss Abby L. Hitchcock. The second Mrs. Bartlett was the daughter of Bailey H. Hitchcock of Toledo, Ohio, the brother of Charles Hitchcock, a prominent lawyer of Chicago, the subject of one of the sketches in the first volume of this series. The child of this marriage was Eleanor Collomore, now the wife of W. W. Purdue of Alabama.

After a married life of nearly twenty-nine years, Mrs. Bartlett survives her husband.

As his years and wealth increased Mr. Bartlett sought relief from the burdens of business in various ways. He traveled much in his own country and abroad. He had winter homes in Asheville, North Carolina, and Phoenix, Arizona. His favorite residence in summer was at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. There he built a beautiful summer home.

Country Life in America in 1916 printed a series of articles on "The Best Twelve Country Houses in America." One of these bears this title: "The House in the Woods; The Home of A. C. Bartlett; Lake Geneva, Wis.; Howard Shaw, Architect." In the course of the article the author, Henry H. Sayler, says that Mr. Shaw built a home for two families, that of A. C. Bartlett, business man, and that of his son, Frederic Clay Bartlett, first of all a mural painter, but also by reason of an excess of the facility of art expression a decorator, worker in stained glass, and poet. He continues:

> Mr. Frederic Bartlett's whole training has been along the lines of free expression of oneself in design. He knew the road as well as the man who drove and therefore did not insist upon clutching constantly at the brake. The result of such a complete understanding between owner and architect naturally enough is the best piece of work that Mr. Howard Shaw has produced.

In addition to the house and its various dependencies there is a studio, closely related to the house itself, but so designed as to be capable of separate use. The symmetrical and beautiful ground plan shows the close relation that exists between the house and studio and the formal garden which at the same time separates and connects the two into a unity. In this beautiful place Mr. Bartlett made his home during the summer months in his later years.

He was, perhaps, drawn to Phoenix, Arizona, for some months of the winter because it was the home of his daughter, Mrs. Heard. He seems there to have combined business with pleasure. With his son-in-law, Dwight B. Heard, he organized the Bartlett, Heard Land and Cattle Company in which he invested largely. But what interests me most about his life in Arizona is a series of statements made in an editorial of the *Arizona Republican*, of Phoenix, in its issue of June 1, 1922. Among other things the editor says:

> Of his personal life it is unnecessary to speak to the people of this community in whose development he has had so great a part for more than a quarter of a century. He is known for his nobleness of character, for his unfailing good nature and his unremitting optimism which inspired all with whom he came in contact. He took everywhere with him the spirit and the deeds of helpfulness. . . . . Some years ago it was

brought to the knowledge of the writer that Mr. Bartlett had established a system of circulating libraries for out of the way places in Arizona . . . . at points where books were not easily accessible. Carefully selected books were sent in boxes and after a time they were replaced by other books. Persons familiar with books were employed in the collection and distribution of the libraries, all of which entailed a considerable expense. We learned of this benefaction rather by accident from the late Andrew Downing and Mrs. Downing who were custodians of the libraries in Arizona.

Mr. Bartlett got much out of life, not in the enjoyment of wealth, but in the pleasure of accomplishment and of the service which he was able to give to others.

Thus wherever he went he could not help exhibiting the benevolence of his nature. At Lake Geneva he assisted the Eleanor clubs in securing their summer camp, part of the land being a gift from him in addition.

In his seventieth year, 1914, Mr. Bartlett secured relief from the heavier burdens of business by retiring from the presidency of the company in which he was succeeded by Charles H. Conover. From January, 1914, he was chairman of the board of directors, remaining in that position during the remainder of his life. This gave him greater leisure for travel and recreation. His favorite recreations were motoring and golf. He was very fond of golf, belonging to several clubs, and played on many fields. He sometimes played at Lake Forest, and when he and Byron L. Smith, A. A. Sprague and Ezra J. Warner arranged a game together it was known among their younger and more frivolous friends as "the grandfathers' foursome." Before the automobile was developed he loved a good horse and found recreation in horseback riding and sometimes rode many miles a day. He and Dr. William R. Harper, the first president of the University of Chicago, were very warm friends. President Harper was once his guest at Asheville, North Carolina, and Mr. Bartlett and his son Frederic took him on a riding trip through the Blue Hills. The Doctor had not been on a horse for twenty years and the first day the party rode 40 miles. As a result it took four men to lift the Doctor down from his horse and stretch him groaning on a cot. Mr. Bartlett and Frederic walked several miles and obtained a jar of goose grease and then spent the greater part of the night rubbing the patient with it. Mr. Bartlett remarked in the morning that unless the good Doctor had been well greased he would never have slipped back into life!

The horse disappeared and the automobile took his place. Motoring was his favorite method of reaching Lake Geneva, about 80 miles from Chicago. He would cover the distance in two-and-three-quarters hours. He made long trips in his car with his family or friends. Just before his death he was planning a motor trip from California through the Canadian Rockies to Chicago. He visited Europe frequently and went as far west as Honolulu.

The first time I ever met Mr. Bartlett was in the winter of 1889–90, when I was soliciting subscriptions for the founding of the University of Chicago. I called on him in his office on the corner of Lake Street and Wabash Avenue. He was then the secretary of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett and Company and by no means the man of wealth he afterward became. I recall distinctly, after the lapse of more than thirty-three years, the cordial reception he gave me, an entire stranger, and the sympathetic hearing I received. He did not at that time give me a subscription, but he treated me so well that I went away with a warm feeling for him in my heart which later grew into admiration and affection. He had the gift of sympathy and good will. He was companionable. His fine sense of humor and fund of stories were a constant source of joy to his friends.

I think it was Doctor Barrows who brought Mr. Bartlett and President Harper together in an acquaintance which ripened into a warm friendship. Dr. Barrows was deeply interested in the University and helped to interest his friend, Mr. Bartlett. Many things united to increase this interest. The impression the University was making on Chicago, the influence of members of its board of trustees who were his intimate friends, like Martin A. Ryerson and Charles L. Hutchinson, his relations of increasing intimacy with Dr. Harper brought him into closer and closer touch with the institution and in 1900 he accepted an election as trustee.

In 1892, the year the University opened, it had built a temporary building which was used as a combined press and library building and a men's and women's gymnasium. It was a poor, miserable, one-story, unsightly affair, of which we had never been proud. The growth of the institution in eight years from an annual enrolment of 742 to one of more than 3,000 had made the gymnasium ridiculously inadequate, and the ground on which it stood, the southwest corner of Fifty-seventh Street and University Avenue, was needed for the Tower Group which now occupies the site. The funds for this group, which comprises the Hutchinson Commons, the Mitchell Tower, the Reynolds Club House, and Mandel Hall, had been provided and the work of construction waited the demolition of the "old gym." The need of a new and adequate gymnasium had become imperative. The exigency was understood by Mr. Bartlett, but it is not known that he had considered the building of a gymnasium before the death of his son, Frank. That great affliction fell upon him, as already indicated, in July, 1900, only a month after Mr. Bartlett's election as a trustee of the University. The boy was a most lovable character and of rare promise. His father had hoped he

would like the business and succeed him in it. He had expected much from this promising young life and he quickly reached the determination that it should not end without result. It was only a few weeks after his son's death, early in September, 1900, that he proffered to the University $125,000 for the building of a gymnasium as a memorial to his son. This was an unspeakable relief to the president and trustees and the proffer was accepted with the liveliest satisfaction.

Frank Dickinson Bartlett, the son in whose memory the gymnasium was built, was the second son of Mr. Bartlett. He was born in 1880 and at the time of his death in 1900 had just completed his Sophomore year in Harvard University.

The cornerstone of the new gymnasium was laid on Thanksgiving Day, November 18, 1901. President Harper, Professor Stagg, and Dr. Gunsaulus spoke, and Mr. Bartlett laid the stone. Mr. Stagg was naturally full of enthusiasm over the prospect of having a noble building in which to do his work, and in his exalted mood said: "In vision I see a continuous and unending procession of stalwart, courageous, and manly men reaching down through the centuries. These are they who have passed forth from this glorious building. Strong and earnest and confident, they go to fight the battle of life. Vigorous mentally, powerful physically, they take up life's burdens and responsibilities with the enthusiasm and confidence born of superb health and robust minds.

"Listen! I hear them singing. It is the song of a great multitude, perfectly attuned. It is a hallelujah to our donor."

After the laying of the stone by Mr. Bartlett, Dr. Gunsaulus said, among other things: "Those of us who were privileged to know the sunny hearted and large brained young man in whose memory this building is now consecrated will remember him as not less nobly made and thoroughly trained in body than in mind and heart. If ever there was a young man who made one confident of the subtle and supreme consonance of soul and body in their rhythmic mutualness of expression, that boy was Frank Bartlett. . . . . Nature had been most liberal with him in giving, not only a sheath in whose enfoldings the spiritual man developed along with and out of the natural man, but nature so richly ordered his constitution that the highest joy of youth, namely, the transformation of physical strength into intellectual and spiritual power, was his heritage and experience. Vitality with him meant virility and virility meant virtue. Unspoiled by the privileges of wealth, sternly accordant with the laws and proprieties of love in a most charming home, with an outlook upon the world of business half inherited and half conditioned by

his own superb physical and mental powers, this young man stands today upon a pedestal of our thought and affection out of a thousand frustrated hopes and broken dreams which he illuminated, and his personality makes this a significant hour to our American culture. How great is the power of Death oftentimes to give a man his place in the realm of most far reaching influences! We, who lovingly looked out into his future, could not have desired for him a greater ministry than this to which he has attained. Age after age the invisible arm of this stalwart and sweet youth will open these doors and his cheery voice, unheard save by the soul, shall welcome to these halls those whose learning and power in the world will depend upon a sound mind in a sound body."

After the building was completed President Harper made the following statement: "I remember one morning in September of 1900, in a room of the Grand Pacific Hotel where the trustees met to receive the official announcement of Mr. Bartlett's purpose to undertake the work. We had in mind at that time some such building as this, but it was proposed to make plans in accordance with which two buildings should be provided for the department, a first building more especially for physical culture and a second to be erected later on the ground just north of this. We therefore cut in two the great building which had before been sketched. The half, however, began to grow, and when the time had come to sign the contract, it was found that the half which had been undertaken was exactly as large, so far as expense was concerned, as the whole that had originally been worked out. The old whole has now been finished, but it is only the half of what we are ultimately to possess."

Mr. Bartlett generously added $25,000 to his original pledge to help meet the additional cost.

The formal opening of the new gymnasium was a memorable occasion. It took place Friday evening, January 29, 1904, and the exercises were held in the great hall of the building. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Gunsaulus, who had been an intimate friend of Frank Dickinson Bartlett, by A. A. Stagg, director of the Division of Physical Culture, by Eri B. Hulbert, dean of the Divinity School, and by William Scott Bond for the alumni. I wish I had space to quote from these noble addresses.

In presenting the building to the University Mr. Bartlett said:

"Mr. President and Friends,

"I am not entitled to the praise that has been bestowed upon me this evening. I am simply the agency through which the Gymnasium is presented to the University. I did not build the Gymnasium. In

the eyes of a fond father a son gave promise of a life that would be of service to his fellowmen and that would do some good in the world. He did not reach the full years of complete manhood, and we have here placed this building, this window and these decorations to symbolize, as best we might, what we think he would have done, in a broad and noble way, had he been spared.

"I wish I could impress upon the mind of every student now in this University, every young man and every young woman who shall come here in the future for education and development, that this Gymnasium is the fruition of a young life—a life in which good fellowship, truth, high aspirations and kind deeds were the cardinal principles; that this Gymnasium was built, not by the death of Frank Bartlett, but through his life. And in presenting it to this University, Sir, presenting it through you as president of the University of Chicago, I want to impress upon the minds of every young man and every young woman what I have said here today—that the Gymnasium was built by Frank Bartlett. I present it to the University of Chicago in behalf and in the name of those who loved the boy."

President Harper in concluding his address of acceptance said, with deep feeling: "I am unequal to the task of saying what is in my heart. This building is the realization of so many dreams, it is the fulfilment of so many desires! . . . . The acceptance of this gift means the rolling off from my shoulders and from the shoulders of your colleagues, the other trustees of this institution, a formidable load of responsibility—responsibility for the life and health, yes, and for the character of the young men who, in hundreds and thousands, will continue to come within the walls of the University. To you and those who are associated with you in this great gift, we present our words of thanksgiving and appreciation; but, although these words come from the heart, they fail utterly to inform you of the depth of feeling of which they are the expression. The Frank Dickinson Bartlett Gymnasium will stand for centuries, let us hope, as the memorial of a father's seeking to strengthen other fathers' sons who have lived and not died."

The gymnasium stands on the northwest corner of Fifty-seventh Street and University Avenue. The architects were Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge. The building is 200 feet long and 80 feet wide and is built of Bedford stone. The basement provides every convenience for the athletic teams. On the first floor are the offices, the faculty exercising-room, the lockers, the shower and drying-rooms, and the swimming pool, 60 feet long and 28 feet wide. The entire second floor is devoted

to the main exercising-room, with a floor area of 75 by 195 feet. The running track extends around the sides of the room 12 feet above the main gymnasium floor, forming a wide gallery with the inner edge hung by heavy steel rods from the roof trusses. The length of the running track is 131¼ yards, or about 13.41 laps to the mile.

William Gold Hibbard, Mr. Bartlett's partner, presented to the gymnasium a magnificent memorial window placed above the main entrance. It was designed and constructed by Edward P. Sperry of New York. It contains more than 15,000 pieces of glass and represents Rowena crowning Ivanhoe at the close of the second day's tournament at Ashby de La Zouche. Mr. Hibbard, the donor, did not live to see it in place, having died the day after the great window reached Chicago, remaining to the end the president of the company he had founded nearly fifty years before.

The very striking mural decorations on the walls of the entrance hall are the work of the artist, Frederic Clay Bartlett, the older brother of Frank Dickinson Bartlett. Of them the artist says:

> The decorations represent an athletic tournament in the Middle Ages, the period being about the same as that represented by the motive of the architecture of the building . . . . The memorial heraldic tablet in relief is supported by two pages over the door of the central corridor. VIRES, the lion over the middle, typifies the assistance of Physical Education to the different branches symbolized by the owls, SCIENTIA and LITTERAE.

The tablet bears the following inscription:

TO
THE ADVANCEMENT OF
PHYSICAL EDUCATION
AND
THE GLORY OF MANLY SPORTS
THIS GYMNASIUM IS DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
FRANK DICKINSON BARTLETT
A.D. 1880–1900

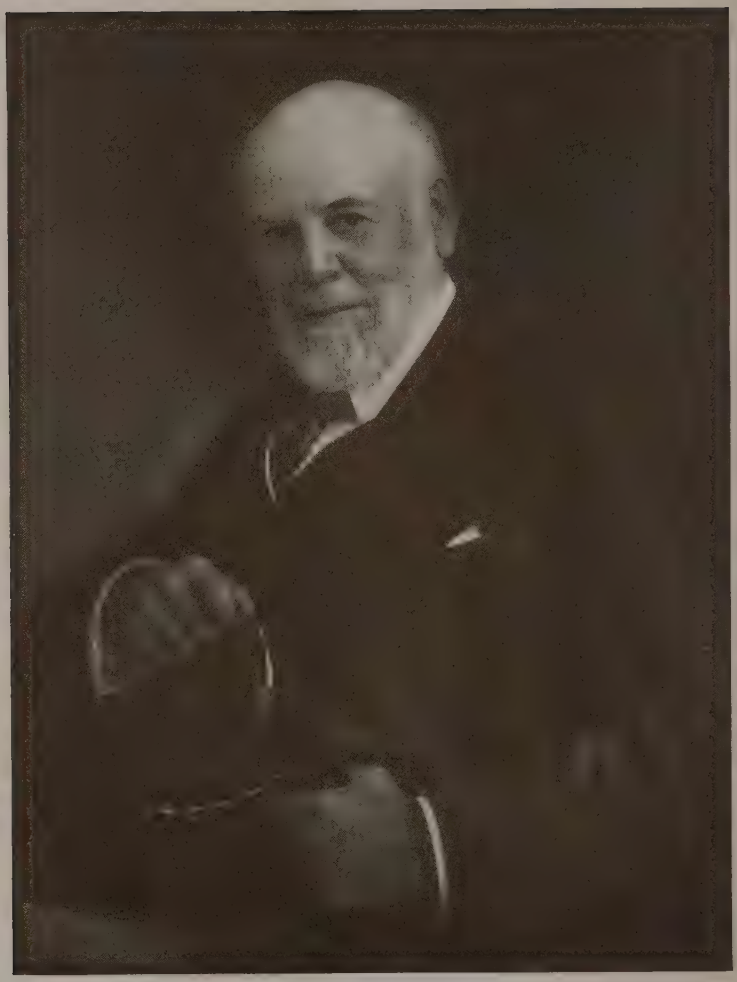
It would be difficult to overstate the value of the part the Bartlett Gymnasium has played in the life of the University. The required daily physical exercise has been invaluable. The service rendered to our athletic teams and those of visiting universities, football, baseball, track, swimming, gymnastics, fencing, wrestling, and other teams has

been indispensable. It has seen basket-ball championships lost and won. Not a few convocations have been held in its great hall at which eminent men have spoken, among them Lord Bryce in 1907 when he was British Ambassador to the United States. In 1910 it housed the sessions of the Northern Baptist Convention, which filled it day after day for more than a week. In 1916 it was made use of during the University's Quarter Centennial Celebration. In memory of members of the University fallen in the Great War, Verdi's *Requiem* was rendered by the Apollo Musical Club and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in May, 1919.

Mr. Bartlett was a trustee of the University for twenty-two years, from 1900 to the time of his death. His business knowledge and skill were recognized in his appointment as chairman of the Committee on Finance and Investment, where his services were of the highest value. He was so reasonable, unassuming, and genial that he won the confidence and affection of all the trustees and furthered the spirit of harmony and unity which has always characterized the University Board. His contributions to the institution aggregated about $155,000.

Mr. Bartlett continued in the position of chairman of the board in Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett and Company to the end of his life, his son Frederic being one of the directors. He accumulated a fortune of some millions. He left only $62,000 to churches, institutions, and charities, explaining in his will: "Having in my lifetime made considerable gifts to education and charitable institutions, I have not by this will provided for such institutions as liberally as I would have done had I not heretofore made such gifts." He left, in addition to the bequests I have elsewhere mentioned, $10,000 each to the Home for the Friendless, the Old People's Home, the Orchestral Association, and the Art Institute.

Though during the closing years of Mr. Bartlett's life his health began to give way, he was well enough when he went to California in the spring of 1920 to make plans to return to Chicago by automobile. His death, therefore, came as a surprise to all who knew him. While in Pasadena he suffered a paralytic stroke which proved fatal and he died May 30, 1922. Had he lived twenty-three days longer he would have been seventy-eight years old. He lived long and worthily, and this story of his life is written that it may not be impossible for future generations to know in some measure the kind of man he was—a man of great business ability, of perfect integrity, of genuine public spirit, of faith in God and good will to man, of wide sympathies and a generous heart, the friend of the poor, full of humor and good feeling, with great capacities for friendship, of an unaffected simplicity and nobleness of character.



NORMAN WAIT HARRIS

NORMAN WAIT HARRIS

On the last day of June, 1922, I passed through the township of Becket, Berkshire County, western Massachusetts, along the main east-and-west motor road. At the close of the day we reached the adjacent village of Stockbridge, famous as the home of Jonathan Edwards. Writing a home letter in the evening, I said, "The Berkshire Hills are as beautiful as they have been described to be." The natural beauty of the Berkshire hills has long been the pride of the inhabitants, the delight of visitors, the inspiration of poets, and the theme of novelists, essayists, and historians. For two or three generations lovers of nature have been building their country homes among these hills and every year thousands of visitors follow the winding motor roads through the enchanting valleys. The township of Becket lies on the eastern line of Berkshire County among the hills and low ranges into which the Green Mountains of Vermont here descend. The township is a farming and grazing country having a few centers, most of which, in accordance with the New England fashion, have variations of the same name, Becket, Becket Centre, East Becket, West Becket, and North Becket. The last of these is a real village and in it is the Baptist church.

It was in a small but picturesque farmhouse not far from North Becket that Norman W. Harris was born, August 15, 1846. The first American ancestors of the family were Thomas and Elizabeth Harris, who, migrating from England to Massachusetts, were, in 1630, residents of Charlestown, which is now a part of Boston. Daniel Harris, the great-grandfather of Norman, was one of the early settlers of Becket, moving there from Plainfield, Connecticut, in 1788, a generation after the first settlement of the town. Nathan Wait Harris, Norman's father, was a farmer who worked his 240 acres of land with such intelligence and success that he was able to retire at sixty, spending the rest of his life in the neighboring village where he died on his birthday, May 13, 1900, being just eighty-nine years old. He was a deacon of the Baptist church of North Becket for thirty years and served it as clerk and Sunday-school superintendent. He was so universally respected and trusted that he was made the executor of many estates and was honored by the town with its highest positions, altogether a father of whom his children might well be proud.

On March 31, 1836, he married Charity Emeline Wadsworth. The Wadsworths were among the original settlers of the town. No family stood higher in the community and it has had distinguished representatives in the nation. A Wadsworth mother gave to the world Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, and one of the Wadsworth men was General James S. Wadsworth, who fell mortally wounded while leading his division with "distinguished intrepidity" in the Battle of the Wilderness.

The mother of N. W. Harris was a worthy representative of the Wadsworth family. While the father was a somewhat stern and dominating man, the mother was an embodiment of sweetness and light. Her daughter, Martha Emeline Harris, from whose sketch of her brother Norman many of these facts are borrowed, says that their mother "was a rare woman of broad sympathies, a great reader who kept herself abreast of the times, although living on a farm, and was one who, with her warm and loving heart, surrounded her children with an atmosphere which greatly helped to soften the otherwise somewhat hard lines of their lives. She exemplified what she often said should be true that the mother ought to be the angel of the household." She was one of those mothers of whom it has been written: "Her children rise up and call her blessed." In the later years of her son Norman's life, at the annual Thanksgiving family gathering the members of the party were called upon to mention their great occasions for thanksgiving. Mr. Harris when his turn came to speak said reverently: "My mother."

There were four children in the family: Dwight J., the oldest, Flavel, Norman W., and Martha Emeline, the youngest. The older brother and the sister are still living, the brother, Dr. D. J. Harris, being now, 1925, in his eighty-seventh year. The sister makes her home with him.

Norman was one of those restless, energetic, irrepressible infants who, as soon as they can walk, must be constantly on the move and must be watched with ceaseless vigilance. The strange world into which he had come aroused his curiosity and he wanted to explore everything within his reach. He had to be kept continually in sight lest he should run into danger. As he grew into boyhood he found himself in a wonderful country of wooded hills and winding valleys, of clear flowing brooks and beautiful lakelets, which excited his curiosity and furnished fields for his activity. The district schoolhouse was across the road from his father's barn and there he became, as a matter of course, a pupil. In those earlier years, however, he had little use for books. The wonders of the outdoor world were far more interesting to him than reading and

spelling. The farm with its cows, sheep, and horses, the woods, the brooks, and the ponds were the books he studied. The big dog, who, harnessed, churned the butter, the grove of maples which supplied the family with most of its sugar, the woodchucks which he trapped in summer, the pickerel for which he fished through the ice in winter, the heavy snowfalls which sometimes drifted to the eaves of the one-story house, affording the excitement and sport of digging a tunnel to the outside world, all these things, with the work of the farm, gave him his early education.

The father was a hard-working man and believed in bringing up his sons to labor, and they were early introduced to all the work of a New England farm. Perhaps the most tedious and monotonous of all the toil was the picking up and gathering into piles of the inexhaustible quantities of stones which covered all the fields. It seems as though their father went too far, when, in addition to all the other work, he required them "to attend to the stock in the barn across the road from the schoolhouse during the recess play hour and at noon in the winter." But such was the apprenticeship of the Harris boys to industry.

Though in his earlier years Norman must have been a trial to his teachers, for he would not study, it should not be supposed that he was a frivolous, irresponsible lad. He was a real boy whose intellectual nature and spiritual life were not yet awake. This awakening came when he was eleven years old. At that time the great religious revival of 1857 swept over our country. It was felt in Becket, and Norman and his brothers experienced its spiritual awakening and united with the North Becket Baptist Church. The religious interest then born in his heart, with the ebb and flow all of us experience, continued to the end of his life and made him the Christian man he came to be. It was accompanied or followed, as so often happens, by a corresponding awakening of his intellectual life. The little district school was fortunate enough to secure a real teacher who was in love with his work. He spent much time in the Harris home and inspired Norman with a love for study and an ambition for an education. The boy became eager to fit himself for college and for many years thereafter his dearest hope was to make his way through college and become a lawyer. His father, however, told him that he could only give the oldest son, Dwight, a college education and that he expected Norman to stay on the farm. Dwight was then attending the Connecticut Literary Institute at Suffield, thirty miles from home, going later to the University of Michigan and becoming a physician.

The father, though an intelligent and conscientious man, did not quite understand his youngest son, Norman. The boy had an innate genius for business, and as his after life proved, for big business. It was not strange that this was hid from his farmer father, though the two had one business transaction that was highly suggestive. The following is the story as his sister, Miss Harris, tells it:

Sheep were kept on the farm and Norman was very fond of them. Once, when two lambs were sick, his father told him and his brother Flavel that if they would take care of them and they lived, each might have the one he cared for as his own, and that they might have the increase, they letting him have the wool. The lambs both recovered and in time Norman's had a pair of twins and those twins had twins. This continued at such a rate that his father finally said that he could no longer continue his offer as Norman's flock would soon outnumber his own, but offered to buy them. Norman did not accept this proposition, but paid sometimes his father and sometimes a neighbor for caring for them, he all the time keeping a most careful account of expenses and receipts. This was his first business venture and he always looked back to it as the first round on his ladder to success.

With the awakening of his mind and his new thirst for knowledge the boy had begun to read books. He developed a love for reading that continued through life. He became, as the treasures of literature were unfolded to him, a great reader of books. His mother, herself a lover of books, encouraged and helped him. A series of sea tales fell into his hands, perhaps J. Fenimore Cooper's, and since he could not go to college he determined to go to sea. He could no longer be happy on the farm. He was made for active life in the world of business. His father did not know, nor did he, just what the matter was. He thought he wanted to sail the seven seas and grew more and more discontented at home. He had to get away. His father feared he was lacking in steady purpose and was troubled about his son's future. The misunderstanding between them increased. The break came one day when his father had left home for Westfield, twenty-five miles distant, after refusing the boy's request to go with him. Norman went to his father's money box and, taking the exact sum due him, ran away from home. He made of course for a seaport and, with a wisdom beyond his years he engaged for a short voyage instead of a long one that he might make sure whether he really wanted to follow the sea or not. He had been so well brought up and had so clean a mind that the blasphemies and obscenities of the sailors quickly disillusioned him and at the end of the short voyage he left the ship permanently cured of any longing for a life on the ocean wave. Great had been the excitement and distress at home over his disappearance. A letter to his mother from New Haven took his father post-haste to that

city. He was compelled to start for home with no news of the runaway, but it so happened that the boy returned on the same train, though he carefully avoided his father till the home station was reached.

When the Civil War came on in 1861 young Harris was not yet fifteen years old, but filled with patriotic ardor he was anxious to enlist. Naturally enough his father would not consent that a mere lad of fourteen should venture on the toils and dangers of war. But he would not be denied. The truth was that the farm was no place for him. He was unhappy on it. He felt "cribbed, cabined and confined," and longed to get out into the world of men, not knowing at all what that world was. It ended in his again running away from home and attempting to enlist. He was so evidently too young for army service that he was rejected. That he did not simply wish to get away from home was shown by his immediate return. His mother now begged him never to "run away" again, but when the time came that he could stay no longer to tell his father and "go like a man." After earning a little money in an agency for the sale of photograph albums in which he was very successful, he asked his father's permission to attend the Westfield Academy, a few miles southeast across the Green Mountain hills. The father again refused to help him, but the mother came to his assistance with money of her own, and the matter was arranged and he attended the academy long enough, it is said, to graduate in 1863.

Meantime his ambition to get into the war continued and increased. Mindful of his mother's entreaty he determined to go "like a man" and one night in the spring of 1864, as he started for bed he handed his father a letter telling him that he was going the next morning to Pittsfield (a few miles northwest) to enlist. In some way during the night the father was persuaded not to make an issue with his son and in the morning no objection being made he started for Pittsfield. Boys were then received into the army at eighteen and though young Harris lacked five months of that age he was not far wrong, when, to the recruiting officer's question: "You are about eighteen, are you not?" he answered, "Yes." It was in this way that on March 18, 1864, he became a member of the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts Infantry. After going into camp at Worcester he was taken down with measles. The disease was made so serious by a cold that tuberculosis was feared. He was invalided home and his regiment went without him into that inferno which began in the Battle of the Wilderness and ended at Appomattox with a loss in killed and wounded in less than a year's service which was exceeded by that of only two regiments during the war.

It being by this time understood that Norman would not be a farmer his father formally gave him his liberty to work out his own career in the following document, which illustrates a father's right to his son's time and earnings at that period in Massachusetts.

North Becket, Mass., May 3, 1865

This is to certify, I, Nathan W. Harris, am the father of Norman W. Harris, and I, the said Nathan W., have given to the said Norman W. his time until the said Norman W. shall be twenty-one years of age, and I, the said Nathan W., will make no claim on the said Norman W. for his wages, and I, the said Nathan W., will not be responsible for any debts that the said Norman W. may contract.

Nathan W. Harris

Norman was then eighteen years old. Two weeks before he had completed the prescribed course of study in the Ames Business College of Syracuse, New York. After securing this release he undertook to sell life insurance for a New York company and after making a complete failure, at the end of six weeks he gave up his job, telling the manager that he could not sell insurance. The manager told him to stick to it, but to go west and grow up with the country. He took this advice and in 1865 went to Cincinnati as soliciting agent for the Massachusetts Mutual. He was not then, at eighteen, the well-dressed, fine-looking, cultivated-appearing man he later became. He had spent his life on a New England farm and three other young men in the office, city bred, took him for a green country boy and thought they would have some fun with him. They told him they were anxious to help him and each of them gave him the address of a man who might want insurance. He received their proffers gratefully and started out at once to find one of the men named. The first address led him to a shoestore kept by a Jew where repairing was done. Without speaking of insurance he bought a pair of shoe strings for a cent and a few days later went in again and repeated the purchase. A day or two later he took a shoe to be repaired, spending all told twelve cents. On this visit the Jew approached him and said: "I see you coming in and buying things. What is your business?" "Life insurance," said Mr. Harris, whereupon the man told him that he had been so tormented by agents trying to dragoon him into taking insurance that he had ended by driving them out of the store, and asked why his customer had said nothing to him about it. Mr. Harris answered in effect: "You are a business man and know where to get the best of anything you want, and if you wanted insurance you would come to my office." Thereupon the storekeeper began to ask questions and ended by taking out a policy for $10,000. He then said,

"I have a friend to whom I would like to introduce you." The friend proved to be the second name on his list and he also eventually took $10,000, and said, "I want to take you to a friend of mine." I cannot bring myself to spoil a good story because it seems too good to be true, but the fact is that this friend was the third man on the list his office associates had so kindly given him and he also took $10,000 insurance. All three had been so untactfully pursued and pestered by his fellow-solicitors that they had finally driven them out of their stores. This experience helped to make him the insurance expert he became.

When he was nineteen Mr. Harris, in company with a partner, was put in charge of the district of West Virginia and southeastern Ohio. His partner looked after the office and kept the accounts while he did the more important field work. At the end of a few months he discovered that his partner had stolen $1,000 of the receipts. Being assured by a lawyer that although as a partner he was responsible for the whole amount of the loss, the company could not collect from him because he was not of age, he replied that he would never plead the baby act. He met his responsibility "like a man." He returned to Cincinnati, saw the general agent, made good the $1,000 from his savings and found himself with a balance of $40. In telling this story many years later to an audience of young men he said: "I saw my ambition wrecked, my college course gone and I comparatively a stranger in a western city." He had lost his savings and the college course on which his heart had been set, but he had gained the invaluable asset of a reputation for both integrity and ability.

Seldom has a young man shown the development which this farm boy exhibited in the year and a half succeeding his arrival in Cincinnati. When he reached that city he had thus far failed as an insurance man and his associates in the office looked upon him as a good subject for their practical jokes. One year later he was appointed general agent of the Cincinnati office of the New York Equitable Life Insurance Company. In the spring of 1867 the Union Central Life Insurance Company was organized in Cincinnati and elected him secretary and manager. He wore a beard and looked older than he was, but he was still a boy in years, being only twenty years old. Some of the directors, later learning his age, were much disturbed, feeling that it was a serious mistake to intrust the launching and development of so important an enterprise to a boy. They went to him and frankly stated their anxiety and its cause and suggested that he resign his position. He said to them, "I agree with the committee that I am too young and inexperienced for

this very important position, but having accepted it I cannot resign. I will work, work night and day, for the balance of the year for the success and honor of the Union Central." Mr. Harris must have had even then something of that magnetic and convincing personality that won men's confidence, and the committee went away satisfied. And he redeemed his promises. He pared expenses to the bone. He worked day and night. He developed the promise of business abilities of the highest order. When the end of the year came there was no question of his resigning.

Two years after the organization of the company a young man named Elbert P. Marshall became Mr. Harris' assistant. Forty-two years later, at the dedication of the new building of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago, Mr. Marshall, then vice-president of the insurance company in which they had begun life together, said:

> Whether in his office or on the street, in the railway train or in his home, insurance was a constant theme and "our company," he would constantly say, "we must make the best in the land." . . . . There were four rival Cincinnati companies at that early date, each struggling for existence. Finally, in 1871 the rivalry ended and for us the victory was won, for all were absorbed in the Union Central—a clear case of the survival of the fittest. Then in 1873 came the great Jay Cooke panic, and long, weary, waiting years followed. . . . . It was a dark time for life insurance. Of seventy companies reporting to the New York Life Insurance Department in 1870, at the end of that depression forty had fallen by the wayside. It was during this period of financial depression and dark days of life insurance that the genius and resourcefulness of Mr. Harris were exhibited in a marked degree. I could recount many instances of his skill displayed in solving the many problems coming before us in those memorable days. There were problems of taxation, hostile legislation to be headed off, and even more hostile state officials who were seemingly bent upon strangling the young company. . . . . When Mr. Harris and his brother, Dr. D. J. Harris, who was then head of our mortgage loan department, severed their connection with the Union Central in 1881 the records show that the company then had about $9,000,000 outstanding insurance. The total assets were $1,600,000 and its income for that year was $400,000. . . . . At the end of those years Mr. Harris was almost a physical wreck and only a trip to Europe and several months of absolute rest from business saved his life.

The country boy from the Becket farm had redeemed his promise to the directors who were troubled over letting a minor undertake the launching of an insurance company in which their funds were invested and which they hoped to make one of the great companies of the country. He had worked day and night according to his promise and had worn himself out, but he had wrought out a wonderful success and proved himself one of the ablest insurance men in the land. Continuing along the lines on which he had organized and developed it the Union Central has become one of the leading insurance companies of the United States. Beginning

at twenty years of age, a boy, who only a few months before had left his father's farm—this record of achievement was nothing less than extraordinary. The *United States Review* said of his work, "It is, we believe, for a man of his years, wholly unprecedented in the life insurance history of this country."

It was just before he took charge of the affairs of the Union Central that Mr. Harris was first married. Attending one Sunday a service in a Methodist church in Cincinnati he saw in the choir a young woman who so attracted him that he asked the friend who was with him if he knew who she was. He did not and young Harris, then nineteen years old, said, "Well, I shall find out who she is." This he did, found that her name was Jacyntha Vallandingham, got acquainted and fell in love with her, and, his affection being returned, they were married January 1, 1867, when he was only twenty years old. He matured early and began life young. Two sons who lived were born to Mr. and Mrs. Harris in Cincinnati. The older son was Albert Wadsworth Harris, who grew up in his father's later business in Chicago, succeeded to the presidency of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank and later to the chairmanship of the board of directors. The second son was Norman Dwight Harris, who elected to follow scholarly pursuits instead of business, became a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Chicago and later head of the department of political science of Northwestern University. These sons while yet very small boys were left motherless, Mrs. Harris dying at the end of seven and a half years, July 22, 1873.

On January 28, 1875, Mr. Harris married Clara Cochnower, the daughter of John Cochnower, a banker of Cincinnati who was also president of the Union Central Insurance Company. The second Mrs. Harris lived less than a year and a half after her marriage, dying July 1, 1876. The sister, Martha E. Harris, who had been a very successful teacher, now gave up her own career and went to her brother's relief and made a home for him and his two boys for the next three years.

On April 21, 1879, Mr. Harris married at Newton, New Hampshire, Emma Susan Gale, a daughter of Dr. Jonathan Greeley Gale, of that place. Mrs. Harris was two years younger than her husband and survived him after a married life of thirty-seven years. Their children were one daughter and two sons. The daughter, Pearl Emma, married Murdoch Haddon MacLean, who later became a vice-president of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank. The two sons were Hayden Bartlett Harris, who left the Harris organization to carve out an independent business career, and Stanley Gale Harris, now representing the bank in San Francisco.

There is one interesting incident in the life of Mr. Harris in Cincinnati into the details of which I do not enter, though it led to important results in his after-life. He belonged to a Baptist family and was himself a member of a Baptist church and active in its work. He reached some conclusions as to Baptist polity which are now widely accepted, but were then, fifty years ago, displeasing to the deacons of his church. The matter came up for discussion in the Bible class to which he belonged and to avoid making trouble he withdrew from the church and joined the Methodist church, and, though he never lost his interest in the denomination of his youth and early manhood, he became a loyal, influential, and highly useful member of that church.

When in 1881 Mr. Harris retired from the conduct of the Union Central Life Insurance Company with health shattered by fourteen years of strenuous devotion to its interests, he sought restoration in six months' rest and recreation abroad. He had already made up his mind to enter on a new career and to found a new business in Chicago, which had become the financial center of the West. He did not take a vacation, therefore, but definitely gave up his connection with the company and left the insurance business. Returning from his trip abroad with restored health he did not go back to Cincinnati, but went to Chicago, making his home in Evanston. There his daughter Pearl and his son Hayden were born. After living a few years in Evanston he moved to 368 LaSalle Avenue, Chicago, where his youngest son Stanley was born, and later built a handsome house at 4520 Drexel Boulevard, which became the permanent family residence.

When Mr. Harris went to Chicago to establish himself in a new business that city bore little resemblance to the metropolis of today. It was a comparatively small town having a population of about half a million instead of the 3,000,000 to which it has grown. There were then about twenty national and state banks. There are now nine times as many, about 180. The bank deposits of 1923 largely exceeded $2,000,000,000. In 1881 they were less than one-fiftieth the present aggregate, about $50,000,000.

When Mr. Harris went to Chicago, about the beginning of 1882, he was still a young man, thirty-five years old. But he had a thorough business education and training. His all-important preparatory discipline was over and he was ready to enter on his real career. One-half his life was past. The other half was before him. In all the business qualities that make for success he was well equipped. Well acquainted with business methods he had, also, courage, foresight,

energy, patience, persistence, integrity, all that goes to make up character, together with high intelligence and indomitable purpose. Materially he was not well equipped. He had accumulated about $20,000 to invest in any new enterprise and his brother, Dr. D. J. Harris, who was to be his partner, would put in half as much, a scant $30,000 all told.

Mr. Harris had had an inspiration, a vision of a new business enterprise, the possible success of which seemed to him so great that he feared to communicate it to any one lest he should seem a mere dreamer of dreams. He told the story briefly thirty years later in speaking at the opening of the new building of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank. He then said:

Beginning in the year 1867 I commenced traveling over the Central West and later through the South. I also made two trips to Europe, spending some six months each time. I became greatly impressed with the future development that was sure to take place in our West and South, for I felt assured, from my observation of the thickly populated condition of Europe as well as of the population of the Eastern States, that the rich country of the West and South would not long remain so slightly developed. I considered very carefully the numerous and great improvements that must of necessity be made: the schoolhouses, the public roads and bridges, the water works and sewerage plants, and the public improvements in general for the growing towns and cities; and when I had gathered together some figures on the subject the amount of money that would be required was so enormous as to be almost beyond conception. I did not show these estimates to anyone—not even to my brother, Dr. Harris, who became my first partner. I feared that he would think I was out of my head. The question then arose in my mind, How was all this great sum to be secured?

In 1881, after resigning my position as secretary of the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati, in the organization and development of which I had taken an active part since 1867, I decided to go into the banking and investment business with a special view of buying bonds in the West and selling them entirely in the East. I visited this city and investigated the financial situation here. I called upon Mr. S. M. Nickerson, the president of the First National Bank . . . . now under the management of the ablest banker of the West, President Forgan.

Mr. Nickerson I had previously known. I went over with him in detail my financial condition, my experience, and my aspirations. On my second interview with Mr. Nickerson he advised me to locate in Chicago and said if I would do so his bank would loan to me, upon any securities that I would buy, such funds as I might require in addition to my own, and also that the First National would refer to us the numerous parties who applied to them desiring to sell outside bonds, as they only dealt in government, Cook County, and listed railway bonds. He most faithfully kept his part of the arrangement and I wish on this occasion to acknowledge my great obligation to the First National Bank of Chicago. A large part of our early success was due to their often expressed faith and confidence in our ability, honesty, and good faith.

At that time I was greatly impressed with the fact that bonds would be available from the West during all my lifetime, but the great question to solve was how to find the investors who would buy them.

This he believed he could do and make such a business as he proposed to conduct profitable.

It was an inspiration of business genius. Mr. Harris had a new and great idea. Not that dealing in bonds was a new idea. Of course it was not. But he saw the greatness of the opportunity, as few others did, and thought he saw how to improve it in a big way. He foresaw a vast output of bonds for the development of the West and Southwest coming on, for which a market must be created. There was in Chicago at that time no bond-investing public, or almost none. The possible investors were in the East, but they had small confidence, or none, in western securities, municipal and corporation bonds. A market had to be created. Mr. Harris proposed to make himself and his house the agent of those issuing bonds for the development of the West and of eastern purchasers as well, serving both parties with the same fidelity. He would purchase issues of bonds, but they must be of the highest quality. In the interest of a possible eastern investor, a thousand miles away, who had no means of knowing anything about their value, he proposed, by the most searching investigation, to satisfy himself of the value of all bonds offered by him, to see that they were amply secured, legally authorized, properly worded and properly executed so that the interests of those who bought them should be safeguarded at every point. It was not quick success he looked for, big sales of anything that could be foisted on the market, but by making the interests of investors his own and by scrupulous integrity, he intended to win a reputation for reliability and integrity that would, in the long run, assure large success.

At the same meeting at which Mr. Harris spoke, Albert G. Farr, first employee and later partner, said on this point:

> We had all sorts of experiences. We had to contend with officials not familiar with the laws, and not familiar with what bonds should be. We not only had to look out for the legality, but we had to look out carefully for marketable qualities. We had to look out for the semi-annual payments, as against the farmer's once a year. We had to look out for metropolitan payment, in New York or Chicago. . . . . We had to educate officials as best we might. We had to work at the legislatures to get better laws. We certainly did our share in getting those limitations on debt which so many of our younger western states now have.

And so the new enterprise was launched. The capital, as has been said, was about $30,000, the accumulation of fourteen years in the insurance business. The amount seems woefully inadequate for the undertaking on which he was entering. I have quoted from him the manner in which it was augmented by the help of Mr. Nickerson and the First National Bank. But when one considers that connections

had to be made in the East for the sale of the bonds purchased in the West it is easy to see that in the early years of the business there must have been times when things went very hard. Mr. Harris knew what was before him and opened his office and began business in very modest quarters. He engaged deskroom in the law office of Willard and Driggs in the old Ashland Block at 59 Clark Street.

Mr. Farr said:

> The office force, the first few hours, consisted of Mr. N. W. Harris himself. A little later your speaker [i.e., Mr. Farr, who was a young lawyer in the law office] was added. A few days later we had a messenger and office boy, Mr. Albert W. Harris. A little later we had a real company when Dr. Harris joined us as the first partner of Mr. N. W. And so we went on.

At the end of six months the business required more room and was transferred to the Howland Block, 176 South Dearborn Street. After two years and a half necessary expansion took them to the old Montauk Block, where is now the Monroe Street end and entrance of the First National. After four years and a half the growing business found larger quarters in the Crilly Building at 163 Dearborn Street. In all these changes of location they kept very close to the First National. As Mr. Farr tells it:

> We used to put on our letter heads at 176 Dearborn, "Howland Block, opposite the First National." We used to put on our letter heads in the Montauk Block, "Adjoining the First National." At 163 Dearborn, again, we said, "Opposite the First National." What Mr. Harris has said tonight has shown you that there was a reason. . . . . An event in the bond world was a case of competition in an award in Indiana, where, to win, I telegraphed to Mr. Harris late one day, "The only way for us to get these bonds is to lay down $98,000 in greenbacks tomorrow morning." Mr. Harris went to the First National Bank, and through that institution the money came. I had the money the next morning. You can see plainly that in those days we were not only sometimes "adjoining" and sometimes "opposite" the First National Bank, but in a very intimate sense we were "next" to the First National Bank.

When, in the spring of 1882, Mr. Harris began, with insufficient capital, his new and doubtful enterprise, he became, at the same time the representative of the Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia for the states of Illinois and Indiana in the making of real estate loans. This was an anchor to windward to hold the ship safe against possible storm in getting the business of buying and selling bonds profitably under way. His older brother, Dr. D. J. Harris, having had charge of the loan department of the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati, was an expert in dealing in farm mortgages and he now joined his younger brother as the first partner in the firm of N. W. Harris and Company. In the early years this was the larger end of the

business and for a time it looked as though it might remain so permanently. But N. W., as he came to be known in the house, never lost his faith in the final large outcome of the business of the buying and selling of bonds, which was the one thing he had in mind from the outset. About those early years Dr. Harris writes me:

My brother's special work was visiting cities, towns, etc., for the purpose of buying municipal bonds. He also, in the very early years, went East frequently to make sales of the bonds. Mr. Farr had been employed by my brother to assist him in a general way. Later on he was regarded as N. W.'s lieutenant and supplemented him wonderfully. He was taken into the firm as a partner in 1891. In those early days, if N. W. was away Mr. Farr or I did his work, and if I was away N. W. or Mr. Farr looked after mine.

Slowly at first, but surely, the business of buying and selling bonds increased. The first real place of business, after the original desk space in the law office, was one room, perhaps fifteen by twenty-five or thirty feet, with only one window beside the window in the door. Here the new business was carried on for two and a half years. Then, as it began to increase, more commodious quarters were secured in the Montauk. It became in three or four years a real business with so promising a future that Mr. Harris began to consider the establishing of an eastern branch. The West was developing rapidly and public improvements were everywhere in contemplation or under way. More and more municipal bonds were seeking purchasers. The time had not yet come when Chicago could absorb any large part of them. As a result bond issues could be bought at prices that made dealing in them very profitable, if they could be sold. By frequent personal bond-selling tours through New England Mr. Harris had satisfied himself that in the accumulated capital of the East there was a market. Wealth was only waiting to be shown opportunities of safe and profitable investment. He had learned the business thoroughly, understood the situation, and proceeded to improve the opportunity.

In 1886 he took the very important step of opening a branch office in Boston. Why in Boston instead of New York I do not know. Perhaps, because New York was too much absorbed in stock-jobbing operations and great railroad bond deals. Among the speakers at the opening of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank Building in 1911 was Isaac Sprague, the head of the Boston business, who said:

Of course in Boston as in Chicago our reminiscences center around Mr. N. W. Harris. I remember very well my first meeting with him. . . . . In a very small back office behind a stock broker's office . . . . I had an interview with Mr. Harris. . . . . As soon as I saw him I felt that I had come into the presence of a leader of men, a man of distinction, a man of mark in whatever company he might be, in whatever business

he took up. We only talked a short time, but he outlined in a general way the business plan which he had little more than started then. It appealed to me strongly. . . . . That meeting with Mr. Harris was almost the best thing, if not the very best, that has ever come into my life. . . . . Mr. Harris came to Boston frequently I remember, particularly, the first time he came after that first interview, he nearly got me into a state of nervous prostration. In fifteen minutes he could tell of more things that he wanted done and that ought to be done than any man could do in a month. . . . . Mr. Harris furnished the energy for our organization. He was the generating station and the rest of us the distributing plant. . . . . When you bear in mind that we were handling western municipal bonds, no eastern securities at all, no railroad bonds and no corporation bonds, and that the western municipal bonds were mostly those of counties, school districts, and small cities, and that . . . . people did not know much about them, you can realize that it was quite a task to start and build up a business entirely from the beginning. Just to show you how it worked out, the first three salesmen that we engaged left us after working from a few weeks to a few months without any of them selling any bonds.

When Mr. Harris sent a salesman, who had had two or three years training in the Chicago office, to assist the able men in charge at Boston, the new business quickly became a success. The year following the opening of the Boston office N. W. Harris and Company made bond sales aggregating $3,400,000. It had become a successful and profitable concern and was gathering momentum every day. I cannot here tell the history of the Boston office. The office force of two in 1886 had multiplied to one hundred and twenty-two in 1922. Its sale of bonds the first year reached a total of $1,014,930.70. In 1922 the sales were running at the rate of over one hundred times that amount.

Mr. Harris was not slow to learn the necessity of training salesmen for their work. He therefore made the home office a real training school. Chicago gradually became a field for the sale of bonds and there the young men who aspired to be salesmen worked under the inspiration of the master. I have been much impressed by a statement of one of these young men. He writes:

When I entered the employ of N. W. Harris and Company, Mr. Harris was in California. Within a few days, however, his thought of his business associates was manifested by the arrival of a box of luscious oranges which were distributed generously to all the officers and employes. When Mr. Harris arrived later his appearance sent a thrill of energy all down the line from the partners to the lowest office boy. There was a magnetism about Mr Harris' personality that was impelling. His frank, open face, his good nature and kindly manner, with the energy of his movements, all inspired instant confidence. As he moved about the office he gave the impression of boundless energy and accomplishment. He was a veritable Rock of Gibraltar in motion.

Under such a master men learned fast. They were intensively trained. And after they were trained he sent them East to tell other men how to do it and inspire them with the spirit of the house.

The business grew. By 1890 the annual sales reached six or seven million dollars. More and larger issues of bonds were being put out in the West and Mr. Harris and his partners decided that the time had come to open a branch office in New York. In the Chicago house Arthur M. Harris, the son of one of the partners, Dr. D. J. Harris, had passed an apprenticeship in the business, and was now twenty-five years old. In an address at the opening of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank Building he said:

> It was in the summer of 1890 that N. W. Harris said to me, "I desire you to go to New York and look for a suitable office where we can open headquarters for the sale of bonds . . . . New York being the financial center there is a large business to be built up, especially in New York City, for the sale of securities." We opened our first office in a small room on the third floor at 15 Wall Street and began business the last of October.

They did not stay long on Wall Street. The rapid growth of the business compelled them to find larger quarters, and Mr. Harris did not want to have his house connected in the public mind with Wall Street.

In one of his inspired moments Mr. Harris had induced a young lawyer, Allen B. Forbes, to give up the law in 1891 and enter the house. Mr. Forbes was in the Corporation Buying Department in Chicago until 1900, when he went to New York as head of that office. Under his management the business developed in an extraordinary way. In the address in 1911 Arthur M. Harris speaking of this development said:

> I well remember a month when the total number of sales was eleven (four of which were governments) and the total amount sold $59,000. That sounds strange compared with *daily* figures ranging from $100,000 to $2,000,000 and over.

In concluding his address, turning to the head of the house he said:

> Mr. Harris, the great success of your New York Office has been due to the fact that, as in selecting your men here in Chicago, to be retained here or later sent to us, the consideration has always been, first character, second ability; so those same men sent to us have chosen the men for New York for identically the same reasons.

In the case of Mr. Forbes, character and ability were so united as to produce a very exceptional man. When he went to New York in 1900 he was made a member of the firm. In 1911 that office was incorporated as Harris, Forbes & Co. and on January 1, 1916, this also became the name of the Boston branch. The business having come to cover the whole of the United States naturally overflowed into the Dominion of Canada. The Canadian office was opened in Montreal on December 19, 1912, and in 1921 became Harris, Forbes & Co., Limited. An office was opened in Toronto and the same history of success and expansion

that marked all the other departments of the great business attended the Canadian office from the beginning.

When Mr. Harris began his business he specialized in municipal bonds, buying them only after the most careful investigation. Later the scope of the business was enlarged to include the securities of railroads, public utility, and other corporations, and the Chicago house developed into a bank. Very recently the house has published *Forty Years of Investment Banking*. Speaking of these securities, it says:

> The investigations preceding the purchase of corporation bonds are even more exacting than for municipal issues. Not only are the earnings and the relation of the value of the physical property to the bonded debt carefully checked, but the character of the management, its relations with its customers and the public, the future of the industry as a whole, and the prospects of the particular corporation involved are all fully looked into.

Mr. Harris always said to his associates:

> Spare no expense to get the best lawyers, engineers, accountants, etc.—look for only the *weak* points, the strong ones will come out any way. We can't hope to handle all the good issues, but we want to use all our efforts and ingenuity not to handle any of the bad ones.

In speaking of the development of the business from its small beginnings it is related that:

> In the early days the public had comparatively little knowledge of bonds and it frequently required months and even years of effort to bring an investor to the purchase of even a single bond. Mr. Harris foresaw this difficulty and trained and gradually sent out a staff of young men "missionaries" whose work consisted in traveling about the country telling people of wealth about bonds, the principles underlying them and the care with which they were purchased by the Harris organization. These men made no attempt to sell bonds, but merely spread broadcast information about bonds and the policies and ideals of the organization. This pioneering soon bore fruit and the rapid increase in the absorbing power of the market is due in no small measure to Harris missionaries.

This extraordinary measure was in addition to letters, newspaper advertising, and circulars of information.

An investor once secured became as a rule a regular customer. He was so regarded and added to the permanent list of clients. And with good reason. As a rule he continued to invest in the Harris securities as did his children after him. Take a single example, illustrative of a thousand like it. The *History of Forty Years of Investment Banking*, after telling the story of selling to four generations of a lumberman's family, says: "We first sold bonds to another prominent lumberman in 1895 and have since sold to nineteen different members of the family, total sales being $8,801,298. We have served *four* generations of this family."

Slowly but surely the public became convinced of the conscientious, intelligent, and thorough investigation Mr. Harris made of the securities he offered. Investors came to understand that he bought them outright and owned them himself before offering them for sale. They came so to rely on him and the principles on which he conducted his business that they began to send their money to the house and say, "Invest this for me in bonds of your own selection." When this time came the success of N. W. Harris & Company was assured. A bond-selling business began to develop in Chicago. It was no longer necessary to depend solely on the eastern market. As Chicago's population multiplied and its wealth increased the home office became not only a buying but also a selling office. I have said that in 1887 the house sold bonds aggregating a little over $3,000,000. This was the year after the opening of the Boston office. In 1891, the first full year after the opening of the New York office, the sales increased to a little over $7,000,000. Ten years later, in 1901, they were $40,000,000. When, five years later, they rose to $67,000,000, a change of organization and method became imperative, and February 4, 1907, the investment banking house of N. W. Harris & Co. became incorporated as the Harris Trust and Savings Bank. This institution carried on business for four years in the Marquette Building. Its establishment widened the scope of the business, adding trust and savings departments. From the first it was regarded as one of the important banks of Chicago. The stock it offered for sale on its incorporation was largely oversubscribed and many of the leading bankers and business men of Chicago were stockholders. Among them were such well-known names as John G. Shedd, James Simpson, J. Ogden Armour, S. W. Allerton, George M. Reynolds, Leon Mandel, Cyrus H. McCormick, Harold F. McCormick, Clement Studebaker, and others. In the board of directors were James T. Harahan, Allen B. Forbes, Albert W. Harris, B. A. Eckhart, Albert G. Farr, Isaac Sprague, John B. Lord, and George P. Hoover, with N. W. Harris, who was the president of the bank. The capital was $1,250,000 and it opened for business with $3,000,000 of deposits. The business of the bank increased so rapidly that it soon became apparent that it must have a building of its own where it would have room in which to operate and expand. In 1909, therefore, a site was purchased on the south side of Monroe Street, between Clark and LaSalle streets. It had a frontage of 90 feet and a depth of 190 feet. Of this site Mr. Harris said two years later that it "was sold in 1836 for $89 by the state of Illinois and twice afterward it was sold for taxes. In 1868 it sold for $72,000.

In 1880 it was sold by George Sturges, the old banker, to John Borden for $100,000. We purchased it from John Borden in August, 1909, for $900,000 cash." On this site the twenty-story Harris Trust and Savings Bank Building was erected in 1910–11. The bank occupies such space as its growing needs require and the upper floors are rented for offices.

On September 16, 1911, the new building was opened with a banquet attended by large delegations from the New York, Boston, and Chicago offices and other invited guests. Addresses were made by Mr. Harris, Albert G. Farr, Allen B. Forbes, Everett B. Sweezy, Isaac Sprague, Arthur M. Harris, Andrew Cooke, John R. Macomber, and Albert W. Harris, all representatives of the House, and by Elbert P. Marshall, vice-president of the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati, Nathaniel Kingsbury, vice-president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and James B. Forgan, president of the First National Bank of Chicago. The evening closed with the presentation of a handsome loving cup to Mr. Harris. In presenting it Mr. Forbes, the toastmaster, said:

> We who have known you best, best appreciate that, allied to a nature powerful, dominating and controlling, linked with those faculties which have made your name a power in the world of affairs and finance, is another quality (perhaps greatest of them all), a warm hearted capacity for personal friendship, which has, to more than one of us, in times of stress and trial, been a comfort and tower of strength. And to you as a man, our friend, I wish on behalf of all who are here present and those who are not, to tender you our highest esteem, our warmest friendship, and our love.

This was one of the great occasions, perhaps the greatest occasion, in the life of Mr. Harris.

Mr. Forgan in his address referred to the ability to grasp situations which Mr. Harris had exhibited in starting his business thirty years before, "combined with the reliability and integrity for which he had since made a national reputation." He also said, "We have frequently congratulated ourselves on the efficiency and high character of the younger men whom we have been privileged to call to our assistance and we congratulate ourselves today in having official organizations which, for ability, integrity, reliability and devotion to duty, cannot be surpassed."

Albert W. Harris, then vice-president and later president of the bank, spoke of the policy of the Harris organizations, saying:

> Mr. N. W. Harris, at the very beginning, decided on a policy which up to date has never been changed as follows: First, Never misstate or misrepresent the facts concerning any securities offered to the public, or in any way abuse its confidence. Second, make security the first requisite and profit the second. If you cannot get the

first, decline the second, or in other words, do not buy an issue of bonds, or sell it unless, after full investigation we would be willing to invest our own funds in the issue. Third, attend strictly to our own business, and not buy or sell stock on margin, or act as brokers for other parties. Fourth, spare neither time nor expense in securing reliable information regarding all securities, prior to their purchase. Fifth, should any trouble occur, protect our customers from loss, where possible, by using our best endeavors in their behalf—never compromising the principle until we have exhausted every remedy within our reach. Sixth, and finally, treat our competitors fairly, and not say disparaging things about them, or the securities they offer, bearing in mind always that it is not the amount of business, but the kind of business we do that counts; and if what is done is done right the amount will take care of itself. . . . . This is the Harris policy.

It was this policy, adopted by Mr. Harris in the beginning and continued through forty years, to which, Mr. Farr said, he added the element of "keeping everlastingly at it" that led to the large success of the business.

He had the gift of surrounding himself with able associates. He chose them with care and trained them into efficiency. When, for example, one of the present officials applied to him for a position he sat down and talked with him at length, made another appointment and again talked with him until he was satisfied that there was promise in him. Some time after engaging him, he asked him, rather incidentally, if his study of the market suggested to him any specially good investment. His answer pleased Mr. Harris, as a day or two before he had himself personally invested in the security the young man named. In this way young men were employed, kept track of, and trained, and, as they developed, advanced to positions of responsibility. The result has been that the organization is now managed by men who became employees in their youth in humble positions and on small pay and have grown up with the business. On the recent retirement from the presidency of the bank of Albert W. Harris to take the chairmanship of the board of directors, Howard W. Fenton, senior vice-president was made president. He joined N. W. Harris & Co. in 1895, twelve years before the present bank was organized and began with a weekly pay check of $6. The way is thus wide open for the office boy of today to the highest position.

What have been the concrete results of the business Mr. Harris started in 1882?

The two employees with which he began have become more than a thousand.

In 1882 the house had one office and in 1922 it had thirty-six offices in the United States, Canada, and England.

At the end of its first year it had only two customers on its books. "By 1922 the total number of persons served by the Harris organization

had grown to approximately one hundred thousand, extending into every state in the Union and many foreign countries."

In 1887, five years after the business was founded, the sales were a little over $3,000,000. Eight years later they had increased to $20,000,000 a year, and in 1922 they exceeded $500,000,000.

In 1882 the house began with a capital of hardly $30,000. In 1922 this had increased to more than $15,000,000 and the combined resources of the organization were approximately $70,000,000.

Up to 1916 it had bought securities to the value of more than $2,000,000,000 and had distributed them among investors. But such was the momentum the business had acquired that, during the seven years that have elapsed since that date, this aggregate has increased to over $5,000,000,000.

This is a somewhat extraordinary story of insight into economic conditions, of foresight of business developments, of high courage in venturing one's all on his matured judgment, of unfaltering courage in the face of discouragement, of enlarging views and growing ability keeping pace with increasing opportunities, of the driving power of a dominating personality, and of the steady growth of a very small business into a very great one which crowned the life of its founder with large success.

In presenting to Mr. Harris the loving cup at the opening of the new bank building Mr. Forbes said that allied to "a nature powerful, dominating, and controlling," qualities which had made the name of Mr. Harris "a power in the world of affairs and finance," there was another quality, perhaps greatest of all, "a warm-hearted capacity for friendship." On the same occasion Mr. Farr, the first employee and a close associate for thirty years, said:

> I should fail if I did not bear testimony to that friendship, that kindness, that consideration which Mr. Harris has always shown me, or, if I did not bear testimony to the fact that, during our relationship, there has never been a wound to heal, never been a tiff to patch up, never been a sharp word between us—unless I said it and that I do not remember.

A "powerful, dominating, controlling personality," cannot, in the nature of things, always seem to his employees to radiate sweetness and light, but those who were nearest to Mr. Harris found him considerate, friendly, kind. Those who knew him best liked him most. Underneath that dominating will there was a warm heart.

In 1916 the *Economist* of Chicago said in its editorial columns:

> From the economic point of view the great significance of the life of Norman W. Harris was the change in the West from a simple producer of certain commercial articles, principally foods, to the possession of capital in its more liquid form, the change

from the mere selling of goods and receiving money therefor to the accumulation of wealth which expressed itself in the form of securities. This process assimilated the western country to the older civilizations and has made us one with New York and London in the handling of financial affairs. Mr. Harris was more a part of this and more a maker of it than any other citizen of Chicago, for he cultivated in all those years more than any other one person the thought of placing savings in solid securities. His work grew with the growth of the city and the West and he impressed upon all the wisdom of investing rather than speculating. This distinction belongs peculiarly to him, because the organizations of which he was the head were Chicago and western and not in any sense mere branches of financial houses in the older cities. The business he carried on was a normal growth of the West, ... and the wealth of the West as expressed in bonds or in stock certificates largely took that form because of his intelligence, guidance, and inspiration.

Was it the remembrance of his youth and the picturesque country in which he had been brought up that led Mr. Harris as his years increased to want a summer home where there were woods and water? At all events he bought a tract of forested land on the north shore of Lake Geneva, 75 miles northwest of Chicago, and there built in 1906 a spacious summer residence. In memory of his mother he gave it her family name and called it Wadsworth Hall. As the years went by the family took more and more delight in it. There was a fleet of boats and the yacht "Normandie." The summers at Lake Geneva lengthened. The house was opened early in the spring and not closed till late in the autumn. The time came when the winters were, for the most part, spent abroad or in California, and the summers at Lake Geneva and, instead of the city house, Wadsworth Hall became practically the family residence.

While the principal business of Mr. Harris was naturally that of the great organization of which he was the head, interest or necessity put him, at times, into the directorate of other companies. He was, for example, chairman of the board of directors of the Michigan State Telephone Company and a director of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

He was, also quite naturally, a member of various clubs, among them the Union League and Chicago clubs in Chicago as well as others in New York. But he was not very much of a club or society man. His business, his church, his benevolences, and his home commanded his interest and his time. He loved books. He had not had a liberal education in his youth, but he was far more widely read than many college graduates.

In 1913 after forty-seven years of the most strenuous devotion to business Mr. Harris began to feel the need of moderating his activities. He was sixty-six years old and there were premonitions of failing health.

His son Albert succeeded him in the presidency of the bank and he assumed the less taxing position of chairman of the board of directors, continuing in that relation to the business to the end of his life.

He had always delighted in travel and business had taken him to all parts of our own country and sometimes abroad. As his son Albert grew up into the business and developed abilities of a high order his own liberty increased and he found time to spend some of his winters in Pasadena and in motoring through California. Motoring, indeed, and golf, at which he played a fairly good game, were his principal forms of recreation. In his trips abroad he motored through a great part of Europe. In one memorable journey in 1912 he and Mrs. Harris were accompanied by Professor N. Dwight Harris and wife. They saw much of Egypt (this being the second visit there of the father and mother). Returning west they visited Greece and Italy and motored through the Dolomites, the Austrian Tyrol (now Italian), Bavaria, South Germany, by way of Alsace into France, the Vosges Mountains, and across France to Paris. In the fateful summer of 1914 Mr. and Mrs. Harris went to Germany, intending after a brief stay at a sanatorium to motor through the country. It so happened that the physician they consulted was the medical adviser of the Kaiserin. He strongly advised them to abandon the plan of the motor trip through Germany. Day after day he recurred to this, suggesting that they would be wise to return home. Mr. Harris told him they did not wish to return and open their summer home. The doctor then urged him to go to England. He became so insistent on their leaving Germany that Mr. Harris began to fear that he or his wife might be physically worse off than they had suspected. Finally the doctor became so urgent that they left for Paris, which they reached July 28, 1914. The American Ambassador, Myron L. Herrick, was a warm friend and they dined at his house that same evening. After dinner the two men went into Mr. Herrick's den to smoke. While they were visiting the telephone bell rang and Mr. Herrick went to receive the message. Mr. Harris noticed that while he said little, his face went white. When he hung up the receiver he turned and said: "Unless Earl Grey can perform a miracle Europe will be plunged into war within a week." All at once he understood the reason of the insistence of the Kaiserin's physician that they should get out of Germany.

Quite unintentionally and most regretfully I have left myself scant allowance of space in which to speak of some of the most important and far-reaching activities of a life crowded with such activities. A life devoted only to business and family interests is only half a really normal life.

Devoted as Mr. Harris was to business and his family he did not forget the higher things of the spirit and the welfare of others. He made these also his daily business. As one who knew him well writes me: "The household régime was of the old-fashioned New England religious type. Not only the blessing at the table, but morning prayers directly after breakfast, whether the family was alone, or no matter how many guests, were the invariable rule." To me one of the most significant incidents in the life of Mr. Harris is the following. On one of his visits to New York a banquet of the organization was being held when word was received of the critical illness of one of the most honored officials. It was announced and Mr. Harris stood up and said: "I want to ask all of you to rise and stand while I offer a prayer for Mr. Black." His religion was as sincere and simple as that. Nothing seemed more appropriate to him in the midst of a banquet than that he their chief should lead them in a prayer for a well-loved associate who was in imminent prospect of death. The banquet over he went at once to his friend's bedside.

Soon after he made his home at 4520 Drexel Boulevard, becoming convinced that there was no more promising field for a church than the neighborhood in which he lived, he was the prime mover in establishing the St. James Methodist Church. G. F. Swift and others united with him in the movement. They secured Mr. McIntyre, later bishop, as pastor. Mr. Harris contributed $30,000 toward the church edifice and St. James rapidly grew into one of the great churches of the city. It was one of the main interests of Mr. Harris throughout the later years of his life.

Lacking the space to speak adequately of the really notable record Mr. Harris made in his personal labors and contributions of money for the public welfare, which might well fill all the pages of this sketch, I must content myself with merely outlining the story. For he did not confine himself to gifts of money, which would have been the easy way. He gave himself as well. He gave more than twenty-five years of service, as a trustee, to Northwestern University. He served the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago as a trustee and as vice-president of its board. He was a member of the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. He acted for many years as president of the board of the Chicago Training School for Home and Foreign Missions. He was a governing member of the Art Institute of Chicago and served the Northwestern University Settlement as treasurer. He was a trustee of the Wesley Memorial Hospital and of the Methodist Deaconess Orphanage. To these and other public-welfare causes he gave time and service out of a very busy life.

He did not wait till he became rich before he began to give money as well as personal service. He was economical in his personal expenditures, but not in his benevolences. As soon as he began to be prosperous his benefactions increased and grew great with his prosperity. Among the things one likes to hear of was his remembrance of his native town in gifts to the church of his youth, in assisting the town library, planting shade trees along miles of the highways, and providing funds for helping the boys and girls of Becket who wanted to go through high school or college. In Brookline, Massachusetts, there is a missionary training school building erected in memory of his mother. There is a Harris Missionary School building in Manila in the Philippines. He gave $50,000 to Mount Holyoke College, of which Mrs. Harris was a graduate. He established prizes of $500 and $300 in the Art Institute of Chicago, to be given annually in connection with the exhibition of paintings by American artists. In addition to annual and other special contributions he twice gave $10,000 to the Y.M.C.A. of Chicago. With Julius Rosenwald he gave $25,000 toward the Colored Y.M.C.A. building, and again with Mr. Rosenwald, John G. Shedd, Cyrus H. McCormick, Victor S. Lawson, William Wrigley, Jr., J. Odgen Armour, Joseph N. Field, James A. Patten, and Mrs. G. F. Swift and her family he gave $50,000 for the building of the Association Hotel, which has proved to be one of the wisest philanthropies of Chicago. He assured the establishment of the Deaconess Retiring Fund of the Methodist Church, giving $100,000 to start the Fund.

In 1894 Mr. Harris gave the Chicago Missionary Training School its site at Indiana avenue and Fiftieth Street, paying $20,000 for it. For the first two buildings for the School he gave large sums, $25,000 at one time. Later he contributed $50,000 for a chapel and organ. This school is one of the noblest memorials of his life. Another of these memorials, into which he put more than $30,000, is the Harris Home for Nurses of the Wesley Hospital.

I will not lay myself open to the accusation of the *Pine Torch*, the weekly paper of the Piney Woods School for colored people in Mississippi. It said of the papers which, after the death of Mr. Harris, told something of his benefactions: "They forgot to say that he stretched out a helping hand as one of the largest donors to the humble little school in the piney woods for colored boys and girls." Thus in the light and in the dark he distributed his bounty.

Among his great contributions was one of $250,000 for the "N. W. Harris Public School Extension of the Field Museum for the Study of Natural History." This fund carries the Museum to the pupils of all

the public schools. The specially prepared specimens, duplicating the vast and varied treasures of the great Museum, are transported in motor cars constructed for the purpose, and remain in a school for two weeks, to be exhibited and studied and then replaced by others. The interest this awakens among the pupils and its educational value to them are equally great.

But the largest gifts of Mr. Harris were made to Northwestern University. In addition to occasional contributions for various purposes he gave $25,000 to endow the Harris Lectureship, which, every year, brings to Evanston some distinguished scholar to deliver a course of six lectures. Later he gave $250,000 for Harris Hall, a fine building of three stories for housing the departments of political science, history, and economics. He was a large contributor in establishing the Chicago Community Trust.

This is a wholly inadequate story of the benefactions of Mr. Harris. The number of causes to which he was accustomed to contribute reached close to one hundred. They included institutions of learning, churches, missions, Christian associations, hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged and the friendless, relief societies, civic federations and leagues, and all kinds of public-welfare causes. To most of them he contributed, not only liberally, but regularly and continuously. It cannot be doubted that his various contributions amounted to much more than $1,000,000. Mr. Harris was one of the great givers of Chicago, giving cheerfully and graciously.

In 1909 I called on him to ask him for a thousand dollars for the University of Chicago. I found him one evening at his home on Drexel Boulevard. He gave me a cordial welcome, though I was a comparative stranger, listened with apparent interest to my appeal, and without hesitation gave me what I asked. He seemed pleased to give and treated me as though I had done him a favor in presenting to him the opportunity. I rejoice that the writing of this sketch enables me to make known, not only his extraordinary liberality, which, indeed, is already well known, but particularly the gracious manner and delightful spirit in which his gifts were made.

In the autumn of 1915 Mr. and Mrs. Harris started on a trip to the Orient, accompanied by Professor Harris and his wife. Fortunately a nurse was also one of the party. They stopped for a time in Honolulu and then went on to Japan. Before reaching that country Mr. Harris became so ill that he was compelled to take the first steamer home. His condition was so alarming that his son Albert went to Victoria to meet

him. On reaching Chicago, after spending a few days in the Wesley Hospital, he was taken to Wadsworth Hall at Lake Geneva. He gradually failed, the action of his heart perceptibly growing weaker. The last day of his life was July 15, 1916. On that day his son Albert took one of his chief business associates to call on him. As they were leaving he insisted on seeing his visitor to the station landing and his son to his home farther up the lake. He was carried on a cot to the deck of the "Normandie." Having landed his son at his dock, he lifted his cap and called out cheerfully, "Good bye, boy!" Later in the afternoon he fell into a quiet sleep from which he did not wake again on earth, and just before midnight quietly breathed his last. Had he lived just one month longer he would have been seventy years old. He was carried to his burial from St. James Church, bishops Hartzell and Quayle, both old and cherished friends, speaking at his funeral.

The *Economist* of Chicago paid him a very wonderful tribute when it said:

> Norman W. Harris expressed in his life and in his thirty-four years of activities in this city more of the great economic change in the West, more of the elevating contact of man with man and more of the stimulating and regulating function of fixed principles than any other resident of Chicago or vicinity whose death has been recorded since the city was founded.

I do not know whether this extraordinary estimate of Mr. Harris is entirely correct, but it is a privilege to tell the story of the life of a man of whom such an opinion is voiced by so authoritative a journal.

I have received some illuminating statements of the impression Mr. Harris made on those who knew him well. Here is one:

> It always impressed me that Mr. Harris was an easily understandable man. That is, he was not particularly communicative on business matters, but he did not wear masks. He was what he purported to be. He was reticent while he was reaching decisions, but he was not evasive. On the other hand, I had frequent occasions to say to myself while watching his dealings with others, "He doesn't feel that this man's motives are plainly visible. He is trying to make up his mind what is going on in the back of the stranger's head." I formed the opinion that, not only for business reasons, but for his own satisfaction, he was a sort of amateur psychoanalyst. It was a fad of his to try to size up other people's personal equation, to make out what motives besides the ostensible ones were behind their acts, and to pass judgment on their intellectual processes, as to whether they were of a kind which seemed to him reliable. I know, too, from his own words, that he tried to form the same sort of opinions of the acts of governments. Before and during the war he several times indicated to me that he was studying the acts of different European governments for indications as to the stability of their credit. At the same time he expressly disclaimed all pretension to wisdom on this larger problem. He simply felt the need of instruction about it.

Of his business characteristics and methods another refers to "his untiring energy," but says that he did not like to be bothered with details and adds, "Mr. Farr whom he selected to assist him was pre-eminently fitted for details and his experience, accuracy, and training made him invaluable." This man goes on to point out

His insistent policy of protecting the interests of investors to whom securities had been sold by doing everything possible, without regard to expense, to reduce to a minimum the loss from a security that might turn out badly, such cases fortunately being very rare. A third characteristic was his remarkable ability to lay out work for employees so that they should never have occasion to be idle. He was never idle himself and he could not tolerate idleness in others.

Continuing along this line a long-time employee says:

Even when supposedly on a vacation weekly statements followed him when in this country and cables when abroad. He always carried in his pocket for reference and comparison a record of the business in minute detail from its inception in 1882. When in the bank his mind was always absorbed in the business. He had with him a memorandum book for each of us who did things for him. In fact his presence was felt the moment he entered the bank. Mr. Harris was a great reader along business lines. This enabled him to look ahead and see future tendencies in the financial world. The matter of selecting the employees revealed his ability as shown in his success in surrounding himself with able men. There was little left for investigation after he had finished with credentials. This close attention to the business sometimes gave a wrong impression to the employees who thought him stern and unapproachable. On the contrary, underneath this business manner was an interested and lovable nature. He was kindly and thoughtful in giving opportunities to employees to obtain an interest in the business.

Another who knew him long and well speaks of him as follows:

Mr. N. W. Harris was the soul of honor and a man of indefatigable energy. He believed in the gospel of hard work as the only pathway to a successful career; but he possessed in a remarkable degree business intuition, powers of organization and concentration, and the gift of judging character. He was a man of high ideals and remained faithful to his early religious training throughout all his life. He was affable, friendly, and easy to meet, but he possessed remarkable self-control and could deal sternly, but justly, with anyone when circumstances demanded it. By nature he was kindly and generous.

He himself felt that he had lived a complete and full life. It is recalled by members of his family that some weeks before his death he said, one day, that he had accomplished all he set out to do, that he had finished all the work he had planned to carry out, and that he had done all the things in which he had a special interest—even to his travels.

Mr. Harris accumulated and bequeathed to his family a large estate. But in accordance with the benevolent practices of his life he left a bequest of $500,000 for charitable and educational institutions. His

family committed the distribution of $400,000 of this fund to the Chicago Community Trust. In addition to this, annuities aggregating about $10,000 were provided for seven schools and charities in which he had long been interested. Being dead he still lives in these noble benefactions.

Mrs. Harris survived her husband about three years, till 1919. Desiring to leave some enduring memorial of him and having the same confidence in the family he had shown, she left a fund for such a memorial in the hands of the children. In 1922 Mr. and Mrs. M. Haddon MacLean, the son-in-law and daughter of Mr. Harris, attended at Williamstown, Massachusetts, the sessions of the Institute of Politics. The interest and importance of the subjects discussed when laid before the sons of Mr. Harris suggested the nature of the memorial to be established. Several members of the family had been students of the University of Chicago and it was decided to establish the memorial in connection with that institution. President Judson was consulted and the suggestions of prominent professors were secured. The proposal, as finally matured and approved by the family, was submitted to the trustees on February 2, 1923, in a letter signed by Mrs. MacLean.

This Letter of Gift called attention to the desirability of promoting among Americans a better understanding of other nations and the value of wisely directed educational effort in combating the disintegrating tendency of the spirit of distrust which pervades the Old World, and which is not without its effect upon our own country. Believing that the University of Chicago is eminently fitted to assume a part of this important task of clarifying thought and spreading truth, the children of Mr. Harris, Albert W. Harris, Professor N. Dwight Harris, Hayden B. Harris, Stanley G. Harris, and Pearl Harris MacLean, together with M. Haddon MacLean, provided the trustees of the University with an endowment in the principal sum of $150,000 with which to create a foundation for such work.

The purpose of the foundation was stated to be the promotion of a better understanding by American citizens of the other peoples of the world, thus establishing a basis for improved international relations and a more enlightened world-order. It was specified that the aim should always be to give accurate information, not to propagate opinion, and it was recommended that the method should be that of public lectures by eminent persons from all lands, persons of wide experience in public affairs, whether educational, political, commercial, social, or economic.

It was provided that the trustees might supplement the lectures in any way approved by them in keeping with the spirit of the bequest.

Wide latitude was given to the trustees in administering the foundation, and it was provided that the scope of the work should be determined by them, always bearing in mind its purpose.

In order that the foundation should not in the future fail of its purpose because of changed conditions, it was provided that in the event that at any time for any reason there should cease to be a need for lectures and studies of the character provided for, the trustees might, at their discretion, use the funds available for the promotion of the study of the institutions and government of this country in order to disseminate knowledge of the fundamental principles upon which our Republic was founded, and to inculcate in our citizens the spirit of true Americanism.

This foundation was made possible, it was stated, by the children of Mr. Harris, through the generosity of their mother, Emma Gale Harris, who in her will provided a fund to be used as directed by the children as a memorial to their father.

This proposal received the warm approval of the trustees and thus there has been built into the history of the University of Chicago, as a tribute of family affection, this unique memorial, which, through succeeding generations, will help to bring the nations of the earth nearer together in understanding and good will and encourage "a more enlightened world-order," while at the same time it promotes among our own citizens "the spirit of true Americanism."

Mr. Harris will not be forgotten. His own life linked his name with that of another university, by long service and princely benefactions. And, among the many memorials of his life those which make his name a part of the history of two great universities will not be the least enduring and beneficent.

LEON MANDEL

LEON MANDEL

It is a far cry from my quiet study to that little country, the Rhenish Palatinate, which lies on the west side of the Rhine north of Alsace and east of the Saar Valley, for the last hundred years a part of Germany. Not quite fifty miles square, it is a little larger than Cook County, Illinois, but is divided into 661 communes, towns, and villages and sustains a population of nearly a million. Few states, large or small, have undergone so many changes in economic fortunes, in government and in boundaries. Many times it has been laid waste and made a desert by hostile armies. But being one of the most fertile regions of Europe it has always quickly recovered from the devastations of war and has supported a dense population. It is a most attractive land of fertile valleys through which small streams find their way to the Rhine, rolling hills and low, wooded mountains. It has no large cities, though Mannheim and Heidelberg once belonged to it. Worms, famous for its connection with Martin Luther, is on its northeast boundary and Speyer is now its capital.

It was not far from the center of this little Old World state that on September 10, 1841, Leon Mandel was born in the village of Kertzenheim. One wonders if the name Kertzenheim, Candlehome, the home of the candle, indicates an early industry of the place. When Leon Mandel was born it was a small village of less than a thousand people, and was surrounded by many villages like it. I asked an intelligent lady who visited Kertzenheim and the surrounding country in 1922 how near the villages were to each other. She said without hesitation, "They are about a quarter of a mile apart." And the answer indicates that these little villages abound in a way quite unknown to us. The houses are all of stone, most of them small, a story or a story and a half high. In these live not only the merchants and mechanics but also the farmers. The farms are not in one large holding, but a farmer living in the village will have three or four or eight or ten separate small holdings in different directions from the village. These small fields are like so many gardens. Every foot of land is cultivated and many kinds of fruit and grain yield abundant harvests.

Almost every village had its Jewish colony. In Kertzenheim there were some ten Jewish families. Like his sons after him, Faber Mandel,

the father of Leon, was a dry goods merchant. He married Caroline Klein and there were born four sons, Solomon, Simon, Leon, and Emanuel. There was a boys' school in the village and there they got their early education. When Solomon was fifteen or sixteen and Leon eight or nine years old, the father, Faber, died. His small dry goods business had barely supported the family and the mother was left in straitened circumstances. About the time of her husband's death her brother Simon migrated to the New World and soon established himself in the dry goods and notions business in Chicago. The oldest of his Mandel nephews, Solomon, accompanied him, or soon followed him, and became perhaps at first his clerk, but was soon a partner in the dry goods house of Klein and Mandel.

Three or four years after her husband's death, in 1852 or 1853, Mrs. Mandel decided to follow her brother and her oldest son to Chicago. A few years before, the German Jews, suffering under many disabilities, had begun to emigrate to this country in large numbers. The revolutionary disorders of 1848 and the following years had increased this movement. They looked to the United States as the land of freedom and of opportunity. Mrs. Mandel had a family of unusual sons, gifted by nature with business abilities of a high order and ambitious for opportunities that did not exist for them in the little village of Kertzenheim. Their mother believed in them and sympathized with their ambitions, and with the help of relatives secured the means for making the great adventure of seeking a more promising field for her sons' abilities more than four thousand miles away in what was still the new city of Chicago. It was a great adventure and a great undertaking. But though Mrs. Mandel was a little woman, she was strong in body and of a high courage. When she and her three sons, Simon, Leon, and Emanuel, started on their long journey it was so important an event that a cousin then five years old recalls distinctly after seventy years the loading of the family baggage in the wagon and their departure for the city of Worms, fifteen miles away. From Worms the travelers proceeded to Havre, where they took a sailing vessel across the Atlantic. Welcomed in Chicago after the long voyage and established in a new home, both necessity and ambition sent at least the older son out to seek employment.

When Leon Mandel made his home in Chicago in 1852–53 it was a city in embryo, really an overgrown village. It had 60,000 or 65,000 inhabitants. There were only seven public schools, with thirty-five teachers. Perhaps Leon attended one of these for a year or more. There was no high school. Railroad connection with the East had been made

only a year or two before. The Illinois Central was only just beginning to run trains out of the city, as was the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific. These were the only western roads running trains at the beginning of 1854 except the Galena & Chicago Union. It was still the day of plank roads and tollgates. There was no drainage system and the first permanent sewer had not yet been built. The business district had not been lifted out of the mud and the streets were still practically unpaved. In 1853 there were only eight bridges across the Chicago River and its north and south branches. There were no street railways. Manufacturing had hardly begun. Chicago was a crude, ragged, big village. But the pioneer days were over and the tremendous developments of the new era were already under way. No place in the world offered greater opportunities to boys fitted by character, ability, and purpose to improve them.

Leon Mandel was such a boy. Brought up by devout parents, endowed by nature with uncommon business abilities, feeling the spur of necessity urging him to industry, belonging to a highly gifted race, and ambitious to succeed—these were the invaluable assets with which he began his career. There were, of course, handicaps. He was a foreigner and had prejudices to overcome. He had a new language to learn. He and his mother and his two brothers were without resources in a strange land. They had to begin at the bottom, and those first years in Chicago must have been hard ones. That he was very early supporting himself seems clear from the fact that the Chicago Directory of 1856 records him as "clerk with Greenebaum Brothers, bankers at 45 Clark Street." The Greenebaum Brothers were those well-known men, Elias and Henry Greenebaum, and their house, continued from that time to this, had then just been established. Young Mandel was a boy fifteen years old. Either before or after this clerkship he spent a short time with Rosenfeld and Rosenberg, a dry goods store at 180 Lake Street. A little later he entered the employment of Ross and Foster, a wholesale and retail dry goods house at 71 Lake Street. This firm, which ranked among the first in the city, later became Ross and Gossage, remembered by many persons still living. Leon, as a boy, must have had an engaging personality, as it is related that Mr. Ross became fond of him and "invited the boy on numerous occasions to be his guest on hunting and fishing trips and country outings" at his stock farm. He entered the service of the firm as a cash boy at two dollars per week, but displayed such application and ability that he was soon promoted to a clerkship on larger pay.

Meantime, his uncle and his oldest brother, Solomon, had put their funds together and established at 108 Clark Street, the corner of Monroe,

the dry goods firm of Klein and Mandel, with the youngest of the Mandel boys, Emanuel, as their clerk. Their business grew so rapidly that in 1860 and 1861 they were able to offer such inducements to the other brothers, Simon and Leon, as brought them also as clerks into their employment. With their mother the boys lived over the store. Their quarters must have been somewhat cramped, as Leon used to relate in after life that he was often compelled to sleep on the counter in the store. The family, after its various fortunes, was now united and in the business of its choice and the future began to brighten. Such indeed was the prosperity of the business and the promise of the future that in 1862–63 Solomon branched out for himself at 283–285 Clark Street, the corner of Van Buren, and took his youngest brother, Emanuel, with him as a clerk. Simon and Leon remained with their uncle and either at once or very soon became his partners, the firm name becoming Simon Klein and Company. Both stores prospered for the next two years, and then an event occurred which changed everything and determined the future of the three younger brothers. Solomon died when about thirty years old. He had, in ten years, beginning with nothing, an immigrant in a strange land, by frugality, industry, and what must have been rare business ability, accumulated $20,000. He left half of this to his mother and brothers. While the estate was being settled the Solomon Mandel business seems to have been continued, for a year later, in 1865, the three brothers formed the partnership of Mandel Brothers and their place of business was that previously occupied by the deceased brother.

It is through the very early entrance into the dry goods trade of Solomon, the oldest of the four brothers, to whose business Mandel Brothers succeeded, that the firm traces the origin of the business back to 1855. It was the same business, continued in the same store under the new name of Mandel Brothers.

Since that time nearly sixty years have passed. Palmer, Field and Leiter of that day has become, after various changes, Marshall Field and Company. Carson, Pirie and Company has become Carson, Pirie, Scott and Company. Mandel Brothers has continued with no change of name, sharing that unique distinction, among the great dry goods houses, with John V. Farwell and Company only. And it is a curious fact that these two great houses were organized under their present names in the same year, 1865.

It is difficult to realize the changes that have taken place in that part of Chicago where the firm of Mandel Brothers began its career. South of the corner of Clark and Van Buren was in the early sixties of the last

century a very attractive residence district. I was an attendant at one of the churches which flourished only three or four blocks directly south and remember it as one of the pleasantest parts of the city. The location of the store was altogether eligible. The proprietors were young. Leon was twenty-four years old, Simon four years older and Emanuel two years younger. They had been well trained in the business. They were ambitious to succeed. They worked early and late. They formed a conspicuous example of the family solidarity which characterizes the Jewish people. They had the advantage of succeeding to a business already established by their older brother, Solomon, and with the new talent and energy they put into it the enterprise prospered from the beginning. It was at first a "dry goods and notions" store. Three years later, in 1868, the firm appeared in the city directory as "Mandel Brothers, Wholesale and Retail dry goods." On their branching out into the wholesale trade Leon transferred his headquarters to New York as buyer for the firm and continued to reside there for the next two years.

It was probably as a customer that he became acquainted with the great New York merchant of that day, A. T. Stewart. His frank, genial, engaging manner attracted the merchant prince, and their business acquaintance ripened into friendship. Anxiously looking for the secret of success, the young man said to Mr. Stewart one day, "Please tell me how you run your business." Far from being displeased, the older man was flattered by the request and communicated all the information he could as to his methods and gave Mr. Mandel many valuable suggestions.

It was during this brief period of residence in New York that Mr. Mandel married Miss Belle Foreman, the daughter of Henry Foreman. Mr. Foreman was at that time representing the interests of the Foreman Brothers wholesale clothing house of Chicago, looking after the manufacturing end of the business in Philadelphia. Mr. Mandel being accustomed to exchange week-end visits with a cousin in Philadelphia who was a friend of the Foreman family became, through him, acquainted with Miss Foreman and the acquaintance developed into an engagement and their marriage in that city in 1869. Soon after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Mandel returned to Chicago and made their home at 43 Hubbard Court. There their two sons, Frederick L. and Robert Mandel, were born.

After this return from New York the firm changed its location from Clark and Van Buren streets to the northwest corner of State and Harrison streets, where they bought a lot and built their own store, fifty feet wide and three stories high.

The year 1871 found Mr. Mandel in exceptionally pleasant circumstances. He was thirty years old, happily married and with children in his home. The long struggle against adverse conditions to make a place for himself in a strange land was apparently over. By thrift, industry, integrity, ability, and indomitable purpose he had made this place for himself in the new world. He had established himself in a prosperous and growing business and the future of the house of Mandel Brothers looked bright with promise. Then came what will always be known in Chicago as "The Great Fire." Mandel Brothers' store almost escaped the vast conflagration. The southernmost limit of the fire east of Clark Street was the north line of Harrison. Nothing was burned south of the Mandel Store. It almost escaped. The home of Mr. Mandel on Hubbard Court, which is a short street, reaching only two blocks from State Street to Michigan Avenue, lying immediately south of Harrison Street, the southern limit of the fire, did escape by this single block. But what it contained was more precious than the contents of the store, his wife and two helpless babes. As the hours of the fateful Sunday night wore on toward Monday morning and he saw that the flames had leaped the river and were enveloping the business section of the South Side, he knew that his store called him, but feared to leave his little family in possible danger. The youngest boy was not three months old and the older less than two years. Leaving the house, the father and mother started out in the middle of the night, with the two boys in their arms, to seek refuge in the home of Mr. Foreman, Mrs. Mandel's father, who had returned to Chicago and was living on Michigan Avenue, just north of Twenty-second Street. No conveyance could be got and they walked down Wabash Avenue as far as Thirteenth Street. Here Mrs. Mandel told her husband she could go no farther. Happily a friend, M. A. Meyer, was living on the corner of Michigan Avenue, only one block away. There they were, of course, hospitably received. Having found this safe shelter for his family, Mr. Mandel hastened back to see whether his store was still standing. He not only found it standing but for some time had reason to hope it might escape, as the line of fire ran northeast before the fierce southwest wind. However, he wisely decided to take no chances and happily securing a conveyance of some kind, carriage or express wagon, at a cost of five hundred dollars, he piled this high with his most valuable goods and sent them to Mr. Foreman's place on Michigan Avenue. I judge that several trips were made, as the goods were scattered over much of Mr. Foreman's yard. The three brothers had a busy and anxious night. They hoped, indeed, that the fire would sweep to the north and

west of them. But as Monday morning came on it began to eat south into the wind, and finally the store with the greater part of the stock fell a prey to the flames as they looked helplessly on.

They had saved something, however, enough to make a new beginning with if a place could be found in which to begin. Mr. Mandel, familiar with the neighborhood in which his father-in-law lived, knew of a small cigar store on Twenty-second Street and Michigan Avenue, and before the great fire had burned itself out he had bought the store with its stock, disposed of the stock, and moved his own goods in. It is well known that the other big dry goods houses moved temporarily to the region of Twenty-second Street. To Mandel Brothers, it is said, belongs the distinction of being the first to open there after the fire. The lot on which the cigar store stood extended beyond the small building on the corner fifty feet along Michigan Avenue and work was at once begun to extend the structure to cover the entire lot. While Leon was attending to these matters, Simon and Emanuel were equally busy. One started immediately for Milwaukee and the other for Detroit to order new goods and get them to Chicago as soon as possible. And thus, with the loss of hardly a day, Mandel Brothers were again carrying on.

No one who did not live through it can realize the terribleness of the blow that had fallen on Chicago. On that never-to-be-forgotten Monday, October 9, 1871, I spent more than ten hours viewing the raging tornado of fire from every side. In the morning I was at Kinzie and Wells streets and saw the conflagration beginning to engulf the North Side. Later in the forenoon I passed round the south side of the burning area, and in the afternoon spent hours on Michigan Avenue as far north as Adams Street. It was a frightful spectacle and an appalling disaster. It was one of those unspeakable calamities that ought to have left men dazed, bewildered, momentarily at least overwhelmed. The amazing thing about it was that the business men of the Chicago of that day did not sit down to bemoan their losses for a single day. Instead of destroying initiative and courage and energy the fire seemed to have re-created them all. The day after the city seemed to be destroyed, Chicago rose like a giant refreshed and began the work of reconstruction, and the story of its original creation is tame and commonplace compared with the story of its re-creation. It was said of the men of the Chicago of that time that not one of them stopped to weep until he realized the unparalleled generosity of a sympathetic world to his stricken city. They were too busy and of too high a courage.

The Mandel brothers did not stop a moment to bewail their losses.

These were great, probably all they had possessed, except experience, courage, ability, ambition, and energy. And one thing more they had—credit. With these resources they began again. Rather they continued, for, as I have already indicated, they had not stopped. The day after the fire they were selling goods in their new store on Twenty-second Street. This was so good a street for the re-establishment of the trade that, as I have said, the other important dry goods houses reopened on or near that street. Most of the railroads entering the city from the south made Twenty-second Street temporarily their terminal and brought trade to the merchants. Mandel Brothers did a large business on Twenty-second Street, so large, indeed, that they continued it for more than twenty years. It was too profitable to be discontinued.

But not for a moment was the purpose forgotten to make the business center of the city the real field of their activities. Their credit was good. It is well known that after the fire eastern manufacturers and jobbers generously extended the credits of their Chicago customers and encouraged them to order all the goods they needed. With the Twenty-second Street store making money, and with unlimited credit, the Mandels, only two or three years after the fire, in 1874, again opened their downtown store which they had rebuilt on the northwest corner of State and Harrison streets, only to be again burned out in the fire of 1874. Had it not been for the incomparable extent and destructiveness of the fire of 1871 that of 1874 would be remembered as the great fire. In the extent of the territory burned over it is second only to that of 1871. It broke out in the afternoon of July 14 and defied all efforts to stop it till the following morning. It began on Clark Street near Harrison, reached as far north as Van Buren Street and as far south as Polk, a distance of nearly half a mile, and swept eastward to Michigan Avenue, covering an area of forty-seven acres. The buildings consumed numbered 812. One schoolhouse and eight churches, the Jewish synagogue among them, were destroyed. Nearly forty brick building blocks were burned and among these was the new store of Mandel Brothers, which this time was directly in the line of fire.

In the preceding year, 1873, they had suffered from the panic which had affected so disastrously the business of the country, but had successfully weathered the storm, so successfully, indeed, that they had extended their operations by opening the new store at State and Harrison. Its destruction, following so soon after the great fire and the panic, was little less than a tragedy. Fortunately for Mr. and Mrs. Mandel they had not returned after the great fire of 1871 to their home on Hubbard Court.

By a narrow margin their house had escaped that conflagration only to be swept away by this one of 1874. But instead of returning to it they had moved a few blocks southeast to 372 Calumet Avenue, where they continued to live for about three years. There their daughter Fannie, who became the wife of Oscar G. Foreman, the banker, was born.

In 1874 the three Mandel brothers were still young men, Leon being only thirty-three years old. They must have been possessed of indomitable courage and self-reliance and faith in the future of the dry goods business in Chicago. Otherwise they would, after all these staggering blows, have contented themselves with their Twenty-second Street business until they had recovered from the losses they had suffered. But they had had a vision which inspired them and had conceived an ambition to locate their store in the very center of the business district and make their way into the front rank in the dry goods trade of Chicago. They now took a long step in that direction and immediately re-established themselves at 52 Washington Street, between State and Dearborn. But this was only a gesture to indicate their purpose. Their aim was the busiest corner of State Street. This was said to be State and Madison, which has often been declared to be the busiest street crossing in the world. Only a year after locating on Washington Street, therefore, they rented 123 State Street, which was only fifty feet north of Madison. In the new location the business had a rapid development. The trade quickly became so large that it required a resident buyer in New York City, and before the close of 1876 Mr. Mandel established an office and his home in that city. The store was soon enlarged and within six years was occupying 117, 119, 121, and 123 State Street. In 1884 the north part of the lot was purchased and the store enlarged. Mandel Brothers took its place as one of the great retail dry goods houses of the city and went forward in that career of uninterrupted success and prosperity which has continued for the forty years that have since elapsed.

Although Mr. Mandel's home and business headquarters were in New York he was of course in Chicago two or three times a year and in constant touch with the selling as well as with the purchasing end of the business. His office in New York was at 86–88 Franklin Street and an office was also established at No. 6 Rue Conservatoire, Paris. The constantly expanding business kept him in New York nearly eighteen years, from 1876 to 1893. During all this time, however, he regarded himself as a Chicago man. He remained a member of the Sinai Congregation. This well-known Jewish congregation was organized in 1860, while Leon

Mandel was still a boy. He became in later life one of its prominent members. For many years he sat on its executive board, and for several terms was vice-president, the friend and associate of Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, who paid him this tribute:

> He, a busy man . . . . always had time for serving on the boards of our religious and philanthropic societies. He was with us heart and soul when we resolved to apply the new method to the financing of our charities. . . . . He was with us when we rebuilt our hospital. He was with us at all times in Sinai Congregation. . . . . He stood by me unwaveringly. For him our Temple meant something. He certainly, if any, had the right to believe that he knew the contents of the book of life as did few others. He had written his name in the annals of this young giant city's story in letters indelible. . . . . Could he not have reasoned with seeming strong justification that such message as our pulpit is called and competent to give was not for him? Yet the great and successful man of affairs was rarely absent from his pew when the hour came around for the loyal sons of Sinai to assemble for study and uplift.

As one of these sons of the Sinai Congregation he was interested in all its undertakings. One of these undertakings was the establishment, about 1889, of the Jewish Training School which has done a very valuable work, particularly for the children of Jewish immigrants. Dr. Charles R. Henderson said of it: "It is one of the best schools I ever knew, in both spirit and method. . . . . It is not a trade or industrial school. It is a training school offering opportunities for the training of the mental, moral and physical sides—the complete rounding out of the life of the pupil." It has had a large attendance and its graduates enter the city high schools without examination. In establishing and sustaining this school Mr. Mandel and his family were the chief contributors. Rabbi Hirsch tells the story in these words:

> We had been planning the founding of a school which, primarily designed to benefit the children of recent refugees from Russian tyranny, was meant to be at the same time the pattern public school, the model, illustrating how the educational trinity—head, hand and heart—may in one comprehensive service he brought to flowering in the harmonious growth of competency, character and creative labor. But it was Leon Mandel who made it possible for us to carry our plans into effect. One morning he did me the honor of visting my study. I remember his words most distinctly. Said he: "I feel that I am indebted to this city. I should like to discharge some of this indebtedness. I have heard of your intention to found a school something like that now in existence in New York under the directorship of Felix Adler. I am with you and you are authorized by me to announce that my check for $20,000 is at the disposal of the friends of such a school." It was the first time in our circles that a man offered a sum of this—for those days—great magnitude for one of our communal institutions while living. Most of our benefactors have remembered our needs in their last will and testament. But Leon Mandel was the pioneer among us in this noble and more consecrated field of philanthropical serving. He showed his mastership over his own possessions. They were his, not he theirs. And his example has since borne good fruit. He sowed a seed from which a great harvest has since sprung up.

Later he contributed $5,000 more to the School. His daughter, Mrs. Oscar G. Foreman, gave $15,000, and Mrs Emanuel Mandel not only gave money but has been president of the board of the school and an active promoter of its interests.

In New York four more daughters were born in the Mandel family—Ida, who later married M. H. Mandelbaum, a Chicago business man; Blanche, who is now the wife of Jesse Strauss, a Chicago merchant; Louise, who married the late J. M. Wineman; and Florence, who still lives with her mother. The sons and daughters received most of their education in New York. For some years they attended the public schools and later the sons spent some time in the private school of Dr. Sachs and the Packard Business College. In 1884 Frederick went abroad for study in Germany, and in 1885 Robert went to Paris where his older brother joined him and they spent a year together studying French. The growing business calling for their services more and more insistently year after year finally prevailed over plans of further study and took them both to Chicago, Frederick in 1888 and Robert in 1889, each entering the store at the age of eighteen.

As the business expanded the demands on Mr. Mandel in New York as buyer grew more and more onerous. Simon and Emanuel were compelled to go to that city frequently to supplement his labors. At the outset and through the early years they were the only buyers. But the demands on the purchasing department so increased that additional buyers had to be trained and sent to New York, and later to Paris and other parts of the world until the work done by the three brothers came to demand the energies of a hundred and fifty buyers.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Mandel devoted himself during his long residence in New York to nothing but business. He was there the same public-spirited, generous-minded man he was in Chicago. He connected himself by contributions of money or personal service, or both, with many organizations of charity. For many years he was a director of the Mount Sinai Hospital of that city. He was generously interested in the Hebrew Orphan Asylum and in the instruction of deaf mutes.

The arduous work of many years finally so impaired his health that in 1889 he went abroad for rest and recovery. Mrs. Mandel and their daughters accompanied him and they spent two years in Europe. Their daughters were placed in German schools while the father sought recovery in various health resorts. Later they traveled and saw much of the Old World. Mr. Mandel was able to gratify his love of art by visiting the

great collections and studying the productions of the world's most famous artists. But he also remembered his youth and the place of his nativity, the Rhine and the Palatinate. Among the places visited was Kertzenheim, the little village from which the mother and her three sons had migrated to America thirty-seven years before, when the boy Leon was eleven or twelve years old. He found his old school teacher still living and the great merchant paid him a visit. He found his native village very much as he had left it, with the same cobble-stone pavement in the main street, the same small stone houses, and, as in his youth, the watchman calling the hours of the night.

In 1891–92 the business in Chicago had so expanded as to need Mr. Mandel's personal presence. It had become more completely departmentalized and needed the personal supervision of all the brothers. The number of trained and competent buyers had been so multiplied that the purchasing end of the business could be left with them while Mr. Mandel devoted himself to the further organization and development of the great store. He, therefore, returned to Chicago in 1892–93, making his home for a year or two at 1903 Calumet Avenue. One of the first things he did, however, was to buy a lot and build a permanent home at 3409 Michigan Avenue. There in a commodious stone house he spent the last seventeen years of his life.

The store and business to which Mr. Mandel returned in 1892–93 was very different from the store and business he had left when he went to New York in 1876. The business had expanded so rapidly that in 1880 a five-story building, 117 and 119 State Street, adjoining the old store on the north, had been acquired, doubling their space and making a really great store. After his return the development of the business was accelerated. Mandel Brothers had arrived. The three German-Jewish clerks of 1862 in thirty years had built up a magnificently successful enterprise of their own and were in the front rank among the merchants of Chicago. It sounds like a story out of the *Arabian Nights*, but there had been no magic in it save the magic of a worthy ambition, business genius, foresight, integrity, service to the public, and the hardest kind of hard work. The House of Mandel was established. The confidence and patronage of a great public had been won and the future prosperity of the House was assured.

But this assured prosperity did not satisfy Mr. Mandel and his brothers. They had, indeed, arrived, but they had not by any means achieved the goal of their ambition. They had all passed their youth, but they had lost none of their initiative. The business had always been

a partnership, but in 1898 it became a corporation with Leon Mandel as president. I have already said that Frederick and Robert, his sons, had entered the store in 1888 and 1889, when they were eighteen years old. Four of the five sons of the older brother, Simon—Frank, Milton, Leonard, and Eugene—also went into the store, as they grew up, as did Emanuel's sons, Frank and Edwin, the latter of whom entered the business on leaving the University of Chicago in 1896.

The next step in the evolution of the great business was the extension of the store south to Madison Street. It will be recalled that the first store on State Street, No. 123, was 50 feet north of Madison and covered 25 feet. The first expansion took in 25 feet north, No. 121. The next included 50 feet more to the north, Nos. 117 and 119. These four numbers gave them about 100 feet front which they owned. They wanted and needed the corner, Nos. 125 and 127 State Street. But as it was owned by Marshall Field and could not be bought, they leased it for ninety-nine years with the five-story building which covered it. Although this increased their space by one-third, such was the growth of the business and the demand for more room that, a little later, 150 feet across the alley and fronting on Wabash Avenue, with large additional store room, was acquired. The years only repeat this story of increasing business ever demanding more room and the struggle to keep pace with these demands. In 1904 these became so imperative that the Wabash Avenue stores were razed to the ground and during that and the following year a great twelve-story building, covering the entire space, 150 feet on that avenue, was erected, immensely enlarging and improving facilities and increasing trade.

I have told a story of very remarkable business foresight, enterprise, energy, and success. This is by no means the end of that story. And that is not the whole story of Mr. Mandel's life. He was far more than a business man. Absorbed as he was in the annually expanding affairs of the great business, he had time for other interests. His early educational training had been limited, but he had an alert intelligence, an inquiring mind, and by observation, reading, study, and reflection educated himself until he became not only a well informed but a cultivated man. In a brief published sketch of him it is said:

> Music and the arts knew him as a generous patron and he was one of those active in the movement to establish permanent grand opera in Chicago. As he traveled abroad his love of fine paintings developed and his gallery contained many interesting canvases of Corot, Gerome, Alma Tadema, Rosa Bonheur, Schreyer, Breton and others and these were frequently placed on exhibition in the Art Institute that they might be enjoyed by the public.

This testimony is confirmed by Dr. Hirsch, who says of him:

> He, the village-born German Jewish lad, grew to be a lover of Art and a discriminating judge of painting. Strange contrast this,— the child under the roof of a humble cottage, in a hamlet whither art never wended her way;—the man owner of one of the choicest collections of modern paintings brought together in this city. Much as he loved his canvases he regarded them only as his in trust for others. His little gallery was open to all who might have the right to visit it from their worship of genius or skill.

One of the most useful organizations in Chicago is the Associated Jewish Charities. During the last forty years of the nineteenth century, the Jews of Chicago, rapidly increasing in numbers, organized various charitable efforts. In the year 1900, with great wisdom, they unified their charitable work by organizing the Associated Jewish Charities, which undertook to provide for their fifteen or twenty accredited charitable institutions. Mr. Mandel was one of the men interested in this great public enterprise. For a number of years he was one of the directors and an annual and increasingly large contributor to its funds. The "Associated," as they term it, is the central organization for the collection and distribution of funds. The various charities maintain their organized life and administer their own affairs, but the "Associated" relieves them from the burdens of soliciting and collecting funds. It has had a remarkable history. It quickly gained the support of the Jewish people. The number of its subscribers rapidly increased until they reached nearly or quite 10,000, and many of them from time to time increased their contributions. Among these was Mr. Mandel who, beginning with a thousand dollars in 1900, increased the amount from year to year until at the time of his death, eleven years later, he was giving six or eight times as much.

The first on the list of institutions maintained in large part by the "Associated" is the Michael Reese Hospital. This is the great Jewish hospital of Chicago, most catholic in its management, receiving patients of all faiths and all races. It is the successor of a Jewish hospital which was destroyed by the great fire of 1871. It received its name from a very wealthy Jew who spent many years in California and died in Europe. He had relatives in Chicago and, dying about 1879, left $97,000 for the Jewish hospital in that city. The first Michael Reese Hospital was built on the corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Ellis Avenue, a three-story brick building with two wings. It rapidly outgrew these quarters and soon after the organization of the "Associated" it was determined to replace the old building with a more commodious one. Mr. Mandel was one of those deeply interested in the project, so deeply indeed that he was made the chairman of the building committee. It was at first proposed to

raise $400,000 for the new building, but this being found inadequate, the sum was increased to $700,000, and this was raised by the building committee. Mr. Mandel contributed personally $11,000, to which the firm of Mandel Brothers added $20,000, and the Mandel family together contributed about $50,000. The result was one of the largest and most completely equipped hospitals in Chicago, which in addition to caring for paying patients does a very large charitable work for Jews and Gentiles alike.

The University of Chicago was founded in 1890–91, while Mr. Mandel was in Europe, and began its educational work October 1, 1892. During the succeeding year its total attendance reached 742. At the end of seven years it exceeded 3,000. Meantime it had been compelled to get along without a chapel or assembly hall large enough to much more than accommodate its faculty, to say nothing of the student body. The need of such a hall became every year more urgent until it seemed imperative. In 1899 the facts were laid before Mr. Mandel. He was already a friend of the University, having made contributions to it five years before. He gave a hospitable hearing to this new appeal and finally contributed $75,000 for the erection of an assembly hall and $10,000 for the installation of an organ. The Leon Mandel Assembly Hall is one of the beautiful collection of buildings known as the Tower Group. These are the Hutchinson Hall, the Mitchell Tower, the Reynolds Club House, and the Leon Mandel Assembly Hall. They are all connected and unified by a spacious cloister. The cornerstones of all of them were laid on the same day, June 18, 1901, the last day of what was known as the Decennial Celebration. This celebration was made memorable also by the presence of John D. Rockefeller, the Founder, who listened with interest to the addresses made at the laying of these cornerstones. Before the laying of each stone President Harper made a brief statement, the stone was laid by a student, and an address was made by a member of the faculty. President Harper, after telling how the University had suffered for lack of such a building, said:

> The Assembly Hall, of which the corner-stone is at this moment to be placed, will be that building on the grounds which, more than any other, will represent the unity of our University life. Here we shall receive words from the lips of the greatest characters. Here we shall assemble for recreation. On this spot there will grow up a community of feeling, a center of activity which no other portion of the grounds will furnish. The University is indebted for this great addition to its general equipment to a highly esteemed citizen of Chicago, Mr. Leon Mandel, whose interest in higher education and in the work of the University has led him to make this generous gift.

The cornerstone address was delivered by Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, minister of the Sinai Congregation and professor in the University of

Rabbinical Literature and Philosophy. It was so unique and eloquent that I cannot refrain from quoting the following: "They who know the history of the donor will read his life's record as pointing a moral easily deduced from that of many thousands that left home and family across the ocean to seek and find here a new liberty to develop their manhood. He, like so many of his generation, brought to these shores no other capital save that of determination, no other treasure save those spelled integrity and devotion to duty. They came not in quest of gold so much as they did in search of opportunity. . . . . Certainly they received much from the hand proffered in generous welcome to receive them. . . . . But they never forgot their indebtedness to the land of their adoption and mature love. It is not unessential to recall to the Americans of this generation that our civilization as well as our people did not spring from one source. . . . . The whole world has been our mother. America is in very truth a new world. This will be among the clearest notes which the Leon Mandel Assembly Hall will strike in the reflective minds of those for whose high purpose it is destined. Receiving much the immigrants of other lands conferred much. Representative of his class, typical of the impulses regnant in their dispositions, the man for whom this building will be named, was prompted to his gift by the recognition that, if Chicago and America have offered him opportunities, he would be untrue to the best and noblest of his nature were he not willing to make some return in service and helpfulness in the temple of the higher humanities to his kind city and country. He willingly enrolled himself among the generous, large-hearted and strong-minded merchants of other nativity that, having made the Chicago of our day, would prepare for the uprearing of a still more superb Chicago of the dawning century. A German by birth, an American by election, Mr. Mandel has indeed shown himself to be a typical Chicagoan both by his commercial sagacity and his liberality."

Mandel Hall was completed and occupied about October 1, 1903, with the group of which it is a part, but the formal opening took place on December 22, 1903, in connection with the University Convocation. President Harper referred with gratification to the fact that Mr. Mandel himself was present to witness its beauty and utility. Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, later president of the University, delivered the dedicatory address. In the course of it he said: "The Community life of a University is never gathered up in its completeness and given due effect until it is fitly housed. Heretofore with us it has never been possible to assemble the academic body in such way that dignity of surroundings might add grace to the occasion. The president of the United States, the ambassador of a great nation, a distinguished orator, have more than once honored

the University by their presence. But there has been no fitting place to receive them other than an amphitheater designed for the display of chemical marvels, or a dilapidated tent, or a hired public hall. Hereafter no such sordid necessity will compel. The University as a community has a home, and a home which in its simple beauty and impressive dignity well accords with the rarest ideals of culture. The decades, the centuries, will pass, and through them all the University will assemble here for varied public purpose. The charm of music, the inspiration of the orator discussing great questions of thought, the stately ceremonial by which academic honor is given to worthy achievement—all these and many more forms of University life will hallow this place long after we who meet to honor its inception shall have passed away. Here will center slowly the accumulated precious associations which make so fragrant and piquant the venerable traditions of an ancient seat of learning. Here the generous and far-seeing thought of the man of affairs who has given the University this poem in stone and oak will be perpetuated for many generations to come in the name of Mandel Hall."

In its value to the University the Leon Mandel Assembly Hall has surpassed all these prophecies. Within its walls the complex University life has become vocal and found expression as nowhere else. In it have been held orchestra concerts, dramatic performances, lectures, educational conferences, oratorical contests, intercollegiate debates, athletic mass meetings, daily chapel assemblies, Sunday preaching services, the University Convocations, and other gatherings almost without number. And no name is more familiar to the students of the University and to its alumni already scattered all over the world than Leon Mandel.

As the building of the Assembly Hall was not the first of Mr. Mandel's gifts to the University, so, also, it was not the last. When after the death of President Harper in 1906 his friends united to erect the Harper Library as a memorial of him, Mr. Mandel contributed $3,000 to the fund. Altogether he gave the University $88,500.

The mother of Mr. Mandel was a little woman, but vigorous and active. She lived to an advanced age, far beyond eighty years. Her sons returned all the love and care she had lavished upon them throughout their youth and early manhood. Leon always kept her picture on his desk. She made her home with her sons, sometimes in one family, sometimes in another. She lived to see these sons achieve a success in business of which she could not have dreamed when she brought them to America and Chicago. At the time of her death in 1893 she was making her home with the family of her son Leon. This was the first break in the original family circle since the death of her oldest son, Solomon, nearly thirty

years before. Fifteen years later the youngest of the brothers, Emanuel, died while on a visit to Europe in 1908.

When I was diverted from the story of Mr. Mandel's business life the Wabash Avenue store had just been built and I had reached the year 1904–5. The great building had so enlarged the business facilities of Mandel Brothers that it did not seem possible that they could need more room for many years. But their trade increased so continuously and rapidly that they were soon confronted with the need of greatly increased facilities. They called in Holabird and Roche as architects, who prepared plans for a new building to stand on the corner of State and Madison streets. The old store occupying the site was itself a great structure eight stories in height. The north half of it was taken down while business continued as usual in the other half and half the new building rose beside it. This was then occupied and the business went on uninterruptedly while the rest of the old building was razed to the ground and the second half of the new one was erected. The process was one that took years, from its inception in the minds of the brothers and the architects till its completion in 1912. When finished it revealed itself as one of the beautiful stores of the world. With three floors below the ground level it rises sixteen stories above the surface, 307 feet. The frontage of the entire store is 150 feet on State Street, 340 on Madison Street, and 150 on Wabash Avenue. It has more than seventeen acres of floor space and about 5,000 employes. It is a small world in itself, where customers may find the products of every country for inspection and purchase. It is one of the great retail departmental dry goods centers of the world.

The opening of the new and enlarged store took place September 23, 1912, and was a great day in the history of Mandel Brothers, when admiring thousands of visitors and customers thronged the spacious and splendid rooms from morning till night. Mr. Mandel did not live to rejoice in this final fruition of the dreams, ambitions, and labors of more than fifty years. His younger brother, Emanuel, had died, as I have said, four years before, too soon to even enter into the work of planning the new store. His older brother, Simon, died five weeks before the great opening. The three brothers labored and their sons entered into their labors.

Leon had the joy of conceiving the noble plan and directing much of its execution and even seeing the walls of the first section rise. And thus he was able to realize something of the beauty and majesty of the monument that commemorates the lives and labors of the three brothers. But he had contracted a wasting disease which, since his death, the advance of medical science has conquered. The winter of 1910 he spent in California hoping to find relief. Returning to Chicago in the spring he

passed the summer months at home. In the hope that the eastern seaside might help him, Mrs. Mandel went with him to Atlantic City. All their hopes, however, were disappointed. He rapidly grew worse and after a single month died on November 4, 1911, in the seventy-first year of his age.

The funeral was held at the family residence in Chicago, November 7, when his minister delivered the address from which I have quoted in this sketch. The State Street merchants had appointed John G. Shedd, Andrew MacLeish, Charles A. Stevens, and Joseph Basch to represent them. There were twenty honorary pallbearers, the men above named and President Harry Pratt Judson, Edwin G. Foreman, Joseph Rosenbaum, Julius Rosenwald, M. Born, Joseph Beifeld, William Eisendrath, Norman W. Harris, William S. Holabird, Edward Morris, Elias Greenebaum, J. Kuppenheimer, M. S. Rosenfield, Henry G. Foreman, B. Kaufman, and William Wilhartz. On its way to the cemetery, Rosehill, the funeral procession passed by the great store, then closed and silent.

Mr. Mandel had made his will a year before his death. In it, among other things, after amply remembering Mrs. Mandel, he provided that his interest in the business should go in large part at once and in the end wholly to his two sons, and made ample provision for his daughters and their children. He made bequests to relatives and old employees. While living in New York he had been interested in the Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum and the Association for the Instruction of Deaf Mutes, and had bought bonds of both these charities. The will directed that these bonds should be canceled. It also provided a trust fund of $50,000 for employees of Mandel Brothers, and the sum of $50,000 was given to the Associated Jewish Charities of Chicago. His will and the life that preceded it revealed Mr. Mandel as a man devoted to his family and interested in the welfare of his fellow-men.

His life had centered about his business and his family. He had indeed other interests. I have spoken of his interest in charities and education. He was a member of the Standard, Ravisloe, and Lake Shore Country Clubs. He played golf. But he was not very much of a club man. The hours that many men spend in their clubs he preferred to give to his family. He went to entertainments, but he preferred to spend his evenings at home. It was his habit to walk to business. This was a walk of at least an hour, from Michigan Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, and was a strenuous bit of exercise with which to begin the business day. As I recall him, Mr. Mandel was one of the most courteous, genial, and agreeable of men. His face was the index of the essential kindliness of his nature. That kindly face is familiar to the students of the Uni-

versity. In 1912 Mrs. Mandel presented to it a portrait of her husband, painted by Ralph Clarkson, which is hung among those of other benefactors of the institution on the walls of Hutchinson Hall.

On the day of his funeral an editorial appeared in the Quincy (Illinois) *Herald*, an appreciation of him, from which I quote the following:

> His winters, with his family, have been spent in Coronado, California, for fifteen years. It was there that the writer became personally intimate with him and grew to appreciate his kindliness, urbanity and courtesy. He made friends with every one and the attachments then formed were lasting and true. He was the soul of courtesy. . . . . Full of humor, quick to respond with wit and jest, never at a loss to sustain his side of an argument with vigor and effect, Leon Mandel was a most companionable man, a model that others might well pattern after.

He was, of course, first and last a business man of very exceptional ability. Thousands of men have engaged in the dry goods business in Chicago. Who among them all began life in that city with poorer prospects than this immigrant boy? Who among them entered the dry goods business with less capital than this cash boy with his wage of two dollars a week? Who suffered more prostrating blows of fortune than this young business man who twice within three years lost by fire all, perhaps more than all, he had? In spite of all the handicaps of his youth, and all the disasters of his early busines life, he achieved a success that placed him in the front rank among the merchants of Chicago. He did this because he worked hard for more than fifty years, because he was a man of integrity and honor, because he was so likable that he made his customers his friends, and because he possessed business abilities of the highest order for success in his chosen field. At the time of his death the House of Mandel was in the full tide of success. It had been founded so solidly, the methods and principles on which it was conducted were so sound, that the death of the brothers who had made it had no effect on its progress. The sons had been so wisely trained and had so grown into the conduct of the business that it went on with increasing momentum. During the last twelve years they have increased the yearly sales to three and a half times what they were when the administration came into their hands, a fact honorable to them and to their fathers alike.

But my real reason for writing of Leon Mandel, the head of the House, is not his large business success, but the fact that he began in its early days to distribute its fruits for the good of others and continued to do this in increasing measure to the end of life; that he had a heart open to the calls of charity, interested in the founding of schools and the promotion of higher education and concerned for and active in advancing the general welfare. These are the things that dignify all other kinds of success and give distinction to human life.

HOWARD TAYLOR RICKETTS

HOWARD TAYLOR RICKETTS

I who write this sketch have lived more than twice as many years as did the man whose story I tell. But, although his years were so few, I begin my task with a feeling of profound reverence, for he belonged to that noble group of martyrs of medical science, who, in seeking to save their fellow-men, have lost their own lives and by this sacrifice of themselves for others have glorified our common humanity. No unusual signs in their birth or boyhood set them apart from their fellows, but out of the ordinary walks of life they rose to their high destiny.

Howard Taylor Ricketts was born on a farm near Findlay, Hancock County, in northwestern Ohio, February 9, 1871. His father, Andrew Duncan, and his mother, Nancy Jane Ricketts, were both natives of Ohio, and his mother had been a student in Oberlin College. His father had been a soldier in the Civil War. Howard was the second son in a family of five brothers and two sisters. When he was about two years old, the father took his family to the village of Saybrook, McLean County, Illinois, a few miles east of Bloomington, and a year later settled on a farm eight or ten miles east of Saybrook in Ford County. When Howard was about seven years old, another change was made a few miles south to the little village of Fisher in Champaign County and there his real boyhood was spent—from his seventh to his seventeenth year. His father engaged in the grain business, eventually owning elevators in Fisher and several surrounding villages.

I can visualize clearly the boy's life in this prairie village of five or six hundred people, as I spent two years of my boyhood in just such an Illinois village. There were twelve or fifteen boys of his age and these with his brothers were the playmates of his youth. Most of them, not all, were with him in the village school where a succession of teachers, some good, some very poor, carried him through what are now known as the grammar-school grades. There was no high school and the time came when his progress ceased whether he continued to attend school or not. The Sangamon River was only a mile and a half away, its shores covered with forests, and the woods and waters furnished all sorts of recreation, fishing, swimming, boating, nutting, tramping, and hunting. In my village we had the same surroundings, on two sides the wide

prairies and on the other two a stream with heavily forested shores. I have no doubt that near the Sangamon there were orchards of wild plums such as abounded along our stream. At school young Ricketts, as he grew up, learned to play the baseball and shinny of that day. His father had horses and he learned to ride them. It wasn't all play during the hours out of school. Many of these were spent in driving Old Barney, the big bay horse, round the treadmill in the shed of the elevator, lifting the grain into the bins. But it wasn't all work either. About once a year the Ricketts boys went to Champaign, ten or fifteen miles to the south, to see the circus, returning to practice on the back of Old Barney the feats of the performers, riding standing up, and turning summersaults from his back, being mercifully saved from broken necks. Howard was thrown from a pony and escaped broken bones only because the pony in stepping on him brought his hoof down on the calf of his leg. The woods attracted him and made him a hunter and hunting always continued to be one of the recreations in which he took the greatest delight. Fond of all sorts of sports, he excelled as a sprinter. The first dollar he ever earned was the prize in a foot race he won at a Fourth of July celebration in Rantoul, a few miles east of Fisher.

He was fond of music and while a boy learned to play on the piano well enough to accompany his own singing. His musical gifts and tastes made the older lovers of music in the village his friends.

Being a regular boy he was popular with his playmates and was affectionately named by the other boys of the village—Tony Ricketts.

He was fond of the village of his boyhood. He was happy there and always remembered it with a grateful pleasure. In later life he wrote of it: "When I was a boy, I used to ride a horse a good deal and, above everything else, I loved, in summer, when the rain was warm, to ride against the wind with the rain beating in my face. I used to drive all the neighbors' cows to the pasture, a mile and a half away, for a certain amount each month. I usually rode bare-back and it was then I used to love to ride when it was raining, thundering and lightning. I spent many happy days in that little old town."

Those were the days of real sport. Happily for him they were somewhat prolonged, not coming to an end till after he was sixteen years old.

Although the school advantages of his youth were limited, he was an eager student. As the years went by, he began to reflect on what he should make of himself. Fortunately his parents belonged to that comparatively small number who aim to give their children a college

training. They were religious people, and being Methodists, when Howard began to look forward to a college course, they turned naturally to Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois. The boy himself had become a member of the Methodist church and he welcomed the plan.

He had, at this time, some thought of the ministry and perhaps of the law as a profession, but none of medicine. The bent of his genius had not yet appeared. The narrowness of village life, the scantiness of the school curriculum brought him to his seventeenth year quite unconscious of his powers. He needed a wider horizon, association with scholars, a larger knowledge of books and of life to reveal him to himself and lead him to his true career. All these he found at Northwestern.

He entered the academy of the university in 1887, taking three years to finish his preparation for college. These three years came in the middle of Professor Herbert F. Fisk's principalship of thirty-one years. Among many pleasant remembrances he had one unpleasant one of his principal. One day in chapel he was sitting in the front row of the balcony and either he or some other boy was not behaving according to rule, when Mr. Fisk warned the students to be careful as one of the boys in the front row of the balcony was rather "Rickety," covering him with confusion.

The important event of his second year in the academy was that Miss Myra E. Tubbs, of Kirkwood, Illinois, became a member of his class and that acquaintance began which culminated in their marriage twelve years later. They graduated from the academy together and entered college in the same class. When he first went to Evanston, young Ricketts was small for his age and one of the other boys took to bullying him. He stood this like the devout Christian he was until it became unbearable. Then being an equally good fighter he turned on his persecutor and gave him a thorough licking and transformed him into a friend and admirer. Soon after this he began to grow and came to be perhaps a little above the average height.

He entered college in Northwestern in 1890 at the time when Dr. Henry Wade Rogers began his presidency of that university. Northwestern was a very much smaller institution then than it is now, but, excluding the academy, there were about 1,100 students. Having been three years in the academy, young Ricketts was well known among the college students and soon became a member of the college chapter of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity. He was a very loyal and active Delta U. and the associations and activities of the chapter made up a large part of his college life. He entered actively into the religious life of the univer-

sity as well as into the most of the college and class activities. He was made business manager of the *Syllabus*, the university annual. He played tennis. His musical gifts led him to learn to play the guitar and, of course, his abilities as a singer found ample scope. He always maintained a high place as a student, but was so busy in other directions that he did not get very actively into college athletics.

It was during his Sophomore year, when he was twenty-one years old, that Ricketts decided to follow medicine as a profession. The family physician in Fisher, his home town, had urged this upon him. Miss Myra Tubbs, in whom he was every month becoming more interested, strongly commended this course to him. Through the serious illness of his landlady in Evanston he became still further interested and before the end of his Sophomore year had definitely decided on medicine as a career.

As I have already said, the parents were intent on giving their children a college education. In 1882 they decided to move to a university town where the young people could go through college without leaving home. Champaign, the seat of the University of Illinois, Evanston, and Lincoln, where the University of Nebraska was located, all appealed to them. The deciding influence that led them to Nebraska was the fact that Lincoln was the home of Mr. Ricketts' father, brother, and sister.

Howard was just finishing his Sophomore year in Northwestern. He had become very much attached to the university. He had there formed a strong and enduring attachment to the girl who later became his wife, though, as yet, he had no assurance that it was mutual. He was most reluctant to leave Evanston and enter a comparatively new western school of which he knew little or nothing. The family plans, however, required this, and in June, 1892, at the end of his second year in college, he ended his connection with Northwestern and returned to Fisher to assist in the family removal. He rode the seven hundred miles to Lincoln in a freight car, one end of which was packed full of goods and the other formed a stable for the family horse and cow, which needed his care. The car was divided into three compartments by what were called "grain doors," which gave the passenger a room in the middle of the car where the outer doors gave abundance of fresh air. A lounge furnished a comfortable sleeping-place. He had bought a new setter dog for the Nebraska hunting, which accompanied him.

Having decided on medicine as a profession, he now began to point his reading and study in that direction. He at once found himself heir

to the use at least of the books and instruments, including a microscope, of a deceased uncle who had been a physician. These he began to make use of during the summer months. When he entered the university in the fall as a Junior, he took all the scientific courses he could. Indeed, when he came to make up his schedule of studies, he wanted to do much more than was permitted and was compelled to cut out two subjects. Then and always he was a faithful and ambitious student. His German professor once said in addressing the Lincoln alumni: "I tell you Ricketts is a great fellow. Whenever I want to fix my mind on a good example of a student, I think of Ricketts."

He entered heartily into all departments of the university's life. He was seen at parties of young people. He was a member of the glee club and went on its concert tours. He was a member of the football squad and for a time fullback. John J. Pershing, now general of the army, was then a lieutenant assigned by the government to the charge of the military department at Lincoln. Ricketts developed such military aptitude that he became second lieutenant in Company B of the university battalion. He was jubilant, when, in his Senior year, his company took first place in a severe inspection and infantry drill in a competition between the four companies of the battalion and won the Omaha cup for the year.

One who was associated with him in college in Lincoln writes me that "he showed unusual ability as a student and was a delightful companion. The group of young men with whom he associated was rather seriously inclined and they spent many hours, at times most of the night, in discussing subjects of economic and philosophic interest."

The university did not absorb all his energies. He was an enthusiastic amateur photographer and developed the many pictures he took in a dark room he had fitted up at home. His interest in medicine increased and he was taken into the office of Dr. Giffen, a prominent physician. The dissecting of a cat for anatomical purposes, on his own account, sufficiently indicates his initial zeal in his newly chosen profession. He wrote: "I have planned such work as botanizing, and dissecting animals, principally of the feline and canine persuasion, and have bought a set of dissecting instruments. In my botanizing I have found seven new specimens. . . . . I have been out snipe shooting." Later he speaks of his "unquenchable passion for hunting." Parts of his vacations he spent in hunting trips in western Nebraska. In Lincoln he would often get up at four o'clock in the morning that he might have a few hours' hunting.

Up to the close of his college course he had never felt the need of working for his own support. His father had always provided for him liberally, though he was always careful in his expenditures. All at once, on the completion of his college life in Lincoln, he began to feel the need of doing something to provide for the expenses of his medical course. He writes in the summer of 1894, "I am about to play a triple rôle for the rest of the summer as newspaper man, paid singer in a church, and as instructor in zoölogy. My newspaper work occupies my time from four to seven A.M. I have to rustle out pretty early to count the papers and get the boys started on their routes." He also did some reporting for the *Lincoln Evening News*. The zoölogy teaching was done in the summer term of the university.

We come now to quite a new chapter in young Ricketts' life. In the first place he entered in the autumn of 1894 on a three years' course of study for his profession in the medical school of Northwestern University in Chicago. In the second place he began to be dependent on his own efforts for money to meet his expenses. His father continued as he was able and as long as he was able to assist him, but from this time he began more and more to earn his own way. This is a serious and trying experience for a young man to face for the first time in the midst of his studies when it is not merely a question of self-support, but when all the extra expenses of a medical college course—tuition and other fees, class expenses, new books, etc.—must be provided for. Before he got through, as we shall see, he had a desperate struggle.

The third thing that made the fall of 1894 the beginning of a new era in his life was his engagement to Myra E. Tubbs, whose acquaintance he had made six years before in the academy at Evanston and with whom he had been in constant correspondence during the two years he had been in Lincoln. The engagement was as long as had been their previous acquantance. The mother of the young lady, Emily Underhill, born in New York and tracing her ancestry back to England and Scotland, had found her way to Kirkwood, Warren County, Illinois, as a teacher. Her father, Henry Tubbs, was a quite exceptional man. Born in Watervliet, Albany County, New York, one of fourteen children, he secured an education that made him a successful teacher of district schools while still a boy. Studying with village physicians, he practiced medicine successfully for many years, from 1849 to 1859 in Cleveland, Ohio. His labors were so arduous that he broke down under the strain. In 1859 he went to the village of Kirkwood where he spent the rest of his life. In 1868 he married Emily Underhill. There were three chil-

dren, two sons and one daughter, Myra Emily, who became Mrs. Ricketts and who survives her brothers. Dr. Tubbs became a successful business man in Kirkwood, invested in farm lands, became the president of three national banks, in Kirkwood, Monmouth, and Alexis, with interests in still others. Interested in politics, he was a member of the Illinois Constitutional Convention of 1869–70 which formed the present constitution of that state, was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia in 1872 and the National Convention in Chicago in 1880. From 1882 to 1886 he was a member of the state senate, serving on its most important committees. He died in 1899 in his seventy-seventh year.

The first year in the medical school passed pleasantly and successfully with Ricketts. One of the special pieces of work the young medic undertook was the preparation of the skeleton of a dog in competition for a prize. He devoted much attention to it. In January, 1895, he wrote: "I wish you could see my dog skeleton now. I mounted and disarticulated the bones on black cloth. I count that one of the most trying pieces of work I ever undertook and finished, but it is a great satisfaction now to behold it. I only hope it will strike Dr. Allport's eye so favorably that he will give me the prize. But, if not, I shall always value the preparation." A little later he wrote: "Out of one hundred preparations six were selected as being 'in the race.' Mine was one of the six. I do not, however, expect to get the prize, as I have seen some which I am sure were finer than mine." But notwithstanding his fears, the prize was finally awarded to him.

On Sundays he taught a class in a mission school and this self-denying work he continued through the heat of the ensuing summer.

As the college year closed, Dr. W. H. Allport, a member of the faculty, arranged with him for half-time service. He was to live at the doctor's house and take two of his meals there. His service was to be chiefly devoted to the college museum, the study of comparative anatomy, preparing specimens, etc. The time belonging to himself he hoped to devote to the study of embryology and bacteriology. He would also attend some clinics. The summer proved a very profitable one to him. He began to study bacteria and was very much excited over the discovery of what might turn out to be new germs. In one of his letters he wrote: "I spent all yesterday evening with my doctor friend looking over some pathological slides. I should like to be a professor of pathological histology in some medical college." He was beginning to find himself and dimly foresee the path he was to follow.

He remained with Dr. Allport during the summer of 1895. Dr. Allport says of him:

He was my prosector and prepared my material for lectures; he made a good many very careful drawings and did some research work in comparative anatomy for me. I never knew a man who was so scientifically trustworthy and untiring. He never cared about sleep and his soul cried out always for knowledge, knowledge and more knowledge, and was always unappeased. If he was given a task, he could be left alone until it was finished and when he got back with the result, it was final and authoritative.

He was the most persistent and accomplished notetaker I ever came across in my experience as a teacher. He had hundreds and hundreds of notebooks and each book was filled up with tables, classifications, heads, and subheads, outlines, logical demonstrations, mathematical calculations, sketches, drawings, etc. In the same way his preparations for lectures were most minute and his anatomical dissections were meticulous. In every way his life was frank, honest, rich in the pleasure of intellectual achievement and bare of everything which appealed to the luxurious instincts of the lower senses; he was a Spartan, a Flagellant, a Puritan with himself, and, although I never heard him criticise anyone else, the standard which he set for himself in his own life was nothing short of moral and spiritual perfection.

This characterization of him is confirmed by what he himself said in one of the letters written about this time, as follows: "I think a busy life and a clear conscience are the two most important factors for one's happiness. . . . . I think charity is almost the greatest thing in the world and God grant we may all have more of it—charity in our relations to others and strict exactions from our own selves."

And yet he had some of the weaknesses that related him to our more common clay. He was always wishing to look older and, with this in view, he several times grew a mustache which so changed his appearance that he once wrote with some gratification, "Half the people didn't recognize me at first glance."

Spending the Christmas holiday of 1895 at home in Lincoln he wrote, "I have just found a gold mine in several hundred specimens (pathological) which were mounted in Germany by an uncle of mine." These he took back with him to Chicago as rich treasures.

Toward the end of his second year the position of demonstrator in histology (microscopic anatomy) was promised and this greatly encouraged him. His rank in the large class of which he was a member was third, with a standing for the year above ninety-six. He was in dire need of encouragement. His own resources were exhausted and his father was no longer able to help him. Compelled to look about for means of support, he took patients to nurse, his professors, who were also practicing physicians, giving him these opportunities. He got a room with

Dr. T. J. Watkins, paying for it in service. For some time he prepared his own breakfast and dinner, writing to a correspondent, "You know I have camped a good deal, and when camping never had any trouble eating what I cooked myself. So now I imagine I am on a continual camp and everything goes down." Through the kindness of Dr. Watkins, who excused him from personal service to himself, he took a case of nursing which proved to be a difficult one and lasted for six or seven weeks during the hottest part of the summer. He wrote of this job, "I can't say I wish it would stop right away, as every week means $25, and every $25 means a month of school next year, for I mean to live as cheaply as that." He added this illuminating remark, "I used to think it would be very humiliating to be poor, but I don't find it so. I have as much personal pride as ever." Having long distances to walk he drew on his small savings to purchase a bicycle from which he got much enjoyment and helpful exercise. When the last case of nursing was over he took a few days' vacation in Wisconsin. Being recalled by Dr. Allport, who had secured for him the somewhat incongruous positions of medical attendant and cook with Octave Chanute, one of the pioneers in aviation, he traveled 113 miles in one day on the bicycle to go with Mr. Chanute on his flying expedition to the sand dunes in Indiana. On reaching Chicago he found that the trip to the dunes had been postponed for a few days. During the interval he went to Lake Geneva for Dr. Allport to secure turtles for the doctor's experiments. In spite of untiring efforts, much to his chagrin he could capture only two. The doctor, however, took the matter good-naturedly and relieved him by passing lightly over his failure.

Then came the trip to the dunes with Mr. Chanute. The party consisted at first of six men, later diminished to four, but frequently augmented by reporters from the Chicago papers. It remained among the dunes about four weeks. The flying machines were very primitive. Starting from the summit of a dune before a fair wind they glided down the wind with one man aboard. The aviators were trying to see how great a distance they could make. The record, so far as Mr. Ricketts' letters show, was 359 feet. He made several attempts himself, though his real duties were those of surgeon, doctor, and cook. He had only one slight case of injury, but now for the first time began to be called "doctor." As to his abilities as a cook accounts differ. Dr. Allport quotes Mr. Chanute as saying, "He may have been a good surgeon, but as a cook he certainly was the rottenest I ever knew." I set this injurious opinion down because this sketch is not intended to be a panegyric but an

authentic story. In the interest of fairness, however, I ought to say that Mr. Chanute being a Parisian Frenchman may not have been a competent judge of camp cooking. I quote from one of the cook's letters, "My best preparations are coffee, roasted potatoes and eggs scrambled in small chips of bacon well fried." I ask any camper if that does not sound appetizing. The camp found it so, for the letter goes on to say, "Even the reporters eat ravenously, so there must be something in my cooking." He himself grew fat on it, and I give my judgment as an old camper that he was a good camp cook and earned the $20 a week he seems to have been paid.

The summer had added to his pecuniary troubles. His $55 bicycle had been stolen. The bank in which he had deposited $80 against the expenses of his last year in the medical college had failed. Before the school year ended he hoped there might be a 60 per cent dividend from the receiver. On September 15, three weeks before the autumn term opened, he wrote, "My resources in sight are $75 to $100 from Mr. Chanute, $50 or $60 from the college, $50 from my bank account—about $200. I figure that I can get through on $300." He needed, therefore, to borrow $100. It was not very far from this time that he found that his dress suit and cutaway coat had been ruined by moths. After returning from the dunes he took another case of nursing and made arrangements to tutor in histology and embryology. His roommate during the last year was Charles A. Elliott, an old University of Nebraska friend, later a Chicago physician and professor in the Northwestern Medical School. Dr. Elliott writes, "The winter of 1896 was very hard on him. He was a Senior in the medical school and had taken up quiz class work in anticipation of taking the examinations for interne at the Cook County Hospital in the spring. He took the work seriously and it was not long before it was evident that it was too heavy a load." He broke down nervously. In January, 1897, on the advice of Dr. A. R. Edwards, later dean of the Northwestern Medical School, he left school for six weeks. Returning in March, hopeless about getting the interneship, he was encouraged by his friend Dr. Edwards to take the examination and, notwithstanding his illness and long absence, had the joy of succeeding and winning an appointment. This interneship was greatly coveted, the experience in the great hospital being regarded as invaluable.

He did not win immediate entrance into the hospital, his term not beginning till December. During the first part of his second year in the medical school he had written, "It makes me almost sick to go over

to the County Hospital. I would be almost willing to give ten years of my life for a term of service there. Who knows? I may yet!" After some months in the hospital he wrote, "It was about a year ago that I sent you a telegram saying that I had a place at Cook County and I never could describe my sensation when my name was announced. What a lucky thing it was for me! I appreciate now more than I did then the value of service here." He counted it one of the biggest events of his life.

The period of waiting for the beginning of his term as interne was filled with many activities. He again took patients to nurse. He became cashier of the Shoot the Chutes Amusement Park on the West Side. This required only his evenings, but occasional periods of extra service added to the remuneration. As August began he welcomed a proposal from Dr. Oliver, of Thornton, a village a few miles south of Chicago, to take care of his practice while the doctor was away on a vacation. As he had graduated from the medical school and was now a full-fledged M.D. he welcomed this opportunity for some practical experience. On August 8 he wrote to his fiancée, "Dr. Oliver has just given me a list of patients to call on. I was very pleasantly surprised at the situation. It will be a splendid outing. Plenty of hours of work. Tuesdays and Saturdays I go to Chicago Heights to keep office hours there. I've got to hunt up a professional air and seem wise. I almost wish this were my house and my practice. I would call this living." He now performed his first operation and confesses to some trepidation, but adds, "Everything ended O.K., even to collecting the bill." He worked hard at Thornton but had time for some fishing and other recreation. When leaving in October he wrote, "The experience has done me good and the reports are that I have given satisfaction." After a month's vacation in Kirkwood and Lincoln, having spent much of the time in shooting ducks and quail, he entered the hospital as interne feeling a "hundred per cent improved."

Of Ricketts' work as interne Dr. H. Gideon Wells, director of medical research in the Otho S. A. Sprague Memorial Institute and Professor of Pathology in the University of Chicago, writes me,

> Dr. Ricketts entered the Cook County Hospital December 1, 1897, and our acquaintance began when my interneship began six months later. From the start he was an outstanding figure among the internes, by virtue of his superior scholarship, his clear headedness and keenness. That his ability and personality were generally recognized is shown by the fact that the regular order of succession of interneships in the various services of the hospital was broken by Dr. John B. Murphy in order that he might secure Dr. Ricketts as his Senior interne in surgery.

Space fails for an account of the eighteen months in the hospital. The position of interne was one of great responsibility. His remuneration was in the invaluable experience. He received, at that time, only his room, board, and laundry. The internes worked in pairs, a Junior and a Senior. The two had charge of a large ward. They were the doctors in charge and hundreds of cases of every sort came under their care. A full history of each case was made, of the treatment and its results. More or less frequently the staff physician came in and as occasion required was consulted and his advice secured. Ordinary operations were performed by the internes. In extraordinary ones they had the assistance of the big men. Thus they came into association with and had the benefit of the instruction of the great medical men of the city, Billings, Herrick, Murphy, and others. The value of eighteen months of this sort of experience and instruction was beyond price.

Dr. Ricketts worked very hard and profited accordingly. He added to his regular duties continual research work suggested by the cases coming under his care. He worked, indeed, to the limit of his strength. He needed money for ordinary expenses and costly medical books and this added to his labors. For example, he wrote, "Making a little money by sending pathological specimens to H. for the School of Osteopathy, and am sending some pure cultures of bacteria to the health department at Indianapolis. On the strength of that have sent to Germany for a work on medicine—one of the finest published." Looking back later on the many different kinds of work he had done to pay his way he said, "I have done about everything except to push a banana cart."

His period as interne ended June 1, 1899. Its close was marked by a real adventure of which he gave the following account:

> Father surprised me this morning by coming out to my room before I was out of bed. He came out to take me to breakfast with him. I took him to breakfast with me instead. We went out to Lincoln Park and came back down town to lunch. As we were going to a restaurant we heard cries of "thief! pickpocket! stop thief!" etc., and looking round saw a medium sized man tearing down the sidewalk with about fifty men after him. He had a clean lead of them all and came straight toward me. Then was my first opportunity to put my knowledge of "tackling" into practical use; so I "tackled low," downed my man and together we rolled down some stairs into a basement shop. The crowd came up and I thought they would kill him, but a patrol-wagon came round after a while and took him and the woman whose pocketbook he had stolen to the station. The only damage I suffered was an ugly tear in the knee of my best trousers.

A man of quick mental processes and real physical courage!

Just before his period in the hospital was to come to an end Dr. Ricketts was appointed to a fellowship in Skin Pathology in Rush Medical College. Though a graduate of the Northwestern Medical School and previously unknown to the Rush Faculty his exceptional record in the hospital had attracted the attention of Dr. J. Nevins Hyde, professor of Dermatology in Rush. He was already known to Dr. Billings, who had long been a helpful friend and had now become a professor in Rush, and thus this fellowship was established especially for him. It carried a stipend of $800 furnished by Drs. Hyde and Montgomery, in whose office he became an assistant. The Rush fellowship gave him new opportunities for research work. The instructors in Pathology were Drs. Hektoen, Weaver, and Le Count. There was also a group of students of unusual promise who have risen to distinction, among them Wells, Brown Pusey, Crowder, and Tieken, all well known in Chicago—Martin Fisher and William B. Wherry, now of the Cincinnati faculty, Noble W. Jones, leader of the profession in Portland, Oregon, as well as Dunn in Omaha. These men with Ricketts formed an earnest, congenial, ambitious, and enthusiastic group working in the old Rush Medical College laboratory at one time. Here Ricketts did his first important piece of original investigation. Illustrating this I cannot refrain from quoting the following interesting statement from Dr. Thomas R. Crowder, director of the department of sanitation and surgery of the Pullman Company. He was Dr Ricketts' most intimate friend and says,

In the year after he left the County Hospital he did an extensive piece of research on blastomycosis, then a newly recognized disease of the skin. He had cultivated the organism from the lesions of many cases and had tried to produce the disease in animals from his cultures. The results were negative; the animals were immune and it was necessary to use human beings. There was no hesitancy about it; he must be inoculated. He came to me with his problem and after we had discussed it he bared his leg, which I scarified and rubbed the culture into. It was supposed at this time that blastomycosis was a purely local disease and that any resulting lesion could be cut out and cured completely. In order to further the test I let him inoculate me in a similar way. A few square inches of skin can be easily spared. In a week or so the wounds healed completely without result. He was not satisfied. His next request was that the cultures should be injected into the skin I was not included in the plan this time; there were risks and he would take them alone. Because of the unknown possibilities of such a procedure I refused to do what he asked and dissuaded him from it. He smiled and agreed. But a few days later he told me that he had carried out the program himself and that things were going bad. He was running a fever, had large and tender glands in the groin and felt quite sick. The trouble was progressive and was causing him concern; he thought the result might be serious. [It was later discovered that blastomycosis may be a general disease, even a fatal one.] But there

was no weeping or vain regret. He only smiled again and exacted from me the promise that if anything serious did occur I would finish his work, using him in such a way that science would gain what he had lost.

There were no serious consequences. After a week of illness the trouble all cleared up. We often laughed about it afterward and thought of it only lightly. But at the time it was a matter of grave concern and the fine spirit with which it was carried off impressed me greatly. Ricketts learned a bit of caution from that experience. He had no desire to be a sacrifice to the cause of research; saw in fact that careless or thoughtless risks might destroy such usefulness as he might otherwise have; and he desired to be useful.

Of this work Dr. Wells says,

He manifested from the start the ability to carry on a systematic study of an infectious disease, developing his technic as he went along and always making each step carry him forward. His research work was always of the logical type, each step built upon the preceding one, with the line of march as direct as possible. Consequently it was all sound and will always stand. Our interest in this disease was especially keen because it was the first disease known to be produced in man by a yeast. The result of these studies is embodied in a large monograph which is recognized as one of the most important contributions made to this subject.

These researches in blastomycosis marked him out as a scientific investigator of unusual gifts and prepared him for the epoch-making work of his later years.

Dr. Wells goes on to say,

During this period at Rush, Dr. Ricketts was too intensely engaged in his research for much outside diversion, but for exercise rather than to demonstrate our evident lack of skill we often put on boxing-gloves. Our efforts were more vigorous than skilful and gave us the needed exercise in abundance. As we were both rather spindling no great personal damage was done, but I recall that I then learned the sensations following a knock-out by the solar plexus route, while once Ricketts managed to run his jaw into my glove hard enough to achieve a similar result.

Dr. Crowder gives similar testimony saying,

Ricketts was very fond of sports. Fishing and hunting were almost passions with him. Next to finding the cause of Rocky Mountain fever, the great interest of Montana was its big game and its trout streams. All his letters to me from there were invitations to come on and go with him into the Mountains. At home nothing was so likely to toll him away from his work as a good game or a boxing-match. He had the kind of physical courage and indifference to punishment that gave him understanding of the latter. He was fond of boxing himself. One summer when we roomed together on the West Side he produced a set of gloves and we mauled each other almost nightly. A little blood from a fair punch on the nose, if it was his own, gave him far more pleasure than pain, but if his opponent's, he was all solicitousness at once.

Light is thrown on his insistence on fairness in boxing and his self-control and peaceableness of disposition by the following incident. He was once

boxing with a man who struck him a foul blow. He said not a word, but at once put down his hands, drew off his gloves, and silently retired to his seat.

Dr. Ricketts continued as a fellow and assistant in Rush for two years. During this period his marriage took place. This had been long deferred by his yearly increasing ambition to make the best possible preparation for his life-work and by the perhaps even stronger insistence of the lady in the case that he must not cut this preparation short. He had received in 1898 an invitation to a good position in a western hospital that would have enabled him to marry and was strongly tempted to accept it on that account, but the lady would not permit him to sacrifice the possibilities of eminence she clearly saw in him. She waited for him six years before they both saw their way clear. Finally in April, 1900, he went to Kirkwood and was married to Miss Myra E. Tubbs on the eighteenth of that month. He was then twenty-nine years old.

But the preparation he wanted for his life-work was not yet finished. He seems to have definitely decided on investigation in and the teaching of pathology as that work. In 1899 he wrote, "Pathology is the interesting field of medicine for me. With plenty of material to work on I would gladly work on pathology all my life." He said again, "I do like this pathological work. One gets right at the bottom and learns the facts, principles, and theories of diseases and diseased processes." He was so anxious for results that the slow technic of the laboratory, often, as he said, "sets me wild. But to hear a 'That's very nice,' and 'That shows up beautifully' from Dr. Hektoen makes me forget the tedious hours." After he had accepted the fellowship in Rush he was offered a position in his old medical school in the department of pathology at $100 a month, but it came too late. His studies in blastomycosis stirred in him an ambition to see and to work in the famous schools and laboratories of Europe. In this desire he was encouraged by leading medical men who had discovered the unusual signs of promise in the young scientist and on May 1, 1901, a year after his marriage he and Mrs. Ricketts went abroad. A few weeks were spent in traveling in England, Scotland, and Ireland. July, August, and part of September were given to study in Berlin, where, on August 11, their son, Henry, later a student in the University of Chicago, was born. In October the family went to Vienna where he worked incessantly, taking little time for rest or recreation, during the following four months. Here he heard again from his old friend and teacher, Dr. Hektoen, who had become head of the Department of Pathology and Bacteriology in the University of Chicago.

Dr. Hektoen had called President Harper's attention to his protégé, young Ricketts, and had been authorized to offer him the position of associate in his Department. In doing this he asked him to go to Paris before his return and spend some time at the Pasteur Institute, perhaps the most famous institution of its kind, at that time, in the world. About April 1, therefore, he went to Paris and until the middle of July spent his time, for the most part, in hard work at the Institute. Here he came into connection with Pasteur's successor, Metchnikoff, then at the height of his fame.

The action of the University board in appointing Dr. Ricketts to an associateship was taken March 14, 1902. The salary for the first year was fixed at $1,000, beginning July 1. He returned from Paris in July, reported at the University in August, and began work in the classroom and laboratory October 1. He was thirty-one years old, but he looked very young. He was a handsome man, with a frank, open, engaging face and a winning smile. He looked so much like one of the students that at the opening of one of the quarters, as he was entering his classroom, a student new to his class clapped him on the back and said, "Well, how's this man Ricketts? Is he any good?" The look on the young fellow's face, when he saw Ricketts walk to the platform and take the professor's chair, may be imagined.

At the end of the first year the young associate was promoted to the rank of instructor with an increase in salary. In 1904 he was made assistant to the medical dean, Dr. John M. Dodson, and his salary became $1,700. He had continued his laboratory studies on blastomycosis and the publication of the results of these studies had attracted such attention that the editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* asked him to prepare a series of articles on the subject of "Immunity" for publication in that journal. He now began to draw big interest on the hard work he had been doing during the preceding eight years. His mind was stored with accumulated information. He had notes and records in abundance. He now read still more widely and continued his investigations. The articles appeared in the journal during 1905 and "after revision, with such additions as would contribute to the completeness of the work," were published in book form with the title *Infection, Immunity and Serum Therapy.* As Dr. Hektoen said, "The book met with such a favorable reception that the edition was exhausted while the demand continued active." A new edition was called for and for some time before his death Dr. Ricketts was engaged in the work of revision. The rapid progress of medical science and the

author's expanding knowledge led to such an enlargement of the scope of the work that his death left it unfinished. His associate in the Department, Dr. George F. Dick, thereupon completed the work, the resulting enlarged volume containing about eight hundred pages.

During several of these years Dr. and Mrs. Ricketts lived on Cornell Avenue, where their daughter, Elizabeth, later a student in Vassar College, was born. The son, Henry, born in Berlin, and this daughter were the only children. The last three years of their Chicago life they lived at 1358 East Fifty-eighth Street.

I come now to that great work of original investigation on which the enduring fame of Dr. Ricketts is founded. All scientific students will understand how difficult and indeed impossible it is for a layman, with no knowledge of medical science, to follow intelligently the technical discussions of investigators. The ordinary reader will probably understand what I mean when he reads the following quotation from page 254 of Ricketts' *Contributions to Medical Science*, "The receptors of corpuscles with which agglutinin unites, and those of bacteria with which the bactericidal amboceptors and the agglutinating bodies unite, have as their specific antibodies the hemaglutinin, the bactericidal amboceptors, and the bacterium-agglutinin respectively. The question arises: Is this a general law?"

The story I am about to tell was recorded by Dr. Ricketts in language less technical than this and it goes without saying that I shall relate it in the speech of everyday life. For some time before 1906 he had been reading about a scourge known as Rocky Mountain spotted fever prevailing in Idaho, western Montana, Utah, Nevada, Oregon, Colorado, Wyoming, and perhaps in other neighboring states. It was in some places very virulent with a high mortality. The bite of the wood tick had been suggested as the cause of the disease by some investigators and the suggestion discredited by others. No experiments bearing on the theory had been performed. Dr. Ricketts became interested and decided to investigate the subject. Help was secured for the cost of the investigation from the American Medical Association, from Missoula and Ravalli counties, Montana, the Montana State Board of Health, the McCormick Memorial Institute, and the University. In his first report he said, "I arrived in Missoula, Montana, April 21, 1906, equipped for the bacteriologic and hematologic (i.e., relating to the blood) study of the so-called Rocky Mountain spotted fever and for the study of the infectious agent by means of animal inoculations."

This was the beginning of an investigation which engaged his interest

and directed his activities throughout the next four years—to the end of his life. Every year, sometimes twice a year, he went to Montana where the disease reappeared each spring and studied it on the ground. He carried the problem to his laboratory in Chicago and sought its solution there by endless experiments. Through medical journals he reported from time to time the progress of his work and the results achieved. At Missoula, Montana, he was given the privileges of the laboratories of the Northern Pacific Hospital and the University of Montana. For the purposes of the investigation he took to Missoula monkeys and guinea pigs. He visited scores of victims of the disease. He spent time he wanted to employ in research in seeking the funds needed for carrying the investigation forward. He bought guns, rented horse and buggy, and went alone into the mountains and woods in search of the animals he needed for his experiments or for verifying his theories. He was a good worker with his hands and the first year he himself made the cages for his animals and insects that he might be sure they were made right. Long-continued experiments were conducted with unwearying devotion and the most painstaking accuracy. No means were left untried to solve the scores of problems that emerged as he went on. He and his assistants worked all day and far into the night. Dr. Hektoen has written of this period.

> As we follow the various stages in the progress of this intensely active work it becomes very clear that Dr. Ricketts not only was gifted with imaginative power so that he could see and trace the various lines along which the solution of a problem might be sought, but that he also possessed in a full measure the capacity for that hard, accurate, patient work necessary for the more difficult task of finding the one true solution. This combination of speculative ability and the power to do steady toil, even drudgery, often under great difficulties, made him a great investigator and brought him success.

The preliminary work of 1906 was the successful transmission of the fever to the monkey and the guinea-pig by inoculating them with the blood of victims of the disease. As has been said, the wood tick which exists in the whole region in incalculable numbers was under suspicion, though the people took little or no stock in the theory that this insect carried the disease. Dr. Ricketts determined to find out. His very first experiment of allowing a tick to feed on an infected guinea-pig and then transferring it to a healthy pig resulted in a clear case of spotted fever being developed in the last guinea-pig he had with him that summer. Not being a man to jump at conclusions he contented himself with saying,

> The result of this experiment brought very forcibly to my mind the probable part which the tick plays in the infection of man and shows the necessity of repetition of

the work with more abundant material. . . . . Hasty conclusions as to the question of tick transmission in relation to the infection of man are, by all means, to be avoided until such time as the experiments can be repeated and the life-history of the infection worked out more thoroughly. This phase of the subject, in common with others, is being studied by me, the infection still being maintained in animals for these purposes.

This preservation of the disease, that he might continue the investigation in his own laboratory in the University of Chicago, was brought about, after much experiment, by the alternation of the infection between the monkey and the guinea-pig. This resulted in the preservation of the virus in its full strength.

The spotted fever is practically confined to the spring and early summer when the ticks are active. In the second year of the investigation Dr. Ricketts took with him Dr. P. G. Heineman, an assistant in the Department of Bacteriology in the University. The two men worked incessantly until Dr. Heineman was compelled to leave, when his place was taken by a young bacteriological student of the University of Montana—J. J. Moore, now director of the National Pathological Laboratories in Chicago. Moore was a Montana boy and was accustomed to the ticks. He would go out and walk about through the bushes on the hills behind the laboratories, where the ticks were not supposed to be infected, till his clothes were covered with ticks, when he would shake and brush them off on to a sheet and return with a bountiful supply. The experiments of the year fully confirmed the theory that ticks were the carriers of the disease.

The third year, 1908, they engaged a trapper to procure wild animals for their experiments. They did not find one infected with the disease. All carried ticks about with them. It was found that the disease could be communicated to them by infected ticks, but that it was rarely fatal to them, and many other interesting points were determined. Their trapper brought in three hundred gophers at one time. He brought dozens of water rats, together with woodchucks, squirrels, chipmunks, and all the small game of the woods. There were cages all over the hospital yard and they were fairly overwhelmed with the labor of caring for this menagerie and conducting the experiments which were going on all the time, infecting animals (the rats were particularly hard to handle), noting their symptoms, taking their temperature at stated times, etc., etc. After ten or twelve hours of this sort of work Dr. Ricketts would take the "protocols"—the records of the day's observations, and spend three or four hours more in their study in the evening. He was dragged away from these exhausting labors when Mrs. Ricketts came and took him for a little rest and recreation to the Yellowstone Park.

The "valuable" ticks, as some of them were fondly termed by the student who was learning so much from them, were transferred to Chicago to join the colony already there. The arrival of Mr. Moore to take his medical course was hailed most joyfully by those who had had the care of the Chicago ticks, but had not learned to love them and they were turned over to him on the day, I believe the very hour, he arrived.

I have been much impressed by the hilarity with which my inquiries about Dr. Ricketts' ticks are greeted. They were, evidently, objects of interest and not a little nervousness in the Chicago laboratory, as well they might have been. The ordinary tick, very small in size, sometimes expanded enormously—to the size of an ordinary marble. Many were uninfected and harmless, but some were infected and there always existed the possibility, though every precaution was taken, that an infected tick might get loose. When the ticks were first brought to the laboratory in Chicago very little was known of their nature and habits. Many methods were resorted to in finding for them a normal habitat and protecting the workers from their bloodsucking-habit of feeding. They kept the attendants busy and somewhat nervous and perhaps this accounts for the hilarity with which they are now remembered. Dr. Maria B. Maver, who assisted in their care, says, "It was an extremely interesting problem through all its phases, and when methods were devised by which the work was somewhat safe from escaping ticks many willing workers were found." These are now remembered as the "nurses of the ticks."

Dr. Billings recalls that "Dr. Ricketts was one of the rare men who accomplished much without adequate room and space and equipment. Much of the work which he carried on to a successful issue was done under conditions which would have so embarrassed most men that they would have given up in despair." I add this closing paragraph of his letter because it is worth so much more coming from him. "This information is given with the hope that you will speak of Ricketts' ability to accomplish much with inadequate space and poor equipment because he possessed that rare quality which we call 'genius' and which impelled him to work and to accomplish in the face of great difficulties."

Dr. Ricketts had an extraordinary power of concentrating his attention so that he became oblivious of his surroundings or of the flight of time. He would become so absorbed that his dinner hour passed unnoted and when Mrs. Ricketts appeared in the laboratory at 7:30 P.M. and attracted his attention he would look at her with surprise and say, "Why! What is it, Myra?"

This complete absorption in his work is well illustrated by the following incident. Mrs. Ricketts told him at lunch one day that their little girl, Elizabeth, did not seem well and asked him to take her temperature. Having done this he quieted her fears, said it was perfectly all right and told her not to be disturbed. When he came home she told him that Elizabeth most certainly had a high temperature, it being still at 102°. He looked dazed for a moment, and then exclaimed in alarm, "By George, I was thinking of my guinea-pigs," their normal temperature being between 102° and 103°.

It is no wonder that a man so absorbed in his investigations achieved great results. One experiment succeeded another, one problem solved opened the way to another. It is impossible in a sketch like this to attempt to trace the progress of these investigations. They all tended in one direction and brought him slowly and surely to the assurance that he had found the cause of the disease he was studying. As Dr. Hektoen has well said, "Some of the experiments devised to lay bare the secrets of the different orders of living things concerned in spotted fever are masterful in their ingenuity and comprehensiveness, notably those bearing on the hereditary transmission of spotted fever virus in ticks, on the occurrence of infected ticks in nature and on the part played by small wild animals like the squirrel as source for the virus."

The result of this extraordinary investigation, lasting four years, was, as is now commonly recognized, a demonstration that "in man spotted fever depends simply on the accidental bite of an adult tick carrying active virus." Having determined this, he devoted himself unweariedly to the effort to find and isolate the bacillus that carried the virus. But it was so small and elusive that the work proved well-nigh impossible. In 1909 he thought he had discovered it and was planning to continue the investigation when death brought his work to an end.

It ought to be said that Dr. Ricketts never claimed that he alone was the discoverer of the cause of spotted fever. He was generous in recognizing the valuable work of other men and the assistance he received from colaborers. But it is universally understood that it was he who by long-continued and multiplied experiments worked out and established the demonstration.

The Rocky Mountain wood ticks abound in incalculable numbers over a very wide area. Fortunately few, in comparison with their numbers, are infected and their active period is confined to the months from March to June and the disease is not contagious. Were it not for these three facts those vast regions would be uninhabitable. As things

are, however, it is capable, if the number of infected ticks should multiply, of becoming a great public menace. It is no wonder, therefore, that since the demonstrations of Dr. Ricketts, the mountain states have made liberal appropriations to enable scientists to continue the investigation of the problems involved. Where he had a hundred dollars to spend a thousand is now available, and more than one man is hot on the trail of the elusive bacillus on the discovery of which the cure of the disease by the resultant serum depends. Dr. Ricketts took the first great step in demonstrating the cause. His much to be lamented death left it to his successors to find the cure.

Though the work done on spotted fever was a great public service it remained to Dr. Ricketts to do an incomparably greater one in the very last year of his life. While he was still engaged in the Montana investigation an epidemic of typhus fever appeared in Mexico. Typhus has been one of the worst scourges of the human race. It has numbered uncounted millions among its victims. It resembles in some ways the Rocky Mountain spotted fever. This resemblance did not escape Dr. Ricketts. As his study of spotted fever progressed it was natural that he should begin to see that it was preparing him, in a peculiar way, for the investigation and the possible solution of the far more important problem of typhus fever. Dr. Hektoen, with whom, as his departmental chief and long-time friend and adviser, he took counsel, and who knew his hopes and assisted him in his plans, writes on this point as follows: "As he was completing his three years' study of the Rocky Mountain disease, ... Dr. Ricketts became more and more strongly impressed with the thought, *which he had had for some time*, that the special knowledge and training thus acquired would prove of great value in the study of typhus fever and thereby, perhaps, be put to the best use." The points of resemblance between the two diseases could hardly fail to awaken the suspicion that they must have a similar cause—the bite of an insect, and to increase his purpose to enter on the new investigation. As early as April, 1909, the matter had been arranged with the University authorities. On April 20 the trustees gave him a year's leave of absence from July 1, 1909, on full pay, that "he might give his full time to investigation." Toward the expenses of the investigation the University contributed $1,200 and the McCormick Memorial Institute $1,000 and about $1,200 was provided in other ways.

Typhus is a cool climate or a cool weather disease, so that in a country as far south as Mexico it prevailed in the winter and early spring.

Dr. Ricketts, therefore, did not go to Mexico till December, 1909. About the time he began to plan for the investigation early in that year Nicolle, a French surgeon, working in Algiers had guessed the riddle of typhus and had, by experiment, conveyed the fever from a patient to a chimpanzee through an infected body louse. It was not until after Dr. Ricketts had begun his own investigation that the work of Nicolle became known to him. Other investigators were also at work on the problem, among them Mexican doctors, and to the work of all Dr. Ricketts, in his reports, gave the most generous recognition.

His arrival in Mexico City was welcomed by the authorities and he enjoyed the advantages of the well-equipped laboratory of the Bacteriologic Institute and the General Hospital.

The unique preparation his investigation of the spotted fever had given Dr. Ricketts for his new work became immediately apparent. In this new study he could make as much progress in a month as in the former one he had made in a year. He soon demonstrated that the infection was carried by infected body lice. The suggestion that bedbugs and fleas were probably equally guilty he showed to be groundless and proved conclusively, by careful experiment, that these insects, which abounded in Mexico, were entirely innocent. Their innocence made the case all the stronger against the body lice which swarmed in the afflicted areas. Typhus was confined to the lower orders who were not particular what passengers they carried about with them. Contrary to all former opinion it was thought to be established that typhus was not contagious and that the many doctors and nurses who had in all ages fallen victims to the disease had accidentally acquired and been fed upon by infected lice.

While pursuing his work in Mexico, Dr. Ricketts was called to the headship of the department of pathology in the University of Pennsylvania. This brought before him so serious a question that he found it necessary to visit Philadelphia and Chicago for consultation with the authorities of the two universities. The call to Philadelphia provided a large increase in salary as well as more time and greater facilities for research.

He was strongly attached to Chicago and the University where he had spent eight years and was most reluctant to break the ties which bound him to the city and the school. He had been promoted in 1907 to an assistant professorship in the University for four years, and the way did not seem immediately open to any considerable advancement. The invitation to Pennsylvania was a great step up and the opportunity was

too big to be missed. The appointment was, therefore, accepted, his new service to begin the first of October, 1910.

After a visit of a few days with his family in March he left them to return to Mexico. No man loved his family more devotedly. These long absences were very trying to him. For such a lover of home they involved an unusual sacrifice. After this short visit of two weeks he went back to Mexico with the greatest reluctance. It was, he declared, the last time he was ever going away without taking them with him. Just before leaving he said to his little boy then eight years old, "Henry, our first business from now on is to take care of mother."

He had urged Dr. Hektoen to go to Mexico with him, but, this proving impracticable he was accompanied by a volunteer helper, Dr. Russell M. Wilder, then an assistant in anatomy, later in the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. Arriving in Mexico City he plunged into work with Dr. Wilder with his accustomed energy, working day and night. There was much work with the microscope, hundreds of the small insects to be studied, and he wrote, "If we have any eyes left it will be strange." They were looking for the germ which was the immediate cause of the disease. It proved as infinitesmal and elusive as the bacillus of spotted fever which had given Dr. Ricketts so much trouble to isolate. Finally, however, on "April 23 they were able to announce the discovery of a micro-organism, apparently a bacillus, in the blood of typhus patients and in the insect"—the body louse. They believed that in this bacillus they had found the cause of typhus fever.

And just then came the end; Dr. Ricketts was trying to exercise great care, but in some way, quite unknown, an infected insect must have reached him and got in its deadly work and he was stricken with the fever. Mrs. Ricketts was sent for and was with him in his last days. He passed the crisis of the fever so well that the physicians thought he would recover. But just when he was expected to begin to improve his heart failed and on the third of May, 1910, he died, being in his fortieth year.

Anyone reading his five reports made through the medical journals and published in 1910 cannot fail to be impressed with the generous recognition of the work of others in the same field, as well as with the absence of large claims and the note of modesty and restraint apparent on every page. It cannot, indeed, be doubted that he was conscious that he was doing a work of very great importance and of high value to the race. For example, he must have felt it to be a red-letter day when he wrote to Mrs. Ricketts, "Think we undoubtedly have transmission by lice. You can call Hektoen and tell him if you wish."

But he could have had little expectation of the way the world would regard his achievements and the extraordinary results that would flow from them within a very short time after his death. While the work of other scholars has been recognized the honor of demonstrating by repeated and careful experiment the cause of typhus fever has by general consent been accorded to Dr. Ricketts. President Diaz, of Mexico, in addition to other marks of recognition of his service to science and to Mexico directed that "the laboratory in which Dr. Ricketts made his investigations be named in the future 'Dr. Howard T. Ricketts Laboratory.'" A memorial service was held in Leon Mandel Assembly Hall, University of Chicago, on May 15, at which President Judson spoke and read a letter from the Bureau of Education of Mexico expressing appreciation of the work of Dr. Ricketts and mentioning the honors conferred on him. Addresses were also made by Dr. Hektoen and Dr. Henderson.

In May, 1911, the first anniversary of his death, a book of more than five hundred quarto pages was published—*Contributions to Medical Science*, by Howard Taylor Ricketts—containing most of his writings outside of his book referred to above. On the title-page was this dedication:

Published As a Tribute to His Memory by His Colleagues Under the Auspices of the Chicago Pathological Society.

The introductory pages presented a brief biographical sketch by Dr. Ludvig Hektoen. Fifty pages were contributed by associates to make more complete the accounts of his work on the Rocky Mountain fever.

When in 1914 a laboratory was built for the Department of Pathology, Hygiene, and Bacteriology the University of Chicago honored the memory of Dr. Ricketts by giving the laboratory his name. A bronze tablet at the entrance bears the following inscription:

In Memory of
HOWARD TAYLOR RICKETTS
1871–1910
Assistant Professor of Pathology
in the
University of Chicago
whose career, marked by enthusiasm
and rare ability in medical research,
was cut short by typhus fever contracted during his investigation of
that disease in the City of Mexico

Eight years later, 1922–23, to provide for the growth of the departments, a similar building south of the first one was erected for Bacteriology and Hygiene and named Ricketts South.

The crowning recognition, fixing forever his relation to the solution of the problem of typhus fever, was given by the scientific world itself in calling the germ or organism which causes the disease Rickettsia. That I may not seem to claim too much for Dr. Ricketts I add a quotation from an article by Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the *Saturday Evening Post* of May 28, 1921. After speaking of "the wondrous boon which he had won for humanity" and which led to the foregoing distinction being conferred on Dr. Ricketts, he adds, "With the broad human internationalism of science which knows no boundaries, a young Serbian investigator named Prowazek, who had also risked and lost his life in the further study of the pestilence, had his named coupled with that of the discoverer, and the germ today has passed into scientific nomenclature as Rickettsia-Prowazeki."

A very remarkable recognition of Dr. Ricketts and his work on typhus has just been published (1922) by the Harvard University Press. It is in the form of a quarto volume of about three hundred pages with the following title, *The Etiology and Pathology of Typhus, Being the Main Report of the Typhus Research Commission of the League of Red Cross Societies to Poland.* This Commission of able scientists prosecuted its work in Warsaw in 1920 with every facility at its command. I quote from the *Report* the following interesting statement, "The lice employed in this study were taken to Warsaw from areas in North America and in Great Britain where typhus is not endemic and were fed upon members of the Commission during the entire period of the research." The first and principal object of the investigation was to determine "the exact nature of the specific cause of the disease." The conclusion to which the Commission came is given in the last paragraph of the *Report* in these words: "We conclude that Rickettsia-Prowazeki is the cause of typhus." It was most interesting to learn that while Rickettsia-Prowazeki is the specific name for the virus of typhus, Rickettsia has become a group name applying to thirteen or fourteen different micro-organisms. In the report of this Commission the word occurs alone or in its various combinations five hundred times. The name of Dr. Ricketts has been written forever into the literature and nomenclature of medical science.

Such was the recognition Dr. Ricketts received and such were the marks of distinction conferred on him. Now for some of the results of his work. They did not, at the outset, seem likely to be very great. Though

typhus had been one of the great scourges of humanity, with the advance of civilization and the increase of personal cleanliness it had begun to disappear from the western world and confine itself to less sanitary quarters—the Balkans, Russia, and Mexico.

But this security was only apparent, fictitious, not real. The Great War had hardly begun and Russian and Austrian armies got into camps than typhus once more appeared. As famine followed war typhus increased. Whole armies, whole populations were decimated. Cooties, as the soldiers euphoniously named the lice, multiplied beyond belief. They overspread all European lands and took possession of all the armies—even our own. Typhus first became epidemic in Serbia after the earliest Austrian invasion. The Austrians defeated and driven out left thousands of prisoners infected with typhus fever. For better care these were distributed throughout Serbia. Covered with lice they carried the disease with them, and communicated it to the population. As Dr. Woods Hutchinson says: "By December, 1914, half of Serbia had blazed out into a furious epidemic. . . . . Naturally the epidemic spread like a tidal wave, and by April, 1915, new cases were coming at the rate of 9,000 a day." By this time it had dawned on the medical world that the way to fight the disease was to delouse the patients, and then destroy the lice. Disinfecting equipment had been devised, which thoroughly accomplished both these objects, and was already in use in the various armies. Serbia cried out for help, and the American Red Cross, joined by smaller units from England, France, and Russia, responded to the appeal, and extraordinary measures were adopted for the relief of the stricken country. Dr. Hutchinson goes on to say:

Disinfecting establishments were built at the hospitals and other convenient centers, while disinfestation trains were speedily equipped, and sent out in all directions through the country districts. These establishments were such as were already in use on the Western Front, consisting roughly of a dressing, or more correctly undressing room, where the patients divested themselves of all their clothing, putting it into large network bags. These bags were then placed in a steam sterilizer, and subjected to live steam at high pressure, completely destroying all insects and their eggs. The owners of the clothing, meanwhile, were given first a hot shower bath with plenty of soap, and then rubbed or anointed thoroughly with either emulsions of kerosene, or insecticide salves. At the door of the bathroom, through which they were to pass out, stood a stern-eyed man with a hose, who made every one of them stand and rotate slowly before him, while he finished off any spots that might have escaped proper attention. Then the clean and comforted subjects passed on into a redressing room, where they arrived just as their clothes were shot out of the big steam sterilizer. The two were promptly united, and went on their way rejoicing, and cootie-free. . . . . Of course, in many instances more primitive equipments had to be used . . . . but they did the work with the triumphant result, that although

the epidemic had run to at least 500,000 cases, with more than 150,000 deaths before the commission arrived on the scene, within three months it was on the decline, and within six it had been stamped out altogether. Never was a more brilliant and splendid victory won against greater odds.

Serbia was saved. Other countries were rescued. The armies were saved. Europe was redeemed from another continent-wide scourge of typhus fever. These are some of the results of the epoch-making work of Dr. Ricketts and others within eight years after his death. The lives to be saved in the future are beyond estimate. Such a service to the world is worth all that the University of Chicago has cost a thousand times over.

One recognition and result of his life-work I have not mentioned. In 1912 Mrs. Ricketts gave the University of Chicago five thousand dollars, the income of which should provide an annual prize for "the student presenting the best results of research in Pathology or Bacteriology." This is known as the Howard T. Ricketts Prize. The prize is conferred on the third of May—the anniversary of Dr. Ricketts' death—and announced at the succeeding Convocation each year. Thus a succession of students who have gifts for research will be aided in their work and encouraged to devote their lives to the enlargement, through original investigation, of the boundaries of knowledge. This is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of human achievements. To extend the boundaries of human knowledge, and to do this in such a way as to save human lives and make the world a healthier and happier world—and to achieve with this a noble and lovable personality—this was the glory of Dr. Ricketts' life.

ALBERT MERRITT BILLINGS

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I met A. M. Billings once only, so far as I remember, but his appearance has remained as a picture to my memory ever since. He was a man who, once seen, was not to be forgotten. Tall, dignified, with a fine but strong face, well dressed in somewhat formal attire that separated him from the ordinary business man, imposing and distinguished in appearance, he impressed me as one of the last of the gentlemen of the old school. He looked like an aristocrat descended from a line of aristocrats from whom he had inherited his dignity, his impressive appearance and grand manner, and his wealth.

As a matter of fact he was the son of poor people, born in the northern wilderness and brought up on a small New England hill farm. He had enjoyed the slightest social and school advantages, had been apprenticed to learn a trade, and had made his own way in the world from the lowliest beginnings. But he did have a Puritan ancestry and God-fearing parents, and breathed throughout his youth and early manhood the physically, intellectually, and morally bracing atmosphere of the Green Mountain State which has given to our country so many men big in body and in brain.

The ancestors of the Billings family in America came from England about the middle of the seventeenth century, settling first at Lancaster, Massachusetts, forty miles northwest of Boston, but a little later joining the movement to Connecticut. In the veins of some of them there must have been a peculiarly strong strain of the blood of pioneers. These joined the migration up the Connecticut River and its tributaries and peopled New Hampshire and Vermont. One of the affluents of the main river was the White, running into the Connecticut from the west, and attracting its share of the north-bound settlers. On its banks is the town of Royalton, Vermont.

Royalton is thirty miles south of Montpelier, the capital, and only about ten miles southeast of the center of the state. One interesting fact about that part of Vermont is this, that the first white settlers found it an unoccupied region. When the earliest of them penetrated to that remote wilderness the only Indian he encountered was a trapper from Canada with his wife and children, who shared the cabin of the pioneer

with him (the single room being divided into two by a line drawn on the the floor), and relieved the loneliness of his first winter. It was, therefore, no man's land when the pioneers took possession.

The paternal grandfather of A. M. Billings after serving a term in the army of the Revolution settled in Royalton with his wife and earlier children about 1778. He was counted as one of the founders of the town and shared in the allotment of the lands. His oldest son bore his father's name, John, and was born April 11, 1773, and was therefore five years old when the father brought his family to their new home in the northern wilderness. The war was still raging, when, two years later, October 16, 1780, a British and Indian raid from Canada was made on Royalton which was only saved from wholesale massacre by the English officer in command of the marauders. It was a surprise attack for the purpose of destroying property and taking prisoners. Only four persons were killed and they because they resisted or tried to escape. The officer in his official report said: "I burned twenty-eight dwelling Houses, thirty-two Barns full of grain and one new barn not quite finished, one Saw and one Gris Mill, killed all the black Cattle, sheep, Piggs, etc. of which there was a great quantity. . . . . I got 32 Prisoners and 4 scalps."

John Billings saw his house and barn go up in flames and lost his stock, but saved his family and soon rebuilt his home. John Jr. was seven years old at the time of this historic burning of Royalton. The family increased in numbers until there were eleven sons and daughters. The oldest son, growing toward manhood, left the hive and flew away as far as Troy, New York. There in due time he found a wife, Hannah Brown, daughter of Judge Jonathan Brown, another soldier of the Revolution. Returning to Royalton he was by turns a farmer and a storekeeper, but the only thing he accumulated, apparently, was a large family. He had, indeed, little chance to accumulate wealth, for, twice married, he was the father of thirteen children, ten sons and three daughters. He served as captain in the Plattsburg campaign in the War of 1812, and for thirty years received a pension from the government. He was a man of recognized integrity, was a selectman of Royalton for one year, and is said to have been much employed by his neighbors in the settlement of their small estates. In his old age he returned to Troy and died in that city.

His son, Albert M. Billings, was born in Royalton, April 21, 1814. He came in the middle of the family, being the seventh among the thirteen children. As he grew to manhood he developed very unusual

qualities and abilities. It is a notable fact that, in his own and the succeeding generation, out of this family of Vermont farmers came other able and distinguished men. The one of his own generation was his cousin, Frederick Billings, lawyer and business man. Going to California in 1849 he achieved large success in his profession as a lawyer, became attorney-general of the young state, and was urged to accept the presidency of the new University of California. Returning at the end of fifteen years to the Atlantic Coast he became interested in railroads, among others in the Northern Pacific, and was made president of that road in 1879. The City of Billings, Montana, was named for him. He became a man of large means and was as liberal to Christian, charitable, and educational institutions as he was wealthy.

One of the most eminent members of the family was Colonel John Shaw Billings, who, after the Civil War, established the Army Medical Museum at Washington, made the Surgeon General's Library the best medical library in the world, planned the Johns Hopkins and other modern hospitals, and planned and brought to its present efficiency the New York Public Library. "He was a recognized authority on medical bibliography, a splendid operative surgeon in war time, an authority on military medicine, public hygiene, sanitary engineering, statistics and hospital construction, the author of the most critical account of American medical literature, and the best history of surgery that has been published in the English language."

A distinguished son of this family of the present generation is A. M. Billings' nephew, Dr. Frank Billings, who for many years has been the acknowledged leader of the medical profession in Chicago. Famous as a diagnostician, recipient of many honors from the profession, called to honorable and laborious services for humanity by the state and general governments, professor of medical schools, Dr. Billings was dean of Rush Medical College, Chicago, for about twenty-three years, and is one of the leaders in founding and organizing the new Medical School of the University of Chicago.

Not less prominent than these men in his own line, that of business, is Mr. Billings' son, C. K. G. Billings. He seems to have inherited his father's genius for the management of large affairs. For many years the head of the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company of Chicago, he turned it over to others only to take a very prominent part in one of the great corporations of the country, the Union Carbide and Carbon Company. Frequent references will be made to him in these pages.

In the youth of A. M. Billings, Royalton was not so much a village

as a community of farmers. The children were the helpers, as they grew up, of their parents on the land and in the house. The summer was the season of toil and every boy above ten years of age knew what hard work was. The fall and winter brought many pleasures. There were husking parties in the barns, followed by bountiful suppers and the boisterous indoor games of that day. The apple paring bees were held in the houses and brought the young men and women together for evenings in which the work was play. In that hill country of abundant snow, coasting parties added much to the winter's gaiety. But the great day of the year was the Fourth of July. An account of the celebration of 1827 tells how the day was ushered in by a salute of thirteen guns. A public meeting was held in the church. The Declaration of Independence was read by Jacob Collamer, then a young lawyer of Royalton, later one of Vermont's most illustrious sons. A patriotic oration was delivered. Then followed a public dinner in the hotel. "General Elias Stevens presided, supported by Deacon John Billings and General Mills May. Oel Billings (uncle of Albert M.) was master of toasts," of which there were thirty-three. With what patience our fathers must have listened to talk! At the time of this celebration young Billings was thirteen years old, just the age at which wide-awake boys are interested in all that is going on, and the prominent part taken in it by his grandfather and uncle must have made the day memorable to him.

Albert began his education in the district school and finished it at sixteen or seventeen in what was known as the Royalton Academy. Around the center a village had begun to grow. It must have been very small indeed ninety years ago. In 1910 it boasted a population of 330. In Albert M. Billings' day the academy had but one teacher and could not have been of very high grade. The oldest known catalogue of the school is that of 1830, and the name of Albert Billings leads the list of the forty-five pupils. His cousin, E. H. Billings, was also in the list, and Nathaniel Sprague was the teacher. This year appears to have brought his school days to an end. He did not, however, return to the hard work of the farm. He was not considered robust enough. He was growing too fast, shooting up toward the six feet he attained, and needed lighter employment than haying and harvesting. He was therefore apprenticed in the village to learn the harness- and trunk-making trade. If the boy is father to the man, one wonders how A. M. Billings could have consented to be apprenticed to anyone. He was of an independent, self-reliant, self-directing, masterful disposition. It is not easy to conceive him as an apprentice. This apprenticeship, however, was in accordance

with the custom of that day, and he accommodated himself to it. But not for any long time. Subjection was wholly foreign to his nature and at the end of about two years he separated himself from his master and at the same time abandoned the trade of harness- and trunk-making.

One of his older brothers, Edwin, had established himself in the manufacture of machinery in the village of Claremont, New Hampshire, twenty-five or thirty miles southeast of Royalton. In 1833, when Albert was nineteen, he joined his brother in what was known in Claremont as the Billings Machine Shop. Claremont, situated on the rapids of the Sugar River a few miles east of the Connecticut, was endowed by nature with a fine water power, which, since the day of which I write, has made it a prosperous manufacturing center. Young Billings was there in the beginnings of this development.

In 1892, when Mr. Billings was seventy-eight years old, he wrote out, at the request of a publishing concern which was preparing a book of biographies, brief answers to a series of questions submitted to him. But when it was intimated to him that they wanted $400 for a steel engraving to accompany the sketch, he dropped the matter, retaining his notes. These, fortunately, have been preserved in his own handwriting.

Of the Claremont period of his life he wrote:

> My first step, in my sixteenth year, after leaving the school where I was being fitted for old Dartmouth College, was to learn the machinist trade in all of its branches, which occupied my time for about ten years, with my brother Edwin A. Billings operating one of the largest machine shops in the state. After being with my brother for about two years, I was given charge of assembling all new machines, such as modern printing presses, cotton mills, etc.
>
> After leaving my brother's machine shop, I engaged in the stage coach business for myself, "Staging it" from Claremont in Sullivan County, New Hampshire, to Henniker in the adjoining county of Merrimack, the stage line running through to Boston by way of Lowell. About that time steam railroads were being introduced and, because of my familiarity with mechanics, I was naturally attracted to and drifted into the railroad business in the way of engineering and construction, including raising of funds, assisting in obtaining charters, etc.

These last lines cover a long period during which many interesting things occurred. Two years after reaching Claremont, in 1835, when he was only twenty-one years old, he was appointed a deputy sheriff of the county and was continued in that office about ten years. He had now grown into vigorous manhood, tall and robust, with a natural air of authority and, endowed with an alert intelligence and unflinching courage, he was perfectly adapted to the duties of his office. These were neither very onerous nor very remunerative in that country com-

munity, but they naturally made him acquainted with such business opportunities as existed, and thus revealed him to himself. It was in Claremont that he discovered that he had a natural talent for business and began to use it. At the end of nine years his neighbors made him a justice of the peace and continued him in that office as long as he remained in Claremont. He acquired real estate and began to prosper. He early developed an interest in patent rights and his perception of a bargain was so keen that he seldom failed to make these investments profitable. In 1837 he married in Claremont, Lucinda A. Corbin. He was twenty-three years old. Two children were born of this marriage, a son, Henry A., and a daughter who died at an early age.

In the very brief story Mr. Billings wrote of his own life the following unconnected statement appears: "In 1853 I went west and assisted in the management of the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Railroad." How or how long he assisted does not appear. Here is an interesting experience in his life of which no further record remains. He evidently traveled much, but his residence was Claremont.

The Claremont period in Mr. Billings' life reveals a curious development in his religious views. Those members of the Billings family who were among the early settlers of Royalton and their immediate descendants were religious people and Baptists. The first John was a deacon of the Baptist church, apparently for life, and was universally known in the community as Deacon Billings. His son, John, the father of Albert, followed in his steps. The community, however, was small and the little church finally disappeared. But the family continued religious and became active in other churches. Albert became a Methodist and took his religion much more seriously than do most men. When, in 1840 and the years following, second adventism became a burning question in the religious world he became so interested in it that with other members of the Claremont Methodist Church he began to hold separate meetings in which the interest gathered about our Lord's Second Coming. Thereupon they were requested to give up their separate meetings or withdraw from the church. Mr. Billings and a number of others promptly withdrew and continued their meetings. It was the time of the great Millerite excitement when so many good people were disappointed that the Lord did not come. This disappointment did not permanently discourage Mr. Billings' religious faith. We shall see that reappearing and developing as our narrative proceeds. But the experience of those years did lead him to recast his views. He did not return to the Methodist church, but he grew out of the views which caused him

to separate from it. Thereafter, while he continued deeply interested in religion, he flocked by himself.

It was in Claremont that he took the first important step that laid the foundations of his later prosperity. He there began to display the extraordinary business insight which afterward distinguished him. He saw business opportunities where no one else could see them, and he had the enterprise and courage to seize these opportunities and work them out to large success. In traveling about the county in the discharge of his public duties he stopped at the house of a farmer whose wife made the best bread he had ever eaten. On inquiry he was told it was prepared with yeast made from potatoes. At his request the housewife gave him the recipe for making it. The more he reflected on it the more convinced he became that the business of manufacturing and selling the yeast could be made profitable. In a small way at first he began the enterprise. It prospered. The earlier steps in its expansion cannot, after the lapse of seventy-five years, be traced. About 1855, apparently, Mr. Billings transferred the yeast business to Groton, Massachusetts, a town about sixty miles southeast of Claremont, perhaps to get nearer to Boston and the centers of business. He was still a justice of the peace and a resident of Claremont and apparently divided his time between the two places. The yeast business so prospered that about 1858 an opportunity came to him to dispose of it at a large profit. But why should he sell it? I can imagine no reason save one. He had discovered his capacity for big business and knew that he needed a wider field than a Massachusetts village. He heard the cities and the large enterprises of the day calling him. His career is one of the miracles of nineteenth-century business. Here was a man born and brought up on a Vermont farm, apprenticed to learn the trade of harness- and trunk-making, a deputy sheriff for ten years and a justice of the peace for twelve or fourteen years in a New Hampshire village, with a few years as head of a twenty-mile stage-coach line and as a successful manufacturer of yeast, starting out at forty-five to try conclusions with the captains of finance, and succeeding in the audacious attempt. He realized on the various investments he had made in Claremont, sold his yeast business for $80,000, and began his new career. His capital consisted of more than $100,000 in money, a very unusual capacity for business, and unbounded self-reliance.

We have reached the year 1859, when Mr. Billings was forty-five years old. During the brief period of that one year occurred three of the most important events of his life. Not the least important was his

second marriage. He had been familiar with Woodstock, Vermont, from early youth, as that village was only a few miles south of Royalton and the home of an uncle and cousins. It was on the road between Royalton and Claremont and he was well acquainted there. In Woodstock he found a very unusual woman, Mrs. Augusta Sarah Farnsworth Allen. She was eight years younger than himself, and they were married June 1, 1859. Mrs. Billings was descended from the very early settlers of Woodstock. She was so capable that her husband continued throughout his life to advise with her about all his business affairs, particularly when he was in difficulties, and was accustomed to speak in the strongest terms of appreciation of the assistance he received from her in the conduct of all his varied interests. They were two people, each possessing very strong peculiarities of temperament and character, living together nearly forty years in mutual devotion, dependence, and sympathy.

Another important event of this year, 1859, in the life of Mr. Billings was the connection he formed with Commodore C. K. Garrison, well known in the business world of that day. Garrison was one of the "Forty-niners" in the first great rush to the golden state. Very able and as public spirited as he was able, he had been a successful business man, banker, railroad man, reorganizer of a steamship company, thus acquiring his title of Commodore, and mayor of San Francisco in troublous times. Returning to New York in 1859 with large means, he and Mr. Billings came together. Both were looking for business openings. They became warm friends and continued to be intimately associated in business for many years.

The third of these important events was that this same year, 1859, took Mr. Billings to Chicago and saw the beginning of his connection with the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company of that city. He was led to Chicago in a rather curious way. The American Gas Light Company of Claremont owned a patent granted to Andrew Walker for a process of purifying gas with water. Mr. Billings' interest in patents led him to add to his other activities the agency for selling to gas companies the right to use this process. In pushing this business he traveled widely and in 1859 visited Chicago and sold the use of the process to the newly organized Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company of that city. This transaction made him acquainted with the situation of the gas business in Chicago and particularly with the field and plans of the company he was dealing with. That company was a very small affair compared to the company of the same name today. The Chicago of 1859 was a city of only 100,000 people. The West Division of the city

where the new company began operations had a population of 40,000. The Peoples Company had been incorporated by an act of the state legislature in 1855. In the act of incorporation there was one feature of extraordinary value to the company. The charter conferred a perpetual franchise. It had this immense advantage over any possible competitor. It was not until August, 1858, that an ordinance of the city council gave permission for laying mains through the streets. But it soon transpired that the company could not raise the funds for successfully launching the enterprise of building gas works and laying the necessary mains. There was an older corporation, the Chicago Gas Company, already in possession of the field. The success of the new organization seemed to investors very doubtful, and its first owners could not carry it forward. This condition became known to Mr. Billings and he went to Chicago again to look the ground over. The enterprise was a hazardous one, depending for success on the growth of the new city, freedom from ruinous competition, and above all, good management. Studying the situation Mr. Billings satisfied himself that the young city had a great future, and, having unbounded confidence in his own powers, decided to face the risks of competition. In connection with Commodore Garrison he bought a controlling interest in the Peoples Company and entered on the task of building the works and laying gas mains. Having no wish to enter on a war of competition with the older, the Chicago Company, he entered into a verbal agreement with E. T. Watkins, the president, that the Chicago Company should confine its operations to the North and South Divisions of the city and his own company, the Peoples, to the West Division. This verbal agreement was never broken.

Before the Chicago opportunity opened, the attention of Mr. Billings had been attracted to Saratoga, whose springs and other advantages were already giving promise of making it the famous and popular resort it became. Whether he invested in one of the springs or hotels, as has been reported, I have not been able to determine. But he took Mrs. Billings there and made it his home. It remained the family home for more than four years.

In one of Mr. Billings' notebooks appears the following entry illustrative of several things: "January 18, 1863. Left Chicago for home. Expenses, sixteen days at Chicago, $32.00. Ticket home, $21.65. Sleeping car, $1. Arrived Saratoga, January 20, 1863." Saratoga was home. There his son, C. K. G. Billings, was born and his daughter, Sarah Augusta. A second daughter was also born who died in infancy.

It is well known in Chicago, where he has been a very prominent business man, that the son has always been known to his intimate friends as "Ben," a name which bore no relation to his initials, C. K. G. And thereby hangs this tale. By 1861, the year of the son's birth, the relations between Mr. Billings and his partner, C. K. Garrison, had become very intimate. In 1907, Mrs. Billings, then eighty-five years old, said to a reporter who interviewed her, "When our son was born, the Commodore sent him a costly silver mug marked 'To Cornelius Kingsley Garrison Billings.' Mr. Billings was much disappointed at the name. 'I had intended,' he said, 'giving the boy some Bible name like Benjamin,' and ever after he called him Ben."

When Mr. Billings went to Chicago, in 1859, he had no intention of making his home in that city. His partner was in New York. He expected his own business interests to center there. It was the financial metropolis and it was his purpose to make it his headquarters. Meantime, while he was getting his gas business under way in Chicago and looking for a favorable opportunity to dispose of it at a profit, his residence continued to be Saratoga, and his time was divided between that place, New York, and Chicago. His business in Chicago, however, claimed more and more of his time and attention. He discovered that the charter of the Peoples Company needed amendments and these he secured from the legislature through J. Russell Jones, a man well known in Chicago, prominent in politics and business for many years. Meantime he was very busy getting the business of the company into shape. He built the first West Side gas works at Twenty-second Street and Centre Avenue, Commodore Garrison advancing two-thirds of the cost. The successful launching of the enterprise was a more difficult job than he supposed it would be. It took a much longer time and the outcome of the venture was long uncertain. He had not intended to devote his life to the gas business. He was not holding on to the business from choice, but the business was holding on to him. He could not let go of it. He wanted to sell it, but no one wanted to buy it.

Finally, at the end of four and a half years, in 1864, he brought his family to Chicago and rented a house at 609 West Washington Street. Mrs. Billings is quoted as saying: "We moved so much from one place to another after I came from Saratoga Springs in 1864 that I finally insisted on a home of our own. It was Mr. Billings' plan to sell the gas business and go back to New York. I had to find the most suitable place because I always superintended the moving." They bought and moved into the house at 504 West Lake Street in 1870. It was a modest

frame building, but the lot was large, 100 by 245 feet. Additions were later made to both house and lot. To the reporter who interviewed her Mrs. Billings said, "We were originally Vermont farmers and the land around the house was just what we wanted for raising corn and vegetables." From this comparatively modest home they never moved. Before the door the Lake Street surface car line ran, and later, above the surface cars the trains of the elevated road thundered. The neighborhood gradually deteriorated into a region of factories and warehouses. Mr. Billings became a man of large wealth, but they continued to live in this modest house. And this was not because he would not give his wife any house she wished. In the matter of a home her wish was law. But she did not wish to change. Neither the boulevards nor the "gold coast" had any attraction for her. She had grown to love the old house and continued to occupy it for forty-three years to a day, that is to the end of her life, which was prolonged to March 30, 1913, sixteen years after her husband's death in 1897. She lived to her ninety-first year.

The home was a comfortable, two-story frame house with thirteen or more rooms. The premises were kept in "spick and span" order, the house painted white with green shutters. Lamp posts were set inside the large yard. In describing the place to anyone wishing to go there, reference was always made to the lamp posts in the yard as an easy means of identification.

Mr. Billings continued at the head of the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company for nearly thirty years. During all this time it remained a West Side concern. That division of the city grew very rapidly, increasing from 40,000 in 1859 to 500,000 in 1889, containing in the latter year more than half the population of the city. During these thirty years the Peoples Company had built new and greatly enlarged gas works and laid service pipes through almost every street between the Chicago River and the western limits of the city. It had kept the fast expanding division supplied with gas. This had not only kept the company extraordinarily busy, but had required continually increasing amounts of capital. Contrary to the general impression, the business was carried on with small profit for many years. They were strenuous years for Mr. Billings. He was equally busy keeping the company afloat financially and directing the work of construction. It is related that one day during the building of a large gas holder the sides of the great pit being dug to receive it began to cave in. The workmen fled from what seemed imminent peril. Mr. Billings thereupon went down into the pit, saying, "Come with me, boys," and they followed him. He remained

in the pit thirty-six hours directing the work which was safely accomplished. While never foolhardy he had the air of authority, that unflinching courage, that readiness to go before, which made him the leader of men he was.

He was a man of such superabounding energy that, not finding enough to occupy his time and attention in the management of the Peoples Company, Mr. Billings, in the early seventies took over and reorganized two banks, The Home National Bank and The Home Savings Bank. They were located on the corner of West Washington and Halsted streets, on the West Side, adjoining the gas company's offices. They were small affairs compared with the great banking houses of our day. The national bank had a capital of $250,000, and the savings bank of $5,000, but there were no more solid institutions in Chicago. Mr. Billings was president of both from the day he acquired them to the end of his life.

He had peculiar ideas as to the principle on which these banks at least should be conducted. He eventually owned most of the stock, but there were other stockholders and they naturally looked for dividends. His plan, however, was to employ the profits, not in paying dividends to the stockholders, but in accumulating a surplus and thus increasing the stability of the banks. In this he achieved such success that the two banks weathered all financial storms, continuing, through panics which destroyed weaker institutions, solid as a rock. Through this method the time came when the stock of the savings bank, of the par value of $100 a share, was worth $1,100 a share, book value. But it goes without saying that though he repeatedly pointed out to the minority stockholders, who received no dividends, the constantly increasing value of their stock, they were dissatisfied. In the end they all received six per cent interest on their investment, but this was long delayed. Meantime the banks waxed stronger and stronger. Mr. Billings kept his own funds in them and the bank examiners used to refer to them as "Mr. Billings' cash box." The two banks with a combined capital of $255,000 accumulated a surplus of more than $400,000. There was never a day when all depositors, except Mr. Billings himself, could not have been paid in full.

Mr. Robert L. Benson, who became the Chicago representative of the Billings estate, entered The Home National Bank in 1889. He had at that time never seen Mr. Billings and asked the cashier of the bank what kind of a looking man Mr. Billings was, saying that he would like to recognize him when he came in. "Oh!" said the cashier, "don't you worry. You'll know him the minute he enters; you can't possibly mistake him." And when he saw a man six feet in height, broad

shouldered, dignified and commanding in appearance, dressed, as perhaps no other man in Chicago was, like a gentleman of the old school—when he saw this man come in, he recognized at once his employer. It was not long before Mr. Benson came into relations of confidence and responsibility with him and he is full of reminiscences of him. Any question is likely to bring out an illustrative story. For instance, having been referred to a very well-known citizen for information, I asked Mr. Benson what his relations with Mr. Billings were. He answered, "I will illustrate their relations by an incident. One morning Mr. Billings said to me, 'Mr. Blank is coming in today for some money. Let him have it.' On my inquiring how much he would want, the answer was, 'I don't know. Perhaps $100,000. Whatever it is, let him have it.' I next asked what security I should require from him, and he said, 'Let him have whatever amount he wants on whatever security he offers.' As it happened Mr. Blank was a very careful man in such matters and the security was ample."

Mr. Billings had a very natural dislike of being deceived or imposed upon. He had bought from a city wine merchant some California blackberry brandy and was quite willing to assist the merchant in furnishing sick people with this fine California product well known as a remedy for various complaints. He therefore loaned the merchant, whom he regarded as a public benefactor, money which it turned out he could not pay. This prompted an examination of his books and accounts. One large bill of a Chicago wholesale grocery house was for dried blackberries. I quote the rest of the story from Mr. Benson, "Addressing the bearer of the ill news, who happened to be the writer hereof, Mr. Billings said, 'Do you mean to say that that fellow makes that California brandy from *dried* [registering horror] blackberries he buys here at the corner grocery store?' 'That is what he has always done, Mr. Billings.' 'Then you go right over there and shut that fellow up,' and it was done forthwith."

He had the peculiarity of being greatly agitated by trifles, but was apparently quite undisturbed by serious troubles. He was accustomed to drive from his home to the bank and hitching his horse in the street always carried inside his carriage robe and whip. One day he left in his buggy a box of cigars he had just purchased. Discovering the oversight a few minutes later he went out to recover the cigars only to find that they were gone. He was greatly incensed and much wrought up over the loss. Mr. Benson was then a comparatively new clerk and was himself much disturbed over the loss of what must have been a box of costly

cigars to cause so great an uproar. The excitement was at its height when the son, C. K. G. Billings, came in and asked what the matter was. When told, he remained quite calm and said, "Do you know how much father pays for his cigars? It's $2.50 a box and he gets them from some news stand here on Halsted Street." Some time later Mr. Benson says he received a different sort of shock. A financial panic was on. Mr. Billings had been confined to his house for a few days by illness. Meanwhile there had been several failures among the bank borrowers involving some $30,000 of loans not well secured. Mr. Benson had to acquaint Mr. Billings with the situation. He delivered his bad news and braced himself for the earthquake he felt sure would come. Mr. Billings ran his fingers through his hair, considered a few minutes and then said quietly: "Oh well, we can't have an omelette without breaking a few eggs." "In due time," the narrator goes on, "we learned that the little outpost skirmishes annoyed Mr. Billings, but when the big battle was on, he was at his best, strong, self-confident, experienced, resourceful and almost always successful in the end. At such times there was something doing every single minute of the day and it was a most wonderful and profitable opportunity to be attached to his headquarters and observe his skilful handling of difficult situations."

The management of the gas company and two banks by no means exhausted Mr. Billings' activities. I quote again from the autobiographical statement:

> At the time when construction of an L railroad in New York City was being considered I received a wire at Saratoga to meet a Mr. Gilbert who, with his associates owned a charter to build an L railroad in New York City from the Battery to Central Park. On arrival and examination I approved of the venture, concluding that it was a good financial undertaking. I called upon several prominent New York City citizens and interested them in the matter. We then organized and built the road under the Loan and Improvement Charter. I resigned my position as director of the New York Elevated Road after its consolidation, but am still interested in the road financially.

Speaking of his connection with the elevated road in later life, Mr. Billings used to tell the following story. When it was completed the roar of the trains was most distressing. No effective and practicable way of abating the nuisance was found, however, until an old woman called upon Mr. Billings and told him she and her husband for years lived close to an iron railroad bridge of which her husband was caretaker. For a long time the noise of every passing train at night awakened them, she said, until they found a simple way greatly to reduce the noise. She told Mr. Billings, however, that he would have to "pay well" for the

information. He agreed, if it should prove of service on the elevated structure, as it afterwards did prove—merely slipping a wooden shingle between the metal rail and the metal structure to break the metal-to-metal contact and deaden the sound. The old woman's idea of "paying well" for the information was that the road should give her boy Danny a job. She got the good job for Danny and more too.

Mr. Billings was also associated with Commodore Garrison in constructing the St. Louis, Kansas City and Colorado Railroad, later disposing of it to the Santa Fe Company. He was also largely interested in building some of the lines which made up the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul System. He and the Commodore are credited with having "bested" Jay Gould in a deal in the Missouri Pacific.

The story now current in the offices of the Missouri Pacific is as follows: Jay Gould called one day on Billings and Garrison who had acquired control of the road and asked the price of their interest. They named a price which he declared was too high and which he refused to pay. Sometime afterward, however, he called on them again and said he had decided to accept their offer, but they told him they would not then accept the amount they had formerly named, but would sell for a million dollars more. Mr. Gould declared the demand exorbitant, refused to pay it, and again went away. It seems, however, that he had to have the road, and in due time he called again and said he would take it at the price last named. They again refused to sell at the former figure and increased the price another million dollars. Declaring that he wouldn't give them the chance to raise the price on him again he closed the bargain at the figures named.

Mr. Billings' own statement of the matter is very brief, as follows: "Cornelius K. Garrison and myself owned the road known as the Missouri and Pacific Railroad which we sold to J. Gould." During the larger part of his middle and later life he was interested in building and selling or buying and selling railroads. It was these enterprises and not the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company which during most of the thirty years from 1858 to 1888 added to his wealth. He proved himself an exceedingly capable financier and almost invariably carried through his great enterprises to success. He sometimes, indeed, let opportunities go by. Standing one day on West Madison Street with his confidential clerk, he said, "There was a time when I could have bought this whole West Side street railway system for $200,000, and now the Madison Street line alone pays interest on $7,000,000."

He invested largely in Chicago real estate, for the most part on the

West Side. He was never known during his whole residence in Chicago to sell a piece of real estate which he had once acquired, except when he was obliged to do so by condemnation proceedings. It is not improbable that had he lived longer he would have disposed of his West Side real estate. As it turned out most of it was held too long, one of the few business mistakes of his life. Even Homer sometimes nods and the shrewdest business man is sometimes caught napping.

C. K. G., "Ben," Billings, having left college in 1879, when he was eighteen years old, was set to work learning the gas business. He learned it from the ground up. An apt pupil, he was advanced from year to year, went into the office and, having his father's genius for business, was rapidly promoted until he became vice-president of the company before he was twenty-five years old. The talent for business he displayed was a great satisfaction to his father.

The extraordinary business activity of Mr. Billings and the increase of his wealth did not diminish that interest in religion of which I have already spoken. He remained a daily student of the Bible and made himself so familiar with it that no one could misquote a passage without drawing from him instant correction. Here is an interesting testimony from his nephew, Dr. Frank Billings, of whom he was very proud, and who was very close to him for the last twenty years of his life. Dr. Billings says, "During my acquaintance with him his religious beliefs were expressed in a daily reading of the Holy Scriptures, which he was fond of expounding and interpreting to members of his household and to me." When the revised version of the New Testament came out he took great interest in it. His copy of it was copiously annotated, the margins being filled with his notes. He carried it with him and studied it on his journeys and when he lost it, presumably on a Pullman sleeper, the loss caused him great distress, greater probably than the loss of $50,000. This latter he would have passed by lightly as all in the day's business.

That this religious interest was not merely formal was made evident by his acts. Efforts for the rescue of criminals and the down-and-out made a strong appeal to him. He was a liberal helper of the Jerry McAuley Mission in New York City. As early as 1869 the region of Chicago west of the river for half a dozen blocks and adjacent to Madison Street, once a pleasant residence section, had become the home of criminals and outcasts. Mr. Billings became so much concerned for the spiritual rescue of these people that he bought a church building on Green Street, just south of West Madison, a building which is still standing, and sustained mission work there for more than twenty-five years. He

sometimes occupied the pulpit himself and gave familiar talks on the Bible. He sustained the preaching and entertained the preachers at his home. These were oftener than not Second Adventists toward which faith he was still drawn, but he labored with them in long arguments to correct views which he thought erroneous. Mrs. Billings had a strong sense of humor and she used to tell the following story. One Sunday morning a visiting minister preached a sermon in which he gathered all the Jews together in Jerusalem in actual physical mass meeting. As usual Mr. Billings took the preacher home to dinner. They reached the house at one o'clock, dinner being all ready to serve. While Mr. Billings was willing to allow the Jews a spiritual Jerusalem to which in spirit they might each and all return, actually gathering them all together at one time in Jerusalem presented housing, transportation and other insurmountable difficulties to his practical mind. Instead, therefore, of going in at once to dinner he took his guest to the arbor in the garden for a discussion. It was two hours later that the disputants went in to a cold dinner. "And would you believe it," Mrs. Billings used to say, "that minister preached another sermon at the mission that very evening and when he got through there wasn't a single one of those Jews left in Jerusalem!"

Mr. Billings' constant thinking on and profound interest in religious questions led him in 1886 to publish a statement of his views in a small pamphlet of about three thousand words. He gave the statement this title, "God's Eternal Purposes in His Only Begotten Son." It has a large number of quotations from the Scriptures. It is a very sane and sensible presentation of the gospel. One notes that there is not the slightest reference to the Second Coming which had so interested the author in 1843. The only real divergence from the ordinary Christian belief is the apparent teaching of the pamphlet that man is not by nature immortal, but becomes so only by having Christ born in him.

In addition to the Green Street mission Mr. Billings, also, in whole or in part sustained a church on Ada, near Fulton Street. It was a region of poor people and he provided for the little church a meeting house. I cannot learn that he was interested in the organized charities of Chicago. He left nothing for them in his will. He did once give $5,000 to the Y.M.C.A. He was not open to appeals for public welfare movements. But, in sustaining, unassisted, through so many years the religious work I have described he probably contributed to benevolences as generously as most men in Chicago in his day.

During all these years he displayed to those who knew him well one

characteristic which was not commonly attributed to him by the public. He was, indeed, far removed from that type of man which when struck on one cheek turned the other also. When attacked he hit back hard and came to be regarded as a dangerous adversary. I have been much interested in a statement which lies before me, written by the late Colonel W. P. Rend, a well-known business man of Chicago, in which he says: "To those not intimately acquainted with Mr. Billings he presented a somewhat cold and reserved manner, but beneath his rigid exterior there beat a heart full of warm sympathies and generous impulses. He was one of the most loyal and most constant of friends." This quality received a notable illustration in his relations with Commodore Garrison. The Commodore died in 1885 after a life of extraordinary business activity. Mr. Billings' business connection with him had practically ended some years before, but he remained greatly attached to his old friend. Commodore Garrison's health broke down in 1884 and at the same time he failed in business. Although his assets greatly exceeded his liabilities it seemed probable that owing to many complications, coupled with the failure of his health and inability to look after his own interests, his whole estate would pass from the possession of the family. In these circumstances Mr. Billings went to the rescue of his former associate and the family with his usual vigor. For the time being his own business was made secondary. He so arranged it that he could leave it for an extended period. He engaged the services of former Judge Beckwith of Chicago and they went to New York and spent a year in efforts to conserve the estate. There was a severe struggle in and out of the courts, but the larger part of the estate was conserved for the family of his old friend. This is declared by those who knew him best to be only one of many instances of unselfish devotion to the interests of his friends when they were in need.

This sketch has shown that the business interests and activities of Mr. Billings were diversified and widely extended. But his real business, that to which he gave constant attention from 1858 to 1888, a period of thirty years, was the development of the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company. It is true that for much of that period he was the president of two banks, but they were practically a part of the larger business. For many years the Peoples Company had a serious struggle for existence. It was very far from being the gold mine it was popularly supposed to be. The building of the gas works, first on Twenty-second Street and later on Division Street far to the north, the constant enormous expenditures in laying gas pipes through the rapidly expanding West Side, this

unending enlarging of the plant ate up the profits, though it enhanced the value of the property.

When the great fire of 1871 destroyed the North Side and the commercial section of the South Side of the city, the old Chicago Gas Company which supplied those divisions was temporarily put out of business. Mr. Billings and his company, thereupon, came to the relief of the city, connected the mains of the Peoples Company with those of the Chicago Company and supplied the lighting for the entire city until the older concern was again able to resume business. In a dramatic manner it was able to demonstrate that it was a great public utility.

It was the conviction of Mr. Billings that, in a city like Chicago, the gas business was, under proper public control, a natural monopoly. For many years the opposite theory prevailed. Therefore, as Chicago developed its miraculous growth new gas companies began to be organized. The then new constitution of Illinois made it impossible for them to secure special charters, and they incorporated under the general law. There can be no doubt that some of them were organized for the purpose of being sold to the older companies under the menace of competition. When this did not work out as expected they began operations. A willing council gave them permits to lay gas mains. The streets were once more torn up and lines of pipes put in. The time came when it seemed to the citizens as though the streets and pavements were being dug up for new gas mains most of the time. Gas pipes filled the avenues. Competition began. This was confined for the time being to the South Side. There were three companies in the field, contending for the North and South Side business. A rate war began. It cost more to make gas thirty-five years ago than it does now. But prices began to be cut. They fell from $2.50 per thousand feet to $1.00. The new companies were not strong enough to win the war.

In his "Plain Tales from Chicago," printed in the *Outlook* in 1909, C. Norman Fay says:

> One of the new companies had gone into receivers' hands, another was near it. The "Old Gas Company," captained by a grim and relentless old man, kept on smashing, smashing with its $1 club, apparently careless of consequences. At length the old fighter fell ill, grew tired, and, though he would not buy the intruders, was willing to sell. They, seeing their opportunity, got together, financed the purchase—the weak bought out the strong, and the "Gas Trust" was born.

The Chicago River separated the Peoples Company and Mr. Billings from this war. But he recognized it as presenting to him the opportunity for which he had been waiting nearly thirty years, the opportunity to

sell the Peoples Company at a large profit. He had not been involved in the war, but the new Chicago Gas Trust Company needed the Peoples to complete the Trust. Indeed they had to have it. Mr. Fay says, "It is a poor industrial, and unattractive to investors, which cannot treble its invested capital in forty years, besides paying fair interest upon it, and the gas business in Chicago had then been going forty years and over $15,000,000 had been invested in it." In accordance with this theory the Chicago Gas Trust Company was organized in 1887. It bought a majority interest in the stock of the Chicago Gas Light and Coke Company, the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company, the Equitable Gas Light and Fuel Company, and the Consumers' Company. Through the ownership of these stocks the Trust controlled four other companies—the Suburban Gas Company, the Lake Gas Company, the Hyde Park Gas Company, and the Illinois Light, Heat and Fuel Company. The capital stock of the Trust was $25,000,000, mostly issued in exchange for the stock of the four first-named companies. Among other things Mr. Billings received a check for $1,400,000. The old companies continued their corporate existence, with C. K. G. Billings as head of the Peoples Company.

Mr. Fay in his "Plain Tales" continues, "Reasonable or unreasonable, $25,000,000 was the share capital of the 'combine' and $1.25 per thousand its price for gas. Both were accepted placidly enough by the buyers of stocks and gas; but fierce indeed was the war that burst upon the Gas Trust alike from press and politicians, reformers and blackmailers. Then followed the war in the courts on the Trust."

But this war had nothing in particular to do with Mr. Billings nor he with it. He was through with the gas business. The Peoples Company indeed continued to function. The charter being perpetual was of great value. Mr. Billings was seventy-three years old. He had fought a long and hard campaign and had won it. For some years he had been training his son, C. K. G. Billings, to succeed him and he now surrendered the presidency of the Peoples Company to him. It was a real surrender. He recognized his son's business ability, and from that time C. K. G. was the actual head of the company.

His father, however, had no intention of retiring from business. He still remained at the head of his two banks. He rode to business every day in a buggy drawn by a mare named Peggy. He usually drove fast and sometimes insisted on keeping the left side of the street. He had peculiarities and this was one of them. The West Park police not infrequently appealed to his son to induce "the old gentleman," as he had

come to be called, to keep on the right side of the street and use considerably less speed. Like his son he was very fond of a good horse. Some years before this time he owned for a time a mare who later became famous as a long-distance trotter and was known as The Princess. From her descended a string of great racers, among them the well-known Lou Dillon owned by C. K. G. Billings.

It was perhaps his lifelong habit of personal economy that held the old gentleman back from any large expenditures in this direction. But he knew and loved a good horse. It would appear that the son wanted his father to have a really fine animal, and bought for some $1,500 a Kentucky bay mare and invited the old gentleman out for a drive and an inspection of the new wonder. At the end of the drive he said, "Ben, what did you give for that mare?" The reply was, "$400." Whether the father took the reply seriously has been open to some doubt, but he said, "I'll send you a check for her," and put her in his own stable.

Mr. Billings continued to drive the fast and spirited Rosie about town long after his nephew, Dr. Frank Billings, had warned him that the effort and excitement of fast driving were harmful to him. In his later years he drove with tight lines (Rosie being given to taking the bit in her teeth) and sat bolt upright, far out on the edge of the seat, looking straight ahead and, as often as otherwise, driving down the left side of the roadway.

Mr. Billings' life was so absorbed in business and his religious work that he had little time or inclination for social life, though he was an entertaining talker. He was not a club man, but for the last nineteen years of his life he was a member of the Chicago Club. For two or three years he was a member of the board of the Chicago Public Library, but he took small interest in public affairs and did not take his duties very seriously. However, I find it recorded by the man best acquainted with his later life, "that his large personal influence and assistance were repeatedly sought by and many times given to successive mayors and comptrollers of the city in bringing reluctant eastern financial circles to an acceptance of Chicago securities at times when the city was in urgent need of funds. Enjoying extraordinary financial credit himself in powerful banking circles, Mr. Billings was in a position to, and often did, render signal service to Chicago in many of these financial matters." One of the most widely known men in Chicago, closely related to its financial history for nearly or quite forty years, told me that on one occasion Mr. Billings being appealed to by Joseph Medill and others advanced to various banks $2,000,000 and averted an imminent and very threatening financial storm.

In 1890, three years after disposing of the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company, Mr. Billings was seventy-six years old, but "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." He seemed, indeed, to renew his youth and some of the most strenuous work of his life was done after that year. In March, 1890, he made a loan of $175,000 to the manager of the Citizens' Street Railroad of Memphis, Tennessee. He had known this man as a successful street railroad manager in Chicago. It turned out that much of the collateral security for the loan was worthless. To save the funds he had advanced, Mr. Billings was compelled in the end to take over the road. Later he purchased other short, disconnected lines, brought them under one management, substituted electricity for horses and mules as the motor power, and introduced other modern appliances. It is said that he made the system a model for other cities. His original loan grew to a total investment of more than $2,000,000. More than once his confidential office man, fearing he was getting in too deep, said to him, "Mr. Billings, don't you think I had better make up for you a financial statement showing the condition of this Memphis investment?" But he invariably replied: "No! I don't want to see it. It would only discourage me, and I am in so far now that I have got to see it through." He did, but it kept him busy throughout the remainder of his life. On the very last day of his life he had a conference with his Memphis manager, and with his Memphis attorney, who later became well known as General Luke E. Wright, Minister to Japan, Governor General of the Philippines and Secretary of War under Roosevelt. Mr. Billings was at the time of his death engaged on a plan for building a railroad west from Memphis. During the same years he was associated with others in building the New York and Northern Railroad. They were strenuous years for a man of eighty.

Mr. W. D. Gregory of the Peoples Company of that time was quoted in the daily papers as saying,

> The amount of work Mr. Billings was capable of was astonishing. He was off to Vermont, then to New York, and then to Memphis with hardly a stop. For the last year or two one of these trips would tire him out and he would go home for a week or so. When rested up he would come down full of plans and resolute to carry them out. A night train to Memphis and a night train back was his usual way of traveling. He was a perfect steam engine after he had been home a week and everything had to move when he took hold again.
>
> He was never downcast. When one scheme did not work he lost no time worrying about it, but had another to take its place. He was always cheery around the office in his later years and went from one thing to another with marvelous quickness.
>
> While many men as they advance in years give up the routine and detail of their

business to younger men, it was not so with Mr. Billings. He kept track of everything. He knew everything that was going on where he was interested. He paid as much attention to details as he did when he was thirty years younger.

When, in 1887, Mr. Billings contracted to sell his gas holdings to the Trust and retired from the presidency of the Peoples Company, he gave up all active participation in the gas business of Chicago, leaving his son to wrestle with any difficulties that might develop. The son proved himself entirely capable of looking after the family interests. Difficulties arose in legions. After the lower court had sustained the Trust, at the end of two years, in November, 1889, the Supreme Court reversed the finding of the court below and decided that "the corporation so formed was not for a legal purpose." It was decreed that the Gas Trust must come to an end. Then followed eight years of confusion. Mr. Fay, who was for a time president of the Trust, says, "Without waiting for a receivership the managers of the Gas Trust quickly abandoned the corporate form of organization, which had been declared illegal. The shares of the former gas companies were placed in the name of the Central Trust Company of New York, which issued its negotiable receipts against them in exchange for the Gas Trust Shares. This was a makeshift, anomalous and of doubtful legality, but it was the best that could be done at the moment."

Meantime the stock of the Trust continued for years to be bought and sold on the stock exchange. It went up and down, gradually, with the passing of the years, appreciating in price as it did in actual value with the growth of Chicago and the business. The low price in 1890 was 32½ while the price reached in 1897 was 108.

And what happened then? Charles T. Yerkes and his friends had large holdings in the Trust. To bring an intolerable situation to an end they went to Springfield and, I do not know by what means, secured the passage through the Illinois Legislature of the Gas Consolidation Act, which provided,

1. That all gas companies were authorized to sell, transfer or lease all their property, rights and franchises to any other gas company doing business in the same city.

2. That any gas companies doing business in the same city could consolidate and merge into a single corporation which should be one of the merging or consolidating companies.

It was a consequence of this law that the Peoples Company came into its own. Because of its perpetual charter, when the gas companies of the city consolidated, as they did at once under this law, it was with the charter and name of the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company and

with C. K. G. Billings as president. As a matter of course the consolidation was attacked and after being bitterly fought through the courts the case was finally decided in favor of the company. Its entire legality was established.

Thus, after many years of legal warfare substantially the same result was arrived at as was contemplated in the organization of the Trust in 1887. Greater simplicity was gained by all the companies merging into the old historic Peoples Company. Speaking of this company in the "Plain Tales from Chicago," Mr. Fay said in 1909, "From then on until now that Company has enjoyed practically an impregnable monopoly. Such competition as has arisen it has been able to control. Secure in its strength and legality, it has, in response to public pressure, repeatedly reduced its prices for gas, has substantially accepted regulation and is today as active and energetic in serving the public cheaply and well as if it had a hundred competitors."

Mr. Billings did not live long enough to see the end of the long conflict from which he had withdrawn in its early stages. But he did live long enough to see the beginning of the end, and, when, after his death, the smoke of the conflict had cleared away, it became apparent that the Billings' supremacy, which he had spent more than half his active life in building up, had not been lost. Father and son ruled the fortunes of the Peoples Company for more than fifty years.

As has been aready said Mr. Billings continued his extraordinary business activities to the very end of his long life. With pleasing memories of his early achievement in yeast, thirty-six years later, when he was eighty-one, this indomitable old man was confident of his ability to make a new success of a similar undertaking. In the fall of 1895 a manufacturer of baking powder made a voluntary assignment. The Home National Bank being the largest creditor, Mr. Billings at the sale of the business had it bid in. He did not have to buy as others wanted it. He got it by outbidding them $500. During the proceedings an incident occurred which reveals his personal integrity. An important member of the concern called on him and made certain revelations and proposals. After he had left the office Mr. Billings said to Mr. Benson, "We will have nothing whatever to do with that man." "But," said Mr. Benson, "that man is essential to the business. You can't carry it on without him." But his chief made this deeply significant answer, "We will have nothing to do with him. A man who will steal for you will steal from you." They needed the expert knowledge of this man badly before the

business was disposed of at a profit, but Mr. Billings would not be associated with a man he considered dishonest.

This was, perhaps, his last business venture, though affairs of great importance were being actively carried forward when the authoritative word came to him to turn them all over to others. His death occurred on February 7, 1897. Had he lived two months and a half longer he would have reached his eighty-third birthday. Three days before his death he had taken cold. The two days following he had remained at home, though he refused to consider himself sick. Sunday came and he felt himself on the way to complete recovery from his slight indisposition. But in the afternoon as he was sitting in his arm chair in the library with his wife and son he was seized with a chill. His nephew, Dr. Billings, was summoned, but within an hour he was dead from heart failure.

The strong man had passed on. Men thought of him and spoke of him differently. They did this inevitably. For he was a man like no one else. Chicago has seen but one A. M. Billings. He was ambitious, independent, self-reliant, courageous, resourceful, energetic, dominating, indomitable. But he was also very religious. He declared that he had no love for money. He toiled for the love of achievement. He had few intimates and many thought him cold and self-centered. All acknowledged his extraordinary abilities as a financier. The leading bankers said this of him. One of his attorneys, who had long been associated with him, said after his death, "In my opinion he was one of the greatest financiers in America. His specialty was deals on an enormous scale and in these he was invariably successful."

But, those who knew him best saw another side of this unique man. One of these was Colonel W. P. Rend, who as a voluntary tribute of affection wrote out the following statement which I am glad to bring to light.

The noble qualities of his true nature were manifested in manifold ways to those who knew him intimately. He was one of the most loyal and constant of friends. . . . . Several of our leading manufacturers and many of our prominent merchants owe, to a large extent, their success to the assistance which he extended to them in their early struggles and in the financial storms and difficulties that, at times, assailed and imperilled their business.

His kind concern for his employes and his generous acts in their behalf won their gratitude and affection. . . . . Out of his abundance he rejoiced to extend the hand of aid to the faithful clerk and to the worthy workman under him. He was particularly solicitous for the advancement of all those in his employ who led sober and industrious lives and who deserved his favor by their fidelity. To encourage

thrift and reward merit he often advanced the means to his humble laborers to purchase homes and acquire other property. He took an increasing interest, not only in these men, but also in the education of their children and in the general welfare of all the members of their families. He preferred the praises of the poor to the plaudits of the rich. Indeed he cared little for any praise, or for any reward, except the inward reward which came to him from the consciousness of right doing and a life of rectitude.

There could nowhere be found a wealthy man of simpler tastes or plainer habits. He despised show and parade and especially the show and parade of the vanity and luxury of riches. The modest cottage in which he lived before he became a rich man continued to be his home after he had amassed many millions. He lived and practiced the sturdy simplicity and severe manners of early American life.

While he gave freely to charity he concealed from the public gaze his gifts and benefactions. Sound sense, simple, unaffected dignity, and sturdy independence of character, fidelity to friendships and kindness of heart were the chief characteristics of his useful life.

This was a wonderful tribute from one big man to another. The following incident fits in well with what Colonel Rend says of his relations with his workmen. One day an old man, bent and infirm, stood in the middle of the road near the Twenty-second Street works, waving his cane and compelled Mr. Billings to stop his buggy. With surly gruffness, patently simulated, Mr. Billings demanded, "What do you want of me?" The old fellow came round to Mr. Billings' side of the buggy, "smiling and radiating comradeship," held out his hand and said, "I don't want anything, Mr. Billings, only to shake hands with the man I worked for nearly all my life." When the Gas Trust was formed in 1887–88, Mr. Billings arranged for the pensioning of many of the long-time employees of the Peoples Company, and this old fellow was evidently one of the pensioners.

Mrs. Billings was eight years younger than her husband. She lived until 1913, sixteen years after his death, and reached the age of ninety-one years. She was a fit mate for him, of great strength of character and his constant and highly valued adviser. She continued to live in the old home to the end, spending much of her time looking after the large estate.

Mr. Billings left two sons, Henry A., the son of his first marriage, who died in Chicago in 1918, and C. K. G., who inherited his father's genius for business as well as much of his wealth and who is now living in New York City. He is not merely a rich man's son, but a business man with abilities rivaling those of his father. He was married in 1885 to Blanche E. MacLeish, daughter of Andrew MacLeish, a well-known Chicago merchant, of the firm of Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. There are

two children, Blanche Pauline, and Albert M. Billings, the grandson thus carrying on the family name.

Mr. Billings' daughter married on September 18, 1884, Charles H. Ruddock, a prominent lumberman, now of New York City. Mrs. Ruddock died in 1889, eight years before the death of her father. She left one son, Albert Merritt Billings Ruddock, who in 1922 was secretary of legation in the United States Mission in China, following a similar service at Brussels and Berlin in early world-war days.

When in 1916 the fund of $5,461,000 was raised for the establishment of the University of Chicago Medical School, C. K. G. Billings, the son, Dr. Frank Billings, the nephew, Charles H. Ruddock, the son-in-law, and Albert M. B. Ruddock, the grandson, united in making a contribution of $1,000,000 for the erection of the hospital of the Medical School in memory of Mr. Billings. It will be known as the Albert Merritt Billings Memorial Hospital. This noble building will stand on Fifty-ninth Street, fronting south on the Midway Plaisance and between Ellis and Drexel avenues. The plans for this monumental memorial have been prepared and it is about to be erected. The material will be the gray Bedford stone of the other buildings of the University. The hospital will be an enduring tribute of filial and family piety. The memory of the men who in their day were most prominent in the business life of Chicago is rapidly perishing. The name of Mr. Billings will be perpetuated in the noble building which will bear his name, and this sketch is written that that name may not be a name only, but may stand for the extraordinary man he was.

Yours truly,
J. Young Scammon

JONATHAN YOUNG SCAMMON

As often as my attention is directed to the early history of Chicago I am impressed by the number of able and forceful men who made it their home while it was yet an insignificant village. In 1823 it was visited by Colonel Long, a government topographical engineer, who, in his official report, described it as consisting of three log cabins and "inhabited by a miserable race of men scarcely equal to the Indians from whom they had descended"—the "houses low, filthy and disgusting, displaying not the least trace of comfort." The place, he declared, "affords no inducement to the settler." He found the Chicago River entering the lake at the foot of what is now Madison Street, five blocks south of its present mouth, the natural outlet having been filled in by a wide sand bar.

In 1830, seven years later, there were only seven families outside Fort Dearborn. But the following year, 1831, there came into this forlorn hamlet of a few log cabins such men as George W. Dole, Colonel R. J. Hamilton, Robert A. Kinzie, Elijah Wentworth, P. F. W. Peck, Dr. E. D. Harmon, Gurdon S. Hubbard, Mark Beaubien, and General David Hunter. For three or four years population increased slowly, but its quality may be inferred from the fact that before the end of 1833 religious work had begun and churches had been organized by Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and Roman Catholics. In that year there were only twelve voters, but the men I have mentioned, being men of vision, incorporated their settlement as a town. John Calhoun established a newspaper—the *Chicago Democrat*, the first issue being dated November 26, 1833. At the end of that year there were only a few hundred residents in the new town, but among them were Dr. W. B. Egan, Silas B. Cobb, William Jones, Philo Carpenter, Mancel Talcott, John D. Caton, later chief justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, George Smith, the banker, Eli B. Williams, J. K. Botsford, James D. Woodworth, Charles Cleaver, Edward H. Haddock, and other able and ambitious men. The little village began to grow and developed so rapidly that when an election for justice of the peace was held on July 14, 1834, John D. Caton was elected in a contest which called out every voter in the village and the surrounding country. Two hundred and

nineteen votes were polled, and before the end of that year there were a thousand inhabitants in the town. Among the settlers of the year were Ebenezer Peck, F. C. Sherman, John L. Wilson, James B. Bradwell, Thomas Church, A. N. Fullerton, Grant Goodrich, William M. Larrabee, Edward Manierre, and Morris S. Buckner.

But 1835 was the great year in the history of early Chicago. On the first day of June the United States land office opened to settlement twenty million acres of land. Settlers came from all the older states. Half a million acres of land were sold within a few months. The country about the frontier village began to fill up with farmers and the population of Chicago itself increased to two or three thousand. Among the newcomers there was the same proportion of men of uncommon abilities, who took their place almost at once among the leading citizens and maintained their prominence while their village was developing into a metropolis.

It was in 1835 that such able men as the following settled in the new town: William B. Ogden, Tuthill King, Thomas Drummond, George Manierre, Dr. Charles V. Dyer, Charles Walker, the four Gales, John Turner, John C. Haines, Seth Wadhams, Fernando Jones, George Armour, Julian S. Rumsey, Arthur G. Burley, H. O. Stone, and J. Young Scammon, of whom I write, with others like them. They were followed in 1836 by Thomas Dyer, Charles Follansbee, L. C. P. Freer, Dr. J. H. Foster, Samuel W. Grannis, C. C. P. Holden, Samuel Hoard, Norman B. Judd, Mahlon D. Ogden, B. W. Raymond, Alanson S. Sherman, Mark Skinner, Lucius G. Tuttle, Seth P. Warner, John (Long John) Wentworth, and Isaac N. Arnold.

The names I have mentioned make up a remarkable list of forceful and able men to be citizens of a small frontier village. Ten of them became mayors of the city into which their village grew. As many more became judges, some of them eminent for their abilities. Perhaps twenty others were members of the state legislature or of Congress. Some of them became foreign ministers, many were very prominent lawyers, while others developed into successful business men, retaining their commercial prominence when Chicago became a city of half a million people. It is doubtful if any village ever numbered among its citizens so many men of foresight, ambition, energy, and ability. I have named only a few of those able men who became the builders of Chicago.

Prominent among these leaders of men, worthy to be named with the best of them, was J. Young Scammon. Mr. Scammon was born

July 27, 1812, in Whitefield, Lincoln County, Maine. Whitefield was and still is a small country village a few miles southeast of Augusta, the capital of the state. Lincoln County is one of those coast counties, the long, narrow bays of which reach far inland. One of these arms of the sea extended to within a short distance of the Scammon farm and the boy Jonathan must have visited it often when the life of a farmer's boy gave him time for a little recreation.

The father was Eliakim Scammon, an early settler of Kennebec County, which lies west of Lincoln, across the Kennebec River. He was honored by his neighbors by being elected to the lower and upper branches of the legislature. The mother, Joanna, was a daughter of David Young, a soldier of the Revolution, a member of the ill-fated expedition against Quebec, and later a successful man of affairs, who represented his town, Pittston, in the General Court of Massachusetts before Maine was separated from that state. The boy Jonathan, therefore, began life with the advantage of good blood and a good name from both father and mother. Born on a farm with a farmer's life before him, while he was yet a boy an accident suddenly changed all the plans about his future. He lost two fingers of his left hand, and being thus permanently handicapped for efficient work on the farm, but mentally alert and ambitious, it was decided that he should be given an education.

He was about fourteen years old when the current of his life was thus changed and began to flow in the new direction. In preparing for college he attended first the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Readfield and later the Lincoln Academy at New Castle. Both these schools were within a few miles of his home. Completing his preparatory course when he was eighteen, in the autumn of 1830 he entered Waterville College, now Colby University. This institution, under the auspices of the Baptist denomination, was located at Waterville, Maine, in Kennebec County, about thirty miles directly north of the family home. It seems to have been necessary for him to support himself, at least in part, while securing his education, and to do this he taught country and village schools. He pursued his college course in Waterville not much, if any, longer than a single year. He probably left college for lack of means. He was, certainly, a good student. He always remained a student, constantly enlarged his knowledge, and came to be regarded as an unusually well educated man. His reputation, as a man of culture, became such that thirty years later, in 1862, the old University of Chicago conferred on him the degree of LL.D. and in 1869 he received the same degree from Waterville.

Young Scammon early decided on the law as a profession and leaving college in 1831 or 1832 he entered the law office of Hon. John Otis of Hallowell, a small village in Kennebec County. Occasionally teaching school to earn money with which to go on, he continued his studies with Mr. Otis through three or four years and was admitted to the bar in 1835. He had made good use of his time, had begun to earn money, and had accumulated something with which to start life on his own account.

Where should he begin his independent career? He was ambitious. He had an alert mind. He was confident of his ability to succeed. He was, indeed, young, only twenty-three years old, but he was unusually mature and faced the future with courage and confidence.

In 1835 the West was opening. Stories of the Mississippi Valley, with its fertile soil, its rapid settlement through an unprecedented immigration from the older states, its hundreds of new villages calling for men in all the professions, stories of this wonderland of opportunity filled the country and appealed with extraordinary power to young men of initiative, enterprise, and ambition. They appealed to young Scammon with such power that immediately after he was admitted to the bar he started, as it is said, on "a tour of the West," to see for himself whether the stories were true and the new world of the West was the land of opportunity for him.

He had heard of Chicago, but only as a small frontier settlement. It was not his objective, the place in which he intended to establish himself, but simply one of the places he proposed to visit in his search for an eligible location. Like the ancient emigrant he set out, not knowing whither he went, to seek the land of promise. He was, like the father of the faithful, a devout man and he left the land of his fathers expecting to be led by the divine providence. The Erie Canal made travel safe and easy from Albany to Buffalo. There he found the steamboat "Pennsylvania," which occasionally made the trip round the Great Lakes, about to start for Chicago. Taking passage on her he had a most tempestuous voyage, more than once being in danger of shipwreck, but in September, 1835, the ship came safely to anchor off the port of Chicago. There was no harbor, the new channel of the river, leading straight out into the lake, was not yet completed, and the passengers were carried ashore in a small boat which landed them under the south end of a bridge which crossed the river at Dearborn Street.

The Chicago of 1835 lay west of the Fort Dearborn Reservation. The ground was low and marshy even in September, and Mr. Scammon

used to recall that the winding path from the landing to the Sauganash Hotel, half a mile distant, lay through mud and prairie grass. The hotel, conducted by Mark Beaubien, was a log cabin and stood at the corner of Market and Lake streets where in 1860 the famous Wigwam was built in which Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency. Like the other so-called hotels the Sauganash was small and overcrowded. The weather was stormy and a large number of people were sick with bilious fever. The village was a collection of hastily constructed log cabins. A more dreary and dismal aspect no town could have presented. Mr. Scammon afterward wrote: "In 1835 Chicago was a very muddy, straggling village of about 1,500 inhabitants." He found very little in the place to interest or attract him and decided that as soon as the weather cleared he would continue his tour. Meantime he had made the acquaintance of Alonzo H. Moore, deputy clerk of the Cook County Circuit Court under Colonel R. J. Hamilton, and through Mr. Moore he became acquainted with Colonel Hamilton. Colonel Hamilton was an important man in early Chicago. He had settled in the place in 1831 and had gradually come to fill most of the offices of Cook County. When young Scammon met him he was judge of Probate, clerk of the Circuit Court, clerk of the County Commissioners, school commissioner, recorder of deeds, notary public, bank commissioner, and county treasurer.

As Mr. Scammon was preparing to continue his journey and was about to set out, his new friend Moore came to him and proposed that he take, for a time at least, his position as Colonel Hamilton's deputy in the Circuit Court. The position awaited him and recognizing it as possibly the opening for which he was looking he accepted it and Chicago became his home for fifty-five years. Colonel Hamilton's office was in a small building on the northeast corner of the Public Square, the intersection of Clark and Randolph streets. The substitute assistant gave such satisfaction to his chief that he was soon appointed regular deputy clerk and, having been admitted to the Illinois bar in December, 1835, began to practice law at a desk in one corner of the clerk's office.

He was soon convinced that he had made no mistake in remaining in Chicago. The first of the town's real estate "booms" was in full tide. In 1834 a young man wrote to his father in the East that he had just bought a lot in the business section of the village, 80×150 feet, for "the enormous sum" of $3,500. A few weeks before Mr. Scammon arrived he had sold it for $15,000. This is only one illustration of what was constantly taking place. Stories of enormous profits in buying and

selling town lots in Chicago filled the country. The opening of the land office increased the public interest. Men intending to enter land for farms, people proposing to settle in the new town, and speculators began to flock to Chicago. Every day "prairie schooners," farm wagons with canvas covers, arrived filled with immigrants. Many came by lake steamers. Some came on horseback and some on foot. A few months after Mr. Scammon's arrival Long John Wentworth, later editor, mayor, and congressman, walked in from the crossing of the Calumet, barefoot, with his boots slung over his shoulders and his bag in his hand.

When young Scammon came he thought there were not more than 1,500 people in the village, but such was the influx of population in the later months of 1835 that a census taken at the end of November showed a population of 3,265. This rapid growth, the legal business developed by the real estate boom, the young lawyer's connection with Colonel Hamilton and the affairs of his various offices, all these things combined to enable Mr. Scammon to enter almost at once on a promising career. Called upon to assist Colonel Hamilton in many lines of business, he gained a varied experience which was of value to him in later life, when his interests and inclinations led him into new activities. In the beginning the office was also his sleeping-room. This was due both to the need of economy and also to the overcrowded condition of the town.

Able and with no false modesty, ambitious and energetic, he soon began to build up a practice and to be regarded as one of the promising men of the Chicago bar. He became acquainted with Morris S. Buckner, a lawyer who had settled in the village in 1834 and was twelve years his senior, and at the end of 1836 the two men formed the law firm of Buckner and Scammon. Their office was on Clark Street just south of Lake. At the end of eighteen months, however, Mr. Buckner was elected mayor of what had become the city of Chicago, succeeding William B. Ogden. More than forty years later, at an old settlers reunion, where word was received of Mr. Buckner's fatal illness, Mr. Scammon said of him:

> He and I had an office together . . . . precisely where my office is now. He was the second mayor of Chicago and elected over a leading Democrat, while he was a Whig, in a city where the Democratic majority was so large that the year before every officer was a Democrat. He was with Judge Goodrich afterward and you and I know he was the best lawyer ever in the city of Chicago, or any other place, on the wrong side of a question that had no merits in it. He not only had that character, but what was better, that of a good lawyer, a good man, and a good citizen, and he made a good judge of our courts, to which office he was elected by the people.

There was a State Bank of Illinois at that time, and in 1837, during his first partnership, Mr. Scammon was appointed attorney of the Chicago branch of the bank. He had been prepared for this position by his experience with Colonel Hamilton, one of whose offices was that of bank commissioner. Banking conditions were at that time deplorable in Illinois, the currency depreciated, with much of it of doubtful value. The young lawyer's connection with the State Bank drew his attention to the abuses which existed in the conduct of the banks and led him to a study of banking, the crying need of a sound and safe system and the principles on which such a system must be based. This study had in the end a controlling influence on his career.

In 1837 Mr. Scammon married Miss Mary Ann H. Dearborn, of Bath, Maine. Although he had been brought up in another denomination both he and his wife were earnestly devoted to the Swedenborgian faith. His religious profession was far removed from the ordinary sort. It was his life. After reaching Chicago he lost no time in making a convert to the Swedenborgian faith and with this young man began to hold religious services in his office. Very soon after his marriage, with his wife and Vincent S. Lovell he organized a church, the three members meeting for worship in Mr. and Mrs. Scammon's parlor in the City Hotel. Later the meetings were transferred to his house on Clark Street. Still later they were held in his office in the "Saloon Building" and, as the number of adherents increased, in the Saloon Building hall. This was one of the most noted buildings of early Chicago. It was not a saloon at all, and took its name from the original meaning of the word "saloon," "an assembly room," having on its third floor Chicago's first "grand and spacious hall," where public meetings of all kinds were held for many years. It was a frame building of three stories, erected on the southeast corner of Clark and Randolph streets in 1836. The first floor was devoted to stores and the second to offices. In the hall on the third floor Stephen A. Douglas is said to have made his first speech in Chicago as a candidate for Congress in 1838. It is related that at this meeting an enthusiastic citizen, perhaps in introducing Mr. Douglas, declared his belief that "the child was already born who would live to see Chicago a city of 50,000." He seems to have been a real estate operator and the incredible prophecy was greeted by a derisive call from the audience of "Town lots." In 1842 Mr. Scammon became the owner of the Saloon Building and for some years the meetings of his little church continued to be held in its "grand and spacious" hall. He continued throughout his life the most loyal and devoted of Sweden-

borgians and was recognized as the pillar of that faith in Chicago and Illinois. For ten years he was the vice-president of the New Jerusalem Church of the United States.

I think it will appear as this sketch goes on that Mr. Scammon was one of the most public spirited of the citizens of early Chicago. Although in 1837 he was only twenty-five years old he was one of the few men who seemed to feel any deep personal interest in a public school system for the rising town. The men of the place were almost all very young, unmarried, eager to make their fortunes, and the education of the coming generation did not interest them. Mr. Scammon saw the little village rapidly growing into a city which would be filled with children who must be educated. Already men like William B. Ogden were moving to make the village a city and it is said that it was Mr. Scammon who prepared the article in the proposed charter providing for a system of free schools. This charter was enacted by the legislature and in 1837 the village became the city of Chicago, with a population of about 4,000. The disastrous panic of that year brought the real estate boom with its fictitious prosperity to a sudden and ruinous end. The new city did not recover from the effects of that financial storm for five years. The continuance of work on the Illinois and Michigan Canal by the state helped to save the new city from entire ruin, but when, in 1841, the state itself became bankrupt and work on the canal ceased, Chicago was beginning to get on its feet once more and the era of legitimate and productive business began.

It was during this period of arrested development in the life of the newly created city that Mr. Scammon did a public service of the highest value in creating its public school system. He himself told the story of how his efforts began in his 1879 address before the old settlers at the Calumet Club. After telling how efforts to establish a free school system had failed he went on to say:

> After the panic of 1837, Dr. Josiah C. Goodhue, a member of the city council, came into my office in the Saloon Building and said, "Nothing could be done here in the West. The people of Chicago had voted down the free school system." I said playfully to Dr. Goodhue, "We can have a free school system and, if you will put the matter into my hands, I will establish a free school system that will be satisfactory to the city of Chicago." He said he would do it. I said, "You cannot do it. You and every member of the council are Democrats and I am a Whig." He said, "That makes no difference. If you will take hold of it, you shall have unlimited power to do what you choose and the council will sustain you." I said if he would do that I would give as much time as was necessary to it, but I told him he could not get the council to agree to it. He said, "I think you are mistaken. I think you can have your own way about everything. I will consult the council and let you know next week."

About a week later he came to my office and told me that the council were all agreed and if I would take hold of the matter I might write my own ordinances and laws and they would give me supreme power within reasonable bounds

Mr. Scammon accepted the trust, wrote the ordinances on the public schools, and was made a member of the school board they provided for, which consisted of William Jones, J. Y. Scammon, Isaac N. Arnold, Nathan H. Bolles, John Gray, J. H. Scott, and Hiram Huguinin.

This was the real beginning of the public school system of Chicago. Mr. Scammon prepared the "Act relating to common schools in the city of Chicago," passed by the legislature in March, 1839, which gave ample powers to the council and under it the schools were organized.

I cannot here tell the story of Mr. Scammon's continued devotion to the Chicago public schools, but as evidence that I do not overestimate its importance I quote the following tribute paid to him and the men associated with him by William H. Wells, superintendent of schools twenty years later. In his annual report for 1858 Mr. Wells said:

When in the far distant future the philosophic historian shall write the history of our city; when the character and acts of successive generations shall be weighed in the scales of impartial judgment; when material wealth shall be regarded in its true light, as the means to an end; when social enjoyment and intellectual cultivation and moral worth shall be rightly estimated as essential elements of prosperity in every community—then will the wisdom of those who have laid the foundations of our public school system be held in grateful remembrance; then will the names of Scammon and Brown and Jones and Miltimore and Mosely and Foster and their coadjutors be honored as among the truest and most worthy benefactors of Chicago.

Mr. Scammon was secretary and long a member of the board of education and president of the board from 1845 to 1848. His services were recognized later by calling one of the schools "The Scammon School."

From 1839 Mr. Scammon was reporter for the Supreme Court of the state and published four volumes of the Reports, known as Scammon's Reports. Were these volumes the first books published in Chicago? So the histories affirm. Of Mr. Scammon as a Supreme Court reporter, Chief Justice Caton wrote, "The syllabi of his cases are models of perspicuity and brevity."

Having lost his partner, Mr. Buckner, who was elected mayor in 1838, Mr. Scammon effected a partnership with Norman B. Judd. Chicago was then a city of young men. Mr. Judd was only twenty-three years old, two and a half years younger than Mr. Scammon, when this partnership was formed. He had settled in Chicago early in 1836, so that the two young men had been acquainted for more than two years.

Mr. Judd early developed a taste for politics. He turned his attention, as time went on, more and more in that direction and became an accomplished political manager. He was repeatedly elected to the State Senate. When the Republican Party was formed he became one of its organizers in Illinois and was chairman of the state delegation to the National Republican Convention which met in the famous Wigwam in Chicago in 1860. I have one personal remembrance of Mr. Judd. He had the honor of making the speech nominating Abraham Lincoln for the presidency. I was at that time a student in the first University of Chicago, was in the Wigwam when the nominations were made and heard Mr. Judd's speech. He conducted the campaign in Illinois, accompanied Mr. Lincoln to Washington, and was appointed minister to Berlin.

Such was the man who became Mr. Scammon's second partner. The two men had already become close friends. They trusted each other perfectly. In a sketch of one of them I find the following statement which reflects honor on both: "Such was the mutual confidence of the men in each other and the perfect harmony of the firm, that no articles of partnership or writings of any description ever passed between them, except the ordinary accounts of an office." They built up a successful and profitable business and the firm was known as one of the leading law firms of the young city. The partnership continued prosperously for nine years. It does not quite appear why they finally separated. Two things, however, are evident. Mr. Judd was essentially a politician, and more and more of his time and attention were devoted to political affairs. Mr. Scammon, on the other hand, was essentially a business man and soon began to interest himself in business enterprises and, as the years went on, he became more and more involved in large business undertakings. He was not a speculator, but big business affairs made an irresistible appeal to him. All this will appear as the story develops.

One of his law cases resulted in 1839–40 in a serious controversy with Judge Pearson, a country judge who had been appointed by the legislature to the Circuit Court of Cook County. This judge was regarded as incompetent by the bar of the city, which was a very able one, including such men as Ebenezer Peck, Samuel Lisle Smith, who has been called "the greatest orator Chicago has ever known," Justin Butterfield, I. N. Arnold, John D. Caton, Grant Goodrich, Mark Skinner, Mahlon D. Ogden, Hugh T. Dickey, George Manierre, Thomas Hoyne, and others. In the spring of 1839 Mr. Scammon was the defendant's counsel in *Phillips* vs. *Bristol* and the judge refused to sign a bill of exceptions

presented by him. The case was appealed by Mr. Scammon and on his motion the Supreme Court granted an alternative mandamus, commanding the judge to sign the bill of exceptions, or show cause at the next term of court why he did not. In November, 1839, Justin Butterfield served the writ on the judge in open court and was fined $20 for contempt. The bar of Chicago took Mr. Scammon's side and prepared measures of impeachment against Judge Pearson. The Supreme Court relieved Mr. Butterfield of his fine and on motion of Mr. Scammon issued a peremptory mandamus, commanding the judge to appear before it and answer. Instead of obeying the summons he evaded the officers, but was found, arrested, taken before the court, and fined $100 for contempt. He resigned his judgeship, but, belonging to the party in power when political partisanship was all-powerful, he was "vindicated" by an election to the State Senate.

Although Mr. Scammon had little inclination toward a political career, he was an ardent Whig during all his earlier years and an enthusiastic supporter of Henry Clay. When, in 1844, Mr. Clay was nominated for the presidency, Mr. Scammon entered zealously into the campaign for his election. It was then that he first exhibited that predilection to own and guide the policy of a newspaper, which appeared more than once during the active years of his career. A daily paper called the *American* had been started in 1839 in Chicago and after a struggle of three years failed for lack of support. Publication, however, was immediately resumed under a new management and under the name of the *Express*. In 1844 Mr. Scammon and other friends of Mr. Clay in their enthusiasm bought out the *Express* and founded the *Chicago Evening Journal*, the first number being issued April 22, 1844. The stockholders appointed as editorial committee, to conduct the paper, J. Lisle Smith, William H. Brown, George W. Meeker, J. Y. Scammon, and Grant Goodrich. These men were assisted by Richard L. Wilson and J. W. Norris as office editors and business managers. After the disastrous defeat of Mr. Clay by James K. Polk, the discouraged stockholders sold the paper to Mr. Wilson, who, with his brother, Charles L. Wilson, favored by the recovery of the city from the long continued depression which had followed the panic of 1837, and by a large and continuing increase in the population, made the *Evening Journal* profitable and founded it so solidly that it recently celebrated its eightieth year.

In the first Chicago City Directory, issued by Fergus in 1844, the following entries are found: "Scammon & Judd, Attorneys, 123 Lake

Street (see card)." This card, found among the advertisements, read as follows:

SCAMMON & JUDD
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSILLORS AT LAW
Office 123 Lake St., City Saloon

Mr. Scammon's address was: "Scammon, J. Y., of Scammon & Judd, house cor. Michigan Ave. and Randolph St."

At the beginning of 1845 more than seven years had passed since Mr. Scammon and other public-spirited citizens had begun the task of establishing and developing the school system of Chicago. During all that time he had devoted much time and toil to that cause. The school board had finally succeeded in building one decent schoolhouse. It was intended to take the place of district school No. 1, which stood on the present site of the Tribune Building, corner of Madison and Dearborn streets. This first schoolhouse had cost $200 and the parties who now bought it from the school board for $40 paid more than it was worth. The new school building which took its place and stood almost directly across Madison Street was called the Dearborn School and cost $7,523. To many of the inhabitants this seemed an enormous sum to spend for a school building and the building itself seemed to them far too big for a schoolhouse. It was popularly known as "Miltimore's Folly" because Ira Miltimore was prominent in its erection.

It was at this time that Mr. Scammon made one of his few ventures in politics that he might defend and further develop his public school policies. He himself told this story about it many years later:

Mr. Edward H. Haddock, who had served a term as alderman of the First Ward, came to my house one morning in the spring of 1845 and said, "You must run for alderman in this ward this year." I said I had too much to attend to, but he insisted and I finally consented to do so. But George W. Meeker, who was one of the board of school directors, while walking with me up Dearborn Street, met Alvin Calhoun, a prominent partisan Whig and said to him, "We are going to nominate Scammon for alderman tonight." Mr. Calhoun replied, "We can't elect Scammon." Said Meeker, "Why not?" He responded, "I have nothing to say against Scammon; he is a good man, except that he goes in for building too big schoolhouses. The people don't want their money wasted in that way," and added that I could not get the nomination, or, if I did, I could not be elected. The Whig nominating convention was held that night . . . . and I was nominated with very slight opposition. But I declined to run so long as any one opposed my nomination. Mr. Haddock then said I had no right to decline and he offered a resolution, which was almost unanimously adopted, that I should not be permitted to decline.

In consideration of the ground of opposition stated to Mr. G. W. Meeker in my presence, I concluded to run and test the question whether big schoolhouses were unpopular, and to see whether it was true, as Alvin Calhoun had said, "that no one

who had built great schoolhouses could be elected." Mr. Calhoun had stated, in the conversation alluded to, "that Scammon was crazy on the subject of schools, and the people would not allow their money to be wasted." I made up my mind I would try that single question, and I got both a larger vote and a larger majority than any man had ever had for alderman in the city, and this seemed to settle the question as to the popularity of big schoolhouses.

In 1845 Augustus Garrett, the Democratic candidate, was elected mayor at the same time, and when Mr. Mahlon D. Ogden, who was elected an alderman at the same election that I was elected an alderman, and I took our seats in the council, the mayor read his message, in which he denounced the extravagant school policy and proposed that the public schoolhouse on Madison Street, which was too large to be ever filled with scholars, should be sold or converted into an insane asylum.

The "big" schoolhouse, however, was not sold. The little district school No. 1 across the street was moved into it and one year after its opening the new school enrolled 543 pupils; at the end of the second year, 660; and at the end of the third year, 864.

On being elected alderman Mr. Scammon was made chairman of the Committee on Schools and immediately brought forward an ordinance for building a brick schoolhouse on the North Side. This was followed by another on West Madison Street, east of Halsted, for the West Side, and these also were crowded with pupils. After these three buildings had been erected and occupied, the school inspectors, in their annual report, issued February 5, 1849, spoke with justifiable pride as follows:

Since the organization of our public schools in the autumn of 1840 there has been a change unparalleled in the history of any western city. Then a few miserably clad children, unwashed and uncombed, were huddled into small, unclean and unventilated apartments, seated upon uncomfortable benches, and taught by listless and inefficient tutors, who began their daily vocations with dread and completed what they considered their unpleasant duties with pleasure.

Now, the school reports of the township show the names of nearly 2,000 pupils, two-thirds of whom are in daily attendance in spacious, ventilated, well-regulated schoolrooms, where they are taught by those whose duty is their pleasure. The scholars are neat in person and orderly in behavior and by the excellent course of mental and moral training which they receive are being prepared to become good citizens, an honor to the city and state.

The later forties and early fifties were among the most interesting years of Mr. Scammon's life. He began to branch out into a variety of business enterprises and, although he did not abandon his profession, his partnership with Mr. Judd came to an end in 1847. He had become interested in banking and insurance. He revived a charter which had, some years before, been granted to the Chicago Marine and Fire Insurance Company and developed the company into a successful business.

But his great interest for some years after 1846 was the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad Company, Chicago's first railway. The company had been chartered in 1836, had surveyed the line of the proposed road and done a little work on it, but had collapsed in the panic of 1837. The railway career of William B. Ogden began with this road. In 1846–47 he united with Mr. Scammon and other Chicago men in buying the land, improvements, and charter of the company for $20,000, paying this sum in stock of the new corporation. Mr. Ogden was made president, and he and Mr. Scammon solicited stock subscriptions in Chicago. They did not have large success, there being no man in the city at that time who, as Mr. Scammon later wrote, "could conveniently or was disposed to subscribe for more than $5,000 in the stock." These two men traveled over the line of the road from Chicago to Galena, holding meetings and soliciting stock subscriptions at all the principal towns. Other directors canvassed at points on the line. Finally $363,000 in stock subscriptions were secured. These were time subscriptions and money came in very slowly. It became necessary to make loans and Ogden and Scammon and sometimes others went east to secure them, but never with much success. The time came when the directors became discouraged. As Mr. Scammon later told the story in his sketch of William B. Ogden, all of them except Charles Walker, J. H. Collins, B. W. Raymond, and himself lost hope. Mr. Scammon was so confident of success that Thomas Dyer said in a directors' meeting, "If Mr. Scammon has so much faith in the road, I move that a committee of five be appointed with full power to do anything which they deem expedient in regard to the road, that Mr. Scammon be chairman of that committee and be authorized to appoint his associates." This was agreed to and Messrs. Collins, Walker, Dyer, and Raymond were associated with him on the committee. They gave Mr. Scammon full power to act and he went to the only man in Chicago who could make such a loan and asked him to lend the road $20,000 for six months. This was the banker, known as "silent Smith," who became a very wealthy man. He was a director of the road, but had lost faith in it and would not loan it a dollar. He finally said, however, "Mr. Scammon, I will lend you the money personally." Mr. Scammon answered, "Make out the note and let me have it," signed it, received the money and at once turned it into the treasury, and the work on the road went on. It was rapidly pushed forward to Elgin, forty miles west of Chicago, and ultimately to Freeport. It turned out to be an excellent investment for its stockholders. There were some unhappy

developments connected with it which resulted in Mr. Scammon's leaving the directorate in 1850 and in Mr. Ogden's separation from it a year later and in a temporary misunderstanding and alienation of the two men. False friends of both men had carried tales to them grossly misrepresenting Mr. Ogden to Mr. Scammon and Mr. Scammon to Mr. Ogden. When the truth came out, Mr. Scammon says these false friends promised that proper explanations should be made. This was never done. But Mr. Ogden was a man of another sort. I quote Mr. Scammon:

> When he learned the facts and that we had both been made the victims of ambitious and designing men . . . . Mr. Ogden came directly to the writer and on learning what statements these parties had made to the latter relative to Mr. Ogden, at once frankly acknowledged that in his action he had been misled and imposed upon by those he trusted.

This frank conference cleared up all misunderstanding and the two men remained warm friends to the end of Mr. Ogden's life. Mr. Scammon wrote a sketch of Mr. Ogden in which he spoke of him as a man of noble mold, saying, "As a man, a brother, a citizen, a public-spirited, charitable, benevolent and capable man, we acknowledge no superior."

During the earlier years of their interest in the Galena and Chicago Union, these two men felt strongly the need their railroad would have for an eastern connection. As an inducement to the Michigan Central Railroad, which had reached New Buffalo, to extend its line to Chicago, they went to Indiana and after overcoming great difficulties secured an old charter of the Buffalo and Mississippi River Railroad which possessed the right of way to the Illinois state line, and thus became instrumental in bringing the Michigan Central into Chicago in the spring of 1852.

As I have said, I do not know just what led to the dissolution of the firm of Scammon and Judd in 1847. Both men had so many other interests that the office probably felt the need of a man primarily interested, not in politics, railroads, insurance, and banks, but in conducting a law business. Mr. Scammon found such a man in E. B. McCagg, a well-known citizen of Chicago for more than fifty years. Mr. McCagg was not one of the pioneers. He did not become a resident of Chicago until 1848, when he became chief clerk in Mr. Scammon's office. His ability became at once so evident that in 1849, only a year later, he became a partner and the firm name became Scammon and McCagg. The junior partner was a quite exceptional man. He was a cultivated scholar, a lover of books and of art. He collected works of art and a "magnificent"

private library. He was a public-spirited citizen interested in things that concerned the higher life of Chicago. He was known as "the most scholarly of the old line lawyers." He married a sister of William B. and Mahlon D. Ogden.

In the early fifties the firm was enlarged by the addition of Samuel Fuller. In one of the histories of the bar I find the following statement: "All the members of the firm of Scammon, McCagg and Fuller were celebrated for their learning, abilities and integrity, as well as for their business capacity. It was a strong legal combination." Hon. Elliott Anthony, long, well, and honorably known in Chicago, speaking of his early experiences as a lawyer, said:

> I had but very few books and felt the need of works of reference every day. The firm of Scammon and McCagg had at that time by far the largest library of anybody in town and their office was constantly resorted to by members of the profession to consult their works and access to them was never refused. They were very kind to young men.

I have spoken of Mr. Scammon's inclination toward a business career. It is true that he was attached to the law and never formally gave up that profession. The firm of Scammon and McCagg continued till 1872, and long after that date, down indeed to the end of his life, Mr. Scammon remained a lawyer and had an office of his own. But as far back as his association with Mr. Judd he was beginning to launch business enterprises. In 1849 he was president and largest stockholder in the Chicago Marine and Fire Insurance Company. This institution performed all the functions of a bank, except that of issuing currency.

The banking conditions in Illinois were in those years inconceivably bad. Mr. Scammon labored to improve them. He is believed to have done more than almost any other man to secure better banking laws for the state. After some progress in this direction had been made in 1851, he established the Marine Bank, the first under the new law, and became its president. The new bank began with a capital of $50,000. It was most successful from the start, so successful, indeed, that its capital soon increased to $550,000, and it came to be considered the strongest and most reliable established under the state law. It is said in the histories of those times that in 1857 the Marine Bank was at the head of the moneyed institutions of the entire Northwest. Mr. Scammon had himself become what was then considered a rich man. Financially he stood among the leading business men of Chicago.

He had at this time been in Chicago twenty-two years, engaged in

multiform and laborious activities. His children, Charles Trufant, Florence, and Ariana, were growing toward maturity. Wishing to give them every advantage of travel and education, in 1857 he took his family abroad for a protracted stay. It was a capital business mistake. The financial panic of that year came on. Believing he had left his bank in good hands he did not, as he should have done, return to safeguard its interests, but remained abroad, visiting various countries, for three years. During this European residence Mrs. Scammon died at Soden, Nassau, Germany, ten miles from Frankfort-on-the-Main, July 9, 1858, and was buried in that place. Mr. Scammon did not return to Chicago till 1860. He had left the Marine Bank in a highly prosperous condition and returned to find it a bankrupt concern. The panic and, as it is said, the looting of the assets by officers had brought it to the verge of failure. The directors thought they had arranged for the ultimate recovery of the missing funds, having received securities to replace them. But the Civil War coming on at once destroyed the value of the securities and the Marine Bank was compelled to suspend. In the end Mr. Scammon resumed his place at the head of the bank, extricated it from its difficulties and re-established it in its former prosperity.

Meantime he had opened in 1861 a private bank which also prospered and, after the national banking law of 1864 was enacted, it became the Mechanics National Bank, with Mr. Scammon as president. In 1861 he had secured election to the Illinois State Senate and there had exerted himself successfully in reforming and improving the state banking laws. He framed and introduced measures which, against the opposition of those interested in continuing the "wildcat" currency which had long cursed the state, he succeeded in having enacted into law. The new system served the public well until the general law brought in the era of the national banks.

Before the end of the sixties Mr. Scammon had restored the Marine Bank to its former prosperity. He was also the president of the Mechanics National Bank. After thirty-five years in Chicago and when it had become a great city he was still one of the most prominent and influential men of the place. The *Chicago Legal News* later said of him: "He was highly influential in all the positions which he accepted." Such was the confidence he commanded that "his approval of a financial scheme gave it character with the public." In 1871 he was at the height of his prosperity and power. And he was an ideally good citizen. From the first he had been interested in everything that promised to promote

the general welfare. He was one of the committee of five prominent citizens (Long John Wentworth, George Manierre, I. N. Arnold, and Grant Goodrich being the other four) who issued the call for the great River and Harbor Convention which met in Chicago July 4, 1847, and in which eighteen states were represented by about 10,000 delegates. In 1854 he was one of the men who united with Abraham Lincoln, Lyman Trumbull, Mark Skinner, O. H. Browning, David Davis, N. B. Judd, and other Whig and Democratic leaders opposed to the extension of slavery, in the movement which revolutionized the politics of the state.

In 1855 he was one of the organizers of the Old Settlers Society, of which he was the first treasurer. He was one of the men who organized in 1856 the Chicago Historical Society, of which he became vice-president and later president. When the Chicago Academy of Sciences was incorporated in the early sixties, Mr. Scammon was one of the leaders of the movement, was president of its board, one of its most faithful friends through fires and other disasters, finally retiring from the presidency of the board in 1883, when he was succeeded by Hon. William Bross.

He was one of the men who were most efficient in creating a taste for art in Chicago. With Bishop Whitehouse, E. B. McCagg, U. H. Crosby, and some others, he had collected before the fire of 1871 a large and valuable art collection.

Mr. Scammon is said to have been the earliest homeopathist in Chicago. He was interested in organizing the Hahnemann Medical College in 1859, donated the ground on which the Hahnemann Hospital was built, and was for many years a trustee of both college and hospital. In 1865 he was one of the incorporators of the Old Ladies' Home, which had been begun in 1861.

During the early years of the movement that resulted in the final establishment of the first University of Chicago Mr. Scammon was, as already related, in Europe. Returning in 1860 he found it in full operation in its newly erected building at Cottage Grove Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. He saw at once the value to the city of an institution of higher learning and conceived a deep and abiding interest in the University. He was early made a regent and a trustee and in 1862 became vice-president of the board of trustees, continuing in that position till 1879. The old University which finally closed its doors in 1886 never had a more faithful and generous friend. His son Charles was one of its first graduates.

In 1862–63 Mr. Scammon was one of the men chiefly instrumental

in the organization of the Chicago Astronomical Society. He was president of the board of directors. In 1863 he was head of the committee which, through Thomas Hoyne, purchased for the Society the Alvin Clarke & Sons telescope, which was the largest and best refracting telescope that had ever been made at that time. A contract was made between the University of Chicago and the Society for the building of the observatory on the University campus. Mr. Scammon himself furnished the $30,000 required for its construction. It stood in the rear of the University building and was architecturally a part of it. It was known, in honor of Mrs. Scammon, as the Dearborn Observatory. Mr. Scammon remained president of the Astronomical Society for nineteen years, till 1882. For many years he paid the salary of the director of the Observatory. After the foreclosure of the mortgage on the property of the old University and the closing of that institution it was only through the extraordinary efforts of Mr. Scammon that the great telescope was saved to the Astronomical Society. It is now in use at the Observatory of Northwestern University.

Even after the issue of legal tender notes (greenbacks) state bank bills continued in use. Chicago was flooded with a depreciated currency. Early in 1864 the Board of Trade resolved to put Chicago on a greenback, legal tender basis. In April a large meeting was held of members of the Board of Trade, bankers, and other business men. After a long discussion, in which such men as Julian S. Rumsey, N. K. Fairbank, and J. Y. Scammon took part, Mr. Scammon offered the following resolutions which were adopted:

> *Resolved*, That each member of the Board of Trade pledge himself to make no business transactions except upon the basis of legal tender treasury notes, or their equivalent, and that he will keep no account with any banker, broker, or banking house except in legal tender treasury notes or their equivalent, and that he will not pay out nor circulate at par any money or bank notes which are not equivalent to legal tender treasury notes.

The phrase "their equivalent" was defined as currency redeemable at par in Chicago. The date fixed for the resolutions to go into effect was May 16, 1864. On that day, therefore, "the city of Chicago, for the first time in its history, conducted its business on the basis of a national currency."

In 1864 Oakwoods Cemetery was begun with Mr. Scammon as one of its incorporators. He became president of its board, serving until 1879.

In 1865 he was interested with others in purchasing the *Morning Post* newspaper and starting the *Chicago Republican*, which survived

till 1871, when the great fire brought it to an end. In 1864 and in 1872 he was a delegate to National Republican conventions. In 1866 he was one of the projectors of the great South Side parks. When the voters defeated the project in 1867, in connection with such men as George C. Walker, J. Irving Pearce, H. H. Honore, and Chauncey T. Bowen, he again took the matter up and secured an act of the legislature in February, 1869, establishing the parks, which was approved by the voters and the parks were created. He was a trustee for many years of the Union College of Law, originally established in connection with the old University of Chicago, later connected with that institution and Northwestern University and now the Law School of Northwestern. In 1865 he united with others in establishing the Chicago Hospital for Women and Children. He was president of its board, a liberal contributor to its funds, and gave much attention to its management. It was located on the North Side and was destroyed by the great fire. In 1870 he was one of the organizers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, now known as the Illinois Humane Society. These are only illustrations of the genuine and profound interest this somewhat unique man took in everything that promised to promote the public welfare. He was one of the most public-spirited and benevolent of Chicago's citizens.

On December 5, 1867, Mr. Scammon married Mrs. Maria Sheldon Wright, a daughter of General William B. Sheldon, of Delaware County, New York, and a sister of Mrs. Mahlon D. Ogden. It was said of the second Mrs. Scammon that her "social gift was remarkable and her fireside was always the center of an attractive group." Twenty-six years after this marriage Andreas Zorn, the Swedish portrait painter, visited at her house and painted her portrait, which now hangs in the Art Institute of Chicago. For some years after his second marriage Mr. Scammon's home was the southernmost house of what was known as Terrace Row, or the Marble Terrace, on Michigan Avenue. In contributing one of the chapters in Caroline Kirkland's *Chicago Yesterdays* Mrs. Frederick T. West, Mrs. Scammon's niece, writes:

> Mr. Scammon's house stood on Michigan Avenue just above Congress Street, its lovely garden occupying the spot where the Auditorium Hotel and Theatre now stand. . . . . His library is the room which stands out most prominently in my mind. It was big and high and filled with books in every possible corner, books mostly bound in brown leather, with a shield derived from Mr. Scammon's Swedenborgian proclivities in gilt on the back of every one of them. The largest globe I have ever seen stood in one corner of the room and a large orrery in another. Both interested me intensely and to this day I wonder over Mr. Scammon's unfailing kindness and patience

in explaining them to me. It was these same books that were saved, when, on the morning of the great fire of October 9, 1871, many teamsters, whom Mr. Scammon happened to be employing at the time, came and backed up their carts alongside the house proffering their use as vans. In this connection it may be interesting to know that two young men, Robert Lincoln and John Hay, came to Mrs. Scammon that morning to offer what help they could, but when they saw the rather wholesale way in which she was planning to remove her belongings, they advised against it, saying it might complicate her insurance arrangements later on. Considering the condition of the insurance companies that fall it was fortunate that Mrs. Scammon took counsel of the heavens by ascending to the lookout on the top of the house, and, influenced by their angry glow, decided to move everything she could lay her hands on.

The great fire was the first act in the long business tragedy of Mr. Scammon's life. He was at the height of his fortune. His standing as a banker was in the first class. His executive ability and business integrity were everywhere recognized. His credit was almost unlimited. It is said that full half a million dollars of his property vanished in the great conflagration. His banks, his warehouses, his stores, and his home all disappeared in the general wreck. But it was not the great fire that wrought his financial ruin. It was, rather, what followed the fire. Three things followed. In the first place in the fifteen months following, believing in the future of the city he expended more than a million dollars in replacing with costlier structures the buildings the fire had destroyed. In doing this he was compelled to borrow very large sums. This was legitimate and would have proved wise, but in the second place, the panic of 1873 prostrated business, caused all values except debts to depreciate, and strained Mr. Scammon's credit to the utmost. He would, however, have survived this, but in 1874 the second great fire came and sweeping over the area in which his buildings, including his rebuilt home, stood, completed his financial ruin. He never recovered. The rest of his life was largely spent in saving any remnants he could from the wreck of his fortunes. The Marine Bank lasted till 1877 when, its charter expiring, it went out of business.

One of the mistakes Mr. Scammon made in the years of stress and strain following the great fire was that he once more yielded to the temptation that had seduced him two or three times before and founded another newspaper. The *Chicago Republican* which he had assisted in starting in 1865 had only one valuable asset after the fire—its Associated Press franchise. This Mr. Scammon bought and continuing the publication of the *Republican* for a short time, on March 25, 1872, he issued the first number of the *Inter Ocean*. How much of his fortune, which

began soon after to dissolve, the *Inter Ocean* absorbed I have no means of knowing. He conducted the paper for a time from his new house on Michigan Avenue, but the disasters of 1873 and 1874 compelled him to dispose of his interest in 1875.

Mr. Scammon's connection with the law firm of Scammon and McCagg continued through all the ups and downs of his business career from 1849 to 1872. They had sent out from their office some able men who distinguished themselves in later life, among them Judge Henry W. Blodgett and Robert T. Lincoln. During the later years of the partnership Mr. Scammon could not have given his law business much attention. After its dissolution his own personal affairs absorbed all his time. The fire of 1874 left him so involved that most of the remaining years of his life were given up to efforts to extricate himself from his business difficulties and save what he could. He maintained an office from 1875 to 1885 at 33–35 Clark Street. As he himself said at the Old Settlers' reception by the Calumet Club in 1879, in speaking of his first partner, "He and I had an office together precisely where my office is now." A later office was at 94 West Washington Street. William A. Coleman, who was in the same suite, tells me that he visited his office four or five days each week for four or five hours each day. He did not practice law "to any extent, doing little or no business for others, but devoted his time to his own affairs."

Mrs. Scammon, who had retained her private fortune, owned twenty acres of ground on the north side of the Midway Plaisance running from Dorchester to Woodlawn Avenue. They had on this tract a garden and had built there a house for the gardener and called the place Fernwood Villa. In the later seventies they enlarged the house and made it from that time the family home.

Mr. Scammon was always very fond of gardening. He had maintained a beautiful flower garden on the present site of the Auditorium Theater when he lived in the Marble Terrace on Michigan Avenue. At Fernwood Villa he had also a fine garden of vegetables. Finding one day some boys evidently anxious to get at his big watermelons growing near the corner of Woodlawn Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, he invited them in and told them to help themselves. When he first made his home at Fernwood Villa great multitudes of pigeons sometimes flew across the lake and filled the trees of his fine oak grove. Again he would tell the boys to come in and help themselves to all they could get. He was very popular among the boys of Hyde Park.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Scammon's financial reverses

destroyed his interest in public affairs or his influence in Chicago. He continued his devoted services to the old University to the end. In 1872 he was a member of the committee of prominent men who prepared the bill for the creation of the Chicago Public Library. He was one of the early members of the Union League Club, organized in 1879. In 1880 the Sons of Maine organized and he was made a vice-president and a member of the board of directors. In 1885, in his seventy-third year, he delivered the speech of welcome at the Grand Pacific Hotel to the New York delegation who carried to the National Republican Convention the name of President Chester A. Arthur for renomination.

It was often said in Chicago that everyone else knew that Mr. Scammon was bankrupt but that he himself never knew it. As a matter of fact his genuine interest in the public welfare, his self-respect, courage, and Christian faith made him in adversity the same man he had been in prosperity.

He died in March, 1890, in the seventy-eighth year of his age and was buried in Oakwoods Cemetery. His funeral was attended by the Board of Education in a body and the Bar Association was represented by a large delegation. His old friends, Judges Trumbull, Doolittle, Blodgett, Tree, and Tuley, with W. H. Bradley, B. F. Ayer, and E. B. McCagg, were the honorary pallbearers.

In the death of Mr. Scammon Chicago lost one of its most eminent pioneers, a man who played an important and beneficent part in its early history. Judge Caton in *The Early Bench and Bar of Illinois* says he "was an able lawyer." He certainly was an able business man, and his failure was occasioned by forces beyond any human foresight or control.

Physically he was nearly or quite six feet in height and weighed about two hundred pounds. He was far from being vain of his appearance and was somewhat careless in his dress. In his day men wore boots and his family had to see that he did not leave the house in the morning with the leg of his trousers above the boot straps. He had rather extraordinary conversational gifts and talked intelligently on a great variety of subjects. It may, perhaps, be said that he talked too much. He spoke French, German, and Swedish. One of his old friends and office associates writes me that he was "a scholar, a fine lawyer, very charitable, loved by those who knew him, always ready to do everything he could for his friends and his church. He loved his church and liked particularly to talk about it." He had some marked peculiarities. He would not, in traveling, be imposed upon. He knew his rights and

insisted on them. Coming west in a chair car, in a seat for which he had paid extra, when the conductor decided to sidetrack the car and transfer the passengers to an ordinary one, Mr. Scammon refused to leave his seat on the ground that he had paid for the extra accommodation, and finally compelled the conductor to retain the car on the train.

It is quite certain that Mr. Scammon left something to the two daughters who survived him. One of them, Ariana, bequeathed to the University $500 to be known as "The Scammon Scholarship and to be used for the benefit of a Chicago student." As her father had been so long and so prominently connected with the old University she wished his name to be identified with the new University of Chicago. Miss Scammon was a refined, gentle, and highly intelligent woman, very proud of her father and devoted to his memory.

In the same way, Mrs. Scammon, who survived her husband twelve years, "desiring to leave some lasting memorial" of him, conveyed to the University in 1901 a part of the block in which she lived as a gift, the institution purchasing the rest of it. The contribution was valued at $61,050. The block is now the site of the School of Education of the University established by the munificence of Mrs. Emmons Blaine. It was the desire of Mrs. Scammon that the ground she gave should be known as "Scammon Court." In the School of Education quadrangle, on the wall of Emmons Blaine Hall, is a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription:

SCAMMON COURT

This inclosure is named in memory
of a public spirited citizen of Chicago
and a liberal friend of education

JONATHAN YOUNG SCAMMON
1812—1890

And in recognition of the generosity
of his widow

MARIA SHELDON SCAMMON

Mr. Scammon was, perhaps, the most liberal supporter of the old University. Through his daughter and widow his munificence extended to the new University of Chicago and nothing could be more appropriate than that his name should be associated with it and the remembrance of him and his life be perpetuated by it.

JOHN MASON JACKSON

JOHN MASON JACKSON

Most of those with whom these sketches have had to do lived long, as we count human life, some of them to a very advanced age, passing their eightieth and even their ninetieth birthdays. I come now to one who did not see half the years of these older men, yet lived a life the story of which is well worth telling. In the thirty-nine years of his life, handicapped by a frail body, he went farther and accomplished more than seems possible for ordinary men, however vigorous their health and prolonged their years.

He had indeed the advantage of a good ancestry. On his mother's side he was descended from the Rust family, which came over with the Puritans in 1633 from Hingham, England, and was among the founders of Hingham, Massachusetts. He was thus related to Major Henry A. Rust, one of the founders and for more than ten years the controller and business manager of the University of Chicago.

His father, Dr. John B. Jackson, was on one side related to the family of Daniel Boone, and on the other to that of William H. English, long prominent in Indiana politics, and Democratic candidate for vice-president in 1880.

The English family was in Virginia as early as 1622, and Captain William English was a member of the house of burgesses and high sheriff. Elisha English migrated in 1790 to Kentucky where his daughter Mary married Rezin Jackson, the grandfather of J. Mason Jackson. Rezin Jackson removed soon after his marriage to Carrollton, Greene County, Illinois, becoming one of the early settlers of the new state, and in that village in 1832 John B. Jackson, the father of Mason, was born. He was an exceptional boy and man. Determined to seek the best education open to him, he first made his way through Shurtleff College at Upper Alton, Illinois, graduating in 1855. Unable at the time to continue his studies, he became pastor of the newly organized Baptist church at Virden in central Illinois, which, under his pastorate, became one of the strong churches of the state. But though he married while at Virden, his scholarly ambition led him to resign his pastorate and take his little family to Rochester, New York, where he spent three years in the Theological Seminary, graduating in 1863. He achieved

high rank in a class distinguished for its men of ability, and before his graduation was called to the pastorate of the church at Albion, one of the leading churches of western New York.

But I must not yield to the temptation to write a biographical sketch of Dr. Jackson, great as it is. And indeed his life will be found to be so inseparably connected at every step with that of his son that it must, though mentioned incidentally, appear somewhat fully in the story which follows. Not only were the father and son bound together by ties of the tenderest affection, but their characters, views, and tastes were so much alike that each was the chosen and sympathetic companion of the other.

It is not to be wondered at that the father, who was a writer of no mean ability and lost his son when he himself was only sixty-seven years of age, was moved to write the memoirs of one who had been so dear to him. These memoirs, published in a book of 527 large pages, furnish the amplest and most authentic materials for this brief sketch. The fact that they consist largely of the son's letters to the home circle makes them the more interesting and revealing.

The boy was born June 17, 1859, in Virden, Illinois. A little more than a year of his infancy was passed in that village and the next three years in Rochester while his father was taking his theological course. He was an unusually attractive child, being at once fair to look at, friendly, and bright. His father's student friends who called at the family home became fond of the child, always remembered him with affection, and recalled his bright sayings; and so retentive was his own memory that he never forgot them. Indeed the acquaintance and friendship begun in these earliest years with such men as C. E. Hewitt, E. W. Mundy, A. J. Sage, and Wayland Hoyt continued to the end of his life.

The four years following the Rochester period were passed in the attractive little city of Albion, New York. There were many fine people in the father's church who became fond of the small boy and remained his lasting friends. Here he spent a happy childhood, except that he lacked the robust health of most other boys. He had a frail body, his throat being particularly susceptible, subjecting him for much of the time, every winter, to "colds and croupy coughs." He was therefore not sent to school, but began and for several years continued his education at home. For many years he was an only child and listening much to his father's conversation he naturally acquired many words from the clergyman's vocabulary. When perhaps five years old, asking his mother if they were poor and learning that they were, he

remarked, "That's a hard dispensation." He was naturally proud of his first pair of boots, which even small boys wore in those days, and which he acquired when five years old. Going to the house of a neighbor to exhibit them he strode proudly in saying, "Here I come with my ponderous boots." In his sixth year he manifested his desire to be helpful to his father by preparing a sermon for him, which, though very brief, containing only sixty-three words, set forth distinctly the doctrine of moral accountability. He learned to read by looking on the text when being read to by his mother. Thus he learned words as words, not as composed of letters or syllables, and recognized the words he was familiar with in any connection. He learned with great facility. Books became his life-companions and friends. He developed a quite extraordinary memory. Very little effort fixed in his mind poems and passages of prose, and in mature life he was able, having listened to a sermon or any other public address, to repeat long passages verbatim.

In 1867 the founding of the Baptist Union Theological Seminary, now the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, took Dr. Jackson to Chicago as professor of church history, and that city remained the permanent family home. It was not until the following year, when Mason was nine years old, that he was thought able to attend school. He then entered a private school on Cottage Grove Avenue near University Place, but within a month the trouble which had hitherto kept him out of school, a severe cold and cough, compelled his withdrawal, and a year passed before the experiment could again be tried. His education, however, did not cease to go forward. He early conceived a fondness for reading, which continued with him to the end of life. In his earlier years the Rollo books had furnished him entertainment and information, but now in his tenth year serious works in biography and history engaged his interest, continued his education, and gave him that maturity of mind and character which distinguished him from his childhood. He became greatly interested in the life of Napoleon. He was absorbed in the *Life of George and Robert Stephenson* by Samuel Smiles, a royal octavo volume of 500 pages. The war between the rival railway magnates of that day as recorded in the daily papers greatly interested him, and he followed its progress with apparently complete understanding. This interest in railroads continued to the end of his life. "Few were the railroad lines of any importance throughout the country with whose general affairs, financial and other, he did not have acquaintance so close as would naturally suggest to a stranger the idea of his own business

interests lying in that direction. Yet in fact he never owned a dollar's worth of railway stock and never performed a railway function except the pastime sort of his childhood." The reference in the last line of this quotation from the *Memoirs* is to his childish sport of playing cars. George W. Northrup, Jr., one of his friends and comrades through life, said of this play: "No ordinary playing was that. His boyish railroading was strictly realistic and business-like and filled me with childish admiration. Great railway systems were developed in those cramped quarters and Mason, in turn president or general manager, as the case might be, originated and carried out schemes of railway administration in imitation of the greater railroad policies which were then beginning to compel public attention." He traced many lines of railway on large sheets of paper, noting in print the leading stations. He knew all these stations by heart and would call them out in true conductor style as the toy train moved across the floor. He loved the sports of childhood. His summers were spent out of doors in the employments that amuse boys. In the autumn of 1869 he passed some weeks visiting old friends in Albion, making his home with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cornell, who had children about his age. The fun he had can be judged from a letter home asking permission to prolong his stay two weeks longer. "You see the grapes and nuts aren't ripe, but they will be soon. As soon as the nuts are ripe we are going to have a grand nutting party. I have only visited 2/3 of the folks."

Thus at ten years of age he was a real boy, but he was also very much of a man. His father's eyes were troubling him, and, as he was a professor of church history and necessarily a historical student, the boy read to him much in the secular history pertaining to the periods covered by his teaching. Gradually these readings extended to sacred history, including much of Schaff—not very exciting reading for a ten-year-old boy—and Stanley's more interesting *History of the Eastern Church.* He read these not only with interest but also with understanding and remembered what he read. This was sometimes made apparent in casual remarks. Returning one Sunday from hearing a sermon which had been preceded by a prayer that seemed to him of inordinate length he said to his mother, "For my part, I agree with St. Cyprian that the Lord's Prayer is adequate for all occasions."

For nine and a half years of his life Mason was an only child. In 1868 his sister Mary was born. When he was told that he had a sister, his response was eloquently significant of the feelings of many an only child. "Good! now I shall not be lonesome any more." A few years

later when his brother Will was added to the family circle he was welcomed joyously also, and both brother and sister remained to the end of his life inexpressibly dear to him. Never was a fonder or more devoted elder brother. They added much to the happiness and richness of his life and the developing greatness of his character. Being much older than they were he felt for them from the first the love and sympathy of a brother and as he grew to maturity a tender paternal solicitude.

In November, 1869, Mason's health seemed so well established that he entered the Cottage Grove grammar school near which the family lived and continued there until the beginning of the summer of 1871. Although his preliminary training had been received at home and he was largely self-taught, once placed in school with other boys it soon became evident that he had very unusual scholarly gifts. He had an active, alert, acquisitive mind. His memory retained in a remarkable way whatever he heard or saw or read. In mathematics he was a genius. For a boy of ten he had acquired an extraordinary fund of information on many subjects, including biography, history, politics, business, and current events. It is no wonder, therefore, that at the end of his second year the principal of the school urged his parents to permit him to graduate. This he could do by studying up on a single subject which had been neglected in his preliminary training. They consented reluctantly, and he finished the grammar school at the time of his twelfth birthday. But the extra exertion had been too much for him, and it took weeks of outdoor life to restore his strength so far as to allow him to open a book. When this coveted privilege was granted him, he chose that great and fascinating work, which most boys of twelve never heard of and which they would read only on compulsion, Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. But for restrictions put upon him Mason would have devoured it in a few days. Dr. Jackson's health having broken down, he had retired from his teaching position and opened a real estate office in the Chicago business district. Mason drove him down to business and on the way gave him an account of what he had read the previous day. His father writes:

> Very notable was the young reader's ability to repeat striking passages quoted by Mr. Motley from general, diplomat, or orator, as well as passages of the historian's own composition. At this period, as for many years before and after, Mason's verbal memory was truly wonderful. After hearing or reading a speech he could, without hesitation or apparent effort, reproduce the speaker's language as well as his thought with a fullness, a fluency, and an accuracy beyond those of any one else with whom it has been the writer's good fortune to be acquainted.

In the autumn of 1871 came the Great Chicago Fire. The family was not burned out, but its affairs were thrown into such uncertainty and confusion that most of its members went for a time to relatives in Carrollton, Dr. Jackson's old home. The summer of 1870 Mason had passed a delightful vacation in Minnesota, making acquaintance with its lakes and rivers and forests. Now again he lived in the open, made friends with uncles, aunts, and cousins, and searched the woods happily and successfully for walnuts. He wrote to his father of a call he made on his granduncle "Billy" English, "where for the first time of my life I saw a genuine fireplace. Uncle Billy said many droll things. One of them was at your expense and so at mine. 'I had,' he said, 'great faith in your father when he was a boy. I thought he would make a good horse-trader. But he got it in his head that he must go to college. Then he turned preacher and my hopes of him were blasted.'" Perhaps if Uncle Billy had followed the fortunes of his nephew, Dr. Jackson, he would not have felt so bad, for the doctor almost always owned a horse, and Mason loved a horse and became an expert rider.

The stay at Carrollton was not all play. The twelve-year-old boy's mind was much exercised over his father's affairs, which had been thrown into confusion by the fire which, for the moment, destroyed his business. After much thought the son wrote to his father as follows:

> If you sell the house why not put the money where you can get it easily, and go out to Warrenville next spring and buy 150 acres of land? There's plenty of ground out there all ready to cultivate, with house and barn for $40 an acre. We could buy seven or eight horses, twenty cows, one hundred sheep and seventy-five hogs and all the tools wanted with the land for $9,500. We could readily get a mortgage loan of $3,500, or $4,500. We could raise $1,800 worth of hogs every year and send lots of milk in by the milk train. . . . . It doesn't cost more than half as much to live out there as it does in the city and we could save $500 or $600.

This letter of the twelve-year-old boy makes it clear that he had a mind for business. This was made still more evident in the year or two that followed. The Great Fire and the absence from the city it occasioned broke up any school plans, and he again began home study, taking up Latin with his father. For his reading he himself chose Allison's *History of Europe*, which, considered by many dry and difficult, he read with great delight.

In February, 1872, Mr. Enos M. Barton, a long-time friend, a member of the firm of Gray & Barton, manufacturers of electrical supplies, called and proposed that Mason should enter their employment. The boy jumped at the chance, overcame the reluctance of his parents, and

went to work. He was twelve years old and was given the job of making out the weekly pay-rolls. The development of the business was so rapid that, very soon after Mason's connection with it began, it became the well-known Western Electric Company, of which his friend, Mr. Barton, was for many years president. His first employment with the company continued for little more than a year, and young as he was he so put himself into his work from the first as to commend himself highly to his employers. The first money he received he handed to his mother with great pride. It was, however, returned to him, and all his earnings were regarded as his own by the parents, then and always.

His father makes this record of the years 1872 and 1873. "Mommsen's *Rome*, Cox's *House of Austria*, Kelly's *Russia*, Smyth's *Lectures on Modern History*, and Froude's *History of England* were among the works which, during the time of his first connection with the Western Electric Company and the months immediately following" he read. I hasten to record that he also read some of Walter Scott's novels, and with equal pleasure that he entered with enthusiasm into the collection of stamps, an industry which has brought pleasure and sometimes profit to thousands of boys since that day. He engaged in it, indeed, with such enthusiasm and intelligence that he was made president of the International Stamp Company and a contributor to an organ of the business, the *Western Stamp Collector*. The interest of the boys of that day in stamp collecting seems quite incredible. E. B. Tolman, now Major Tolman, afterward corporation counsel and a prominent lawyer of Chicago, a lifelong friend of Mason, was vice-president of the International Company, and he and E. W. Clement, later a missionary in Japan, another lifelong friend, almost rivaled Mason in their collections. Extraordinarily mature in many directions in early youth, Mason Jackson was at the same time a real boy, loving the companionship of boys, and enjoying their pleasures. George W. Northrup, Jr., who became an able lawyer, said of him:

> Mason was my childhood friend, my boyhood friend, my playmate and classmate, as well as the friend of my manhood. . . . . We came west on the same Pullman car, ... We were daily playmates. . . . . He was an incessant reader of solid literature. . . . . He was fascinated by Napoleon's campaigns, and before he was twelve he wrote an imaginary history of Australian wars, issuing bulletins of the progress of the campaign in the most approved Napoleonic style. These bulletins were regularly posted on a blackboard in a vestibule of his home and were daily surrounded by his playmates, who read the war news as eagerly as the crowds watched the newspaper bulletins last spring [in the Spanish-American War]. . . . . Mason was the leader among his playmates in all matters requiring executive ability. To him was always instinctively entrusted the management of our boyish organizations.

These last statements are very significant when it is remembered that Northrup and Tolman were among these playmates. There was in him in his youth a very unusual combination of the boyish boy and the mature man. His aptitude for mathematics has been mentioned. In the summer he became thirteen, a gentleman visiting the family submitted to him a question that was pending between himself and a leading banker of Chicago. The banker's solution of the knotty points involved was unsatisfactory, but the man could not tell what the trouble with it was. Mason solved the difficulty in short order, and when his statement was submitted to the banker he promptly and heartily conceded the clearness of the process and the accuracy of the result.

Mason's parents were deeply religious people, and in the winter of 1872–73 the boy united with the University Place Baptist Church, and his after-life showed, as will abundantly appear, the most whole-hearted devotion to the gospel and the Kingdom of God.

After working for the Western Electric Company about sixteen months, Mason found stirring within him an ambition for a college course. This was inevitable. His father was a scholar. His playmates, Clement, Tolman, Northrup, and others were preparing for college, and his own innate gifts and tendencies pointed him straight toward the doors of the university. In the fall of 1873, therefore, he entered the preparatory department of the first University of Chicago, which was located on Cottage Grove Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. There he had such teachers as Dr. James R. Boise and Professor William Mathews. He was a member of an exceptionally large and able class. I have already spoken of his genius for mathematics and his wide acquaintance with history. He now made it plain that his linguistic gifts were also of the highest order. As a matter of fact, he was made by nature for a student and a scholar. He gave himself to his studies with delight and with the purpose of mastering every subject. The story is a strange one, but nevertheless true, that this boy of fourteen aimed, not at barely passing, but at perfection in his studies. His classmate, George W. Northrup, Jr., has this to say of him: "Mason's recitations were the despair of his classmates and the delight of his teachers. He was so far above all other lads in his classes as to be practically out of the reach of envy. It was a proverb that Mason never made a mistake and I cannot remember that he ever did." Lest this should be regarded as the testimony of a too partial friend, I yield to the temptation to quote the words of the eminent scholars and teachers already referred to. Dr. Boise, in giving this sixteen-year-old preparatory student a recommendation as a teacher

of beginners in Greek, said of him: "He has attained the very highest rank as a scholar. In my experience as a teacher of Greek . . . . I have never had a pupil of a more critical turn of mind." Of his work in English Dr. Mathews said: "In a large and unusually bright class he was unquestionably the first scholar. He had a quick, alert, discriminating mind and a remarkably tenacious memory; and had circumstances allowed him to pursue his studies till graduation at college, he would without doubt have taken very high rank—probably the highest." And he was no mere grind. He was just as much interested in the literary and debating societies as in his classroom work and for a boy was a ready and effective speaker. From his earliest years he had loved to talk, was voluble among his comrades, interested in all their play, a boy among boys. These two years in the preparatory school were, perhaps, the happiest of his life. He looked forward to four years in college, which would have taken him to his twentieth birthday, with eager anticipation. Beyond his graduation from college the law beckoned him most alluringly, perhaps, and he would have gone far on any road he chose to follow had he not fallen early by the way.

The spring of 1875 brought his school days to an end. The old catarrhal affection returned, and before the close of the academic year he went with his mother and small brother Will to Ballston Spa, New York, a much-frequented watering-place of that day, and there spent the summer. But when September came, his health was found unequal to the strain of regular study and classroom work, and the physicians prescribed a milder climate. A former colleague of Dr. Jackson, Rev. Dr. A. N. Arnold, for his own failing health had gone to the genial climate of Charlottesville, Virginia, the seat of the University of Virginia. On his recommendation Mason was finally, in February, 1876, sent to that place and passed sixteen months in the "delightful home" of Rev. John T. Randolph, "Verdant Lawn," three miles out of the village. A genial climate, a cultivated and friendly family which made him a member of the household, delightful acquaintances, pleasing recreations, the reading, writing, and study which he loved, and improving health made these months among the joyous months of his life. He was received kindly and treated cordially by the southern people, though it was only ten years after the close of the Civil War. He had many interesting experiences, but I can mention only one. Knowing how scanty were his father's resources at that time, he made every effort to obtain work in teaching. One opportunity finally opened to act as tutor to the two sons of a farmer who lived not far away. He

had been promised a nice room, good board, and everything to make him comfortable. But he writes:

> My room was very small and the furniture was of necessity so arranged as to compel me to sit almost on the fireplace. I was soon nearly roasted. There was no way to let the surplus heat escape except by opening a door or window directly on me. The air soon became foul. The window, which was very small, looked in such a direction that the sun could not shine into the room save for a few minutes in the day. In this room I must teach and spend my evenings and nights. . . . . The food was not at all adapted either to my taste or my condition and it must be eaten in a sort of cellar.

The place was impossible, and he wisely made haste to leave it. But he did one thing in Virginia that cannot be overlooked. He wrote a series of articles which were published in the *Standard* of Chicago, describing the different stages of his journey to Virginia, the country in which he found himself, Charlottesville and Albemarle County and the university and its commencement. I mention these articles because, written by a boy of sixteen who had attended school only four years, they exhibited unusual graces of style and maturity of view.

The stay in Virginia was broken by a visit in October to the great Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia and to the warm friend of the family, S. V. White, long an active and well-known figure on the New York stock exchange and a prominent member of Henry Ward Beecher's church. Returning home in the spring of 1877 and the way not seeming likely to open for entering college, Mason found employment with the wholesale drug house of Fuller & Fuller, beginning at $6.00 a week. He remained in this situation from June, 1877, till January, 1879, winning promotion and increases in salary. His former classmates welcomed him back and drafted him into their debating society, where his abilities were highly regarded. Major E. B. Tolman said of him:

> He was, both as boy and man, one whose mentality far exceeded his physical strength. The constitution of his mind was marked by two prominent features. First, he was an analyst; second, a debater. He could not only discern clearly truth and error, but he possessed that rarer attribute, the ability to take up the sword in defense of the one or in attack upon the other. He might have been a great lawyer.

Finding in the winter of 1878–79 that confinement at the desk in a room opening directly on the then odoriferous Chicago River was telling on his health, he gave up his position and entered into partnership with Charles A. Bowen in opening a country store in Warrenville, thirty miles west of Chicago. This was that countryside where, when he was twelve years old, eight years earlier, he had suggested that his

father should buy a farm. He knew and liked the people and was appreciated by them. The store did well, but not well enough for two men to grow rich out of it, and after a year as a country storekeeper Mason turned the business over to his partner. It was a brief episode in his life, but interesting things occurred in it. The store was also the post-office, Colonel Warren, the postmaster, letting the "boys" do the business. "Mason made a careful study of the duties. He probably mastered the postal regulations as thoroughly—such was his habit in anything he undertook—as if the business had amounted to thousands instead of about one hundred dollars per annum." He used to tell this story of his experiences: One day a farmer's wife came in and asked if there was any mail for her. "Only a postal," said Mason and handed her the card. "What does it say?" she inquired. "I don't know," said the astonished official. "You don't know!" exclaimed the woman with a look of incredulity as well as scorn, "What are you here for?"

Mason entered into the life of the community in its celebrations and social gatherings, in the church, and in the debating society. He was made president of the society. The presidential campaign of 1880 was approaching, and one of the great questions before the country was a third term for General Grant in the presidency. Perhaps Mason's most ambitious speech before the society was an elaborate argument against a third term, which he opposed on these grounds:

(1) as being contrary to precedent; (2) as establishing a dangerous precedent; (3) because a review of Grant's administration shows that it was not such as to justify a waiving of these two considerations; (4) because Grant could do no more toward settling the southern problem than any other good Republican president; (5) because he had been and, therefore, probably would be an unsuccessful party leader; (6) because there were other men who were politically more deserving; (7) because General Grant would be more serviceable to the country, in a dangerous crisis, as a private citizen than as a partisan president; (8) because he could retire from public life today much more popular than he would be at the end of another term in the presidential office.

General Grant almost succeeded in administering a fatal blow to the tradition that forbids a third term. Since his day the third-term bee has been heard buzzing under the hats of two or three presidents or ex-presidents. The ambition of men makes it an issue both dangerous and ever recurring, and I am glad to let the voice of Mason Jackson, after forty years, once more be heard against it.

The year spent in the country store has the distinction of having been the most unhappy year of Mason's life. Half a dozen things conspired to make it such. He was out of his element. He was made

for larger things. He felt "cribbed, cabined and confined." The stirrings of ambition, natural to one of his great abilities, which circumstances seemed to smother, made him discontented. He wanted an education, but the college course he longed for was becoming more and more impossible. His health was discouraging. His father's health gave signs, fortunately false signals, of further breakdown. His only love affair, apparently through no one's fault, came to an end, causing him increased unhappiness. His letters to his mother reflected the very low state of his mind. In one of them he wrote: "I suppose it is folly for me to think of studying. I may as well make up my mind to be a nobody and have and know nothing. Then, for the first time in my life, I shall stand some chance of carrying my plans into effect." In other words he would then have no ambitions and would be content simply to exist. It was in this frame of mind that this young man of brilliant talents and lofty character approached his twenty-first birthday. And yet his year in Warrenville had not been altogether barren. He had enjoyed the pleasantest social relations with the families which had given distinction to that hamlet for many years. His business experience, without his being aware of it, was preparing him for the larger activities of his later life.

Returning to Chicago in the early months of 1880, he again entered the service of Fuller & Fuller in a more responsible position and with larger pay than when he left them a year earlier. He remained with them not quite two years and then, after considerable hesitation, gave up his position and, at twenty-two, returning to the service of the Western Electric Company entered upon what proved to be his real career.

The father of Mr. Jackson, during the whole of the last half of a life of seventy-five years, was very much of an invalid, suffering from a variety and a succession of physical ailments. Incapacitated most of the time for the preaching and teaching he loved, he turned his attention to business, concerned for the most part with building and real estate, and under the most serious handicaps finally achieved a modest competence for himself and his family. His heart was always in the pulpit, and when, in 1878, his health improved he accepted the pastorate of the Hyde Park Baptist Church of Chicago and continued its pastor for five years, when renewed infirmities again and finally drove him from the work he loved. He and Mrs. Jackson and their son transferred their membership to the Hyde Park church. Dr. Jackson later built a comfortable home in Hyde Park at 5726 Kenwood Avenue, where

he spent the rest of his life. It was a fortunate day for the church when the Jackson family came into it. Dr. Jackson was as faithful a private member as he had been a pastor. Mrs. Jackson and her son William H. Jackson carried on the family tradition of fidelity and usefulness, and Mason Jackson, as will appear later, became one of the pillars of the church.

The Western Electric Company, when Mr. Jackson entered its service the second time, had developed into a $1,000,000 corporation. Its president was General Anson Stager, and the active head of the corporation Enos M. Barton, who succeeded to the presidency in 1886. Mr. Barton had known Mason Jackson from early boyhood, appreciated his rare abilities, and saw in him capacities for great usefulness to the corporation. He sought him out, therefore, and offered him a place. But the young man, having a good situation with Fuller & Fuller, though much attached to Mr. Barton, hesitated to change and make a new beginning in another place. "The negotiation was carried on for some little time," and he finally accepted the offer made him and entered on the duties of shipping-ticket clerk in January, 1882. It was characteristic of Mr. Barton, who was one of the most reticent of men, to engage him for this humble position without intimating to him that he was really wanted for much more important duties. This is evident from the fact that at the end of four or five weeks he was promoted to the position of head bookkeeper. Mr. Jackson had never taken a course in bookkeeping. He had, indeed, enjoyed the advantages afforded by keeping the simple accounts of his Warrenville store, but the difference between this elementary work and the accounting of a million-dollar corporation ought to have seemed to him little less than appalling. But Mr. Barton knew him and his gifts well. He was a wizard with figures. Accounting was as natural to him as breathing, and from the beginning the complicated accounts of the great corporation caused him no trouble. In only a single instance did he have any trouble with his trial balance. This was at the end of his first month. He had taken hold of the ledger a few days after the beginning of the month and he mistook the figure 3 of the former accountant for an 8. Thereafter, keeping the ledger himself, he never had any trouble. I cannot overemphasize the wonder of this achievement of a young man who had had practically no training for the work taking in charge the accounting of a large corporation and doing it perfectly from the outset.

As a matter of fact, he did much more than this. He was head bookkeeper, but in that position he displayed such accounting genius

and revealed such a practical understanding of finance that it quickly became apparent to the directors of the corporation that in their new employee they had a man whose position, important as it was, was too small for him, that he was a student of finance and a financial expert to whose hands weighty business affairs could be safely intrusted. They therefore made haste to avail themselves of his services in a higher place. At the end of his first year he was elected to the double position of secretary and treasurer of the Western Electric Company, a position which he continued to hold with distinguished success to the end of his life. Mr. Barton and Mr. Jackson were and continued to be the executive heads of a corporation which under their management had a continuous and rapid development reaching in twenty years a capitalization of $15,000,000. Its operations extended into many states and into other lands. It had branch establishments in other cities and countries and agencies all over the world. Mr. Barton said of his able lieutenant, "Mr. Jackson was a student of finance and a master of its practical side. He has for years conducted the financial affairs of our company. . . . . He was considered one of the best expert accountants in the country and through confidence in his financial shrewdness his company placed its weightiest business affairs in his hands." I find something strongly prophetic of his real taste for business and the genius he later displayed for it in the following incident related by Mr. Barton of Mason's first employment by the Western Electric Company:

> When the boy Mason was young enough to go in the office by his given name—perhaps thirteen years old—I chanced to come upon some scraps of paper which he had left around. They consisted of the correspondence of the imaginary firm of J. B. Jackson & Co., booksellers. The head of the imaginary firm was his father. The "company" was himself. He had amused himself in making up letters such as a firm of booksellers would write.

The boy is father to the man. Ten years later the man was conducting the correspondence of the great company in which at thirteen he was making up the weekly pay-roll.

At the beginning of his second year the youthful secretary and treasurer did a signal though unpleasant service for the company. After presenting his second annual report along the established lines, he found himself dissatisfied with it. He found that in taking account of stock it had been the custom to estimate material unsold and still on hand at the cost of production. Mr. Jackson reflected that in a business dealing in electrical supplies in which new inventions were constantly making some of the stock on hand worthless, such a system

of accounting made a false showing. With the co-operation of experts he therefore went over the entire stock anew, and after weeks of labor prepared a new report and proposed to the directors that it should be substituted for the former one. It naturally startled them. Figures had been remorselessly cut far below the late estimate. The company was made to appear considerably poorer than they supposed it to be. But the facts could not be denied, and the directors, wishing to know the truth and not live in a fool's paradise, approved and adopted the new report and the new method of estimating values. In his annual reports Mr. Jackson developed that peculiar genius, which Mr. Gladstone exhibited in such a marvelous way, of making financial statements at once lucid and interesting. He came to have a remarkable power in grasping and elucidating a business situation. It was said of him that "when he passed out of mere routine work and undertook anything at all complicated it seemed as if a sort of inspiration were given him, so easily did difficult things become clear to him." It is not strange, therefore, that the financial affairs of the company were more and more fully committed to his hands. The Bell Telephone Company, with which the Western Electric was closely connected, was accustomed to send its auditors to examine annually the books of the concerns associated with it and ask questions not adequately answered in their annual reports. But as the years went on so perfect was the confidence Mr. Jackson commanded that his books were never gone over by the Bell auditor, and so complete were his reports that no questions were left to be answered.

The duties of his position required him to visit the branches of the Western Electric, the subsidiary companies, and the principal agencies in other cities, and he was thus called at different times to all parts of the country as well as to foreign lands. A letter to his mother from Cincinnati in 1885 shows the responsibilities he sometimes found it necessary to assume. He relates how he had just attended the directors' meeting of one of the subsidiary companies where it was left to him to say what the dividend to the stockholders should be. Regular visits were made to New York, where the company operated a plant. He went frequently to Boston, where the meetings of the directors were held. Factories having been established in Antwerp, Berlin, Paris, and London, Mr. Jackson in 1891 went abroad to visit them. The trip was also made to serve the purposes of a vacation. His sister accompanied him, and they visited England, Scotland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. They returned about the first of

October after an absence of nearly four months. Four months later the business in Australia needed the presence of a high official of the company. President Barton said to him: "You are the man we wish to go. We will take care of your work here in some way." There were urgent reasons for an abrupt departure and Mr. Jackson started for this trip round the world on three days' notice. On twenty-four hours' notice Phillip Rust, the son of Major H. A. Rust, accepted an invitation to accompany him, and they left Chicago February 7, 1892. They sailed from New York on the "Lahn" on the ninth, spent thirty-five minutes in London, rushed through Paris to Naples, passed through the Suez Canal on the twenty-fifth, spent a few hours in Colombo, Ceylon, and reached Adelaide, Australia, on March 21, six weeks and one day after leaving Chicago. On the Indian Ocean the passengers had a spelling bee. Mr. Jackson was the only American participating and had the honor of spelling down the more than twenty English and Australian contestants. His victory received vigorous applause and perhaps helped on the cure of General Duryea, a patriotic American and Civil War veteran, who was sick in his cabin. In one of his letters home he writes: "Captain White, albeit 'a jolly good fellow,' asked General Duryea, the other day, if the Nicaragua Canal was north of New York City. And this reminds me that an Englishman asked me if he should take the Hudson River steamer for New York City at Denver!"

The business which took Mr. Jackson to Australia kept him there from March 21 till the middle of June and allowed him to see much of that country and of New Zealand. He returned to Chicago in July after an absence of nearly five months. This trip round the world greatly benefited his health. He was a good sailor, was never sick on shipboard, and ocean travel, in addition to being beneficial to his health, was delightful to him. He had not felt so well for many years as he did after his return from this trip round the world. As a result he was able to throw himself into the business of the company with new enjoyment. It was exceedingly prosperous, reaching out in new directions, enlarging its operations, and becoming more prosperous than ever. Mr. Jackson's duties and responsibilities increased and for the next five years his labors were abundant and fruitful. He had arrived, and was recognized as able and successful while yet a young man.

There were two sides of Mr. Jackson's life of which I have thus far said little. And yet it was perhaps in these two aspects that he most completely revealed himself. One of them was his attitude toward his parents and his brother and sister. He was the most affectionate and

devoted son and brother. He matured so early that his relations with his father became in a marked degree fraternal as well as filial, while his solicitude for the welfare and happiness of his sister and much younger brother was like that of a father for his children. Indeed affectionate solicitude for the well-being of all the other members of the family came to be the habit of his mind. His father, after his breakdown about 1870, when the son was eleven years old, was never again a well man. His mother was frail in body, and the apprehension that he might lose one or both of his parents filled him with constant anxiety. He planned and urged vacations for them which he sometimes prevailed on them to take in New England and Florida and California. Occasionally he joined them that he might add to their happiness and induce them to prolong these periods of relaxation. It is interesting to record that both parents long survived the son who was so solicitous about their health and who was himself inexpressibly dear to them. The same devoted affection characterized Mr. Jackson's relation to his brother and sister. It will be recalled that the sister accompanied him abroad. He took his brother east with him in 1884 and again in 1886. In 1890 they spent three happy weeks together at Higgins Lake, Michigan, the only wilderness vacation the older brother ever took. There were other vacations with the brother and sister, rarely one for himself alone. He lived in and for the family.

This sketch would be valueless as a real picture of the man without some brief account of his religious life. For whatever else he was, he was sincerely and devotedly Christian. His entire life after his eighteenth year was spent in the membership of the Hyde Park Baptist Church of Chicago. From the first his interest in its progress was great and increased as the years went by. I was a member of the same church and knew him well. Pure in heart; of spotless life; of stainless reputation; not unselfish merely, but nobly generous, believing, hopeful, prayerful; devoted in his inmost being to Christ; finding in the church the embodiment of Christ's kingdom and making its advancement the supreme object of his life; a lover of its assemblies and an active participant in its spiritual exercises; filling at one time or another almost every position of trust and service in the church—Sunday-school teacher and superintendent, clerk, trustee, member of the pulpit committee, treasurer, moderator; so trusted and honored that any position was open to him; in all positions equally faithful and efficient; always first or among the first with his gifts; always having in hand some specific and important service for the church; the trusted friend and counselor and supporter

of the pastor; the lover of missions and the promoter of every good cause —such was Mr. Jackson in his religious life and his relations to the church. Participating in the imperfections of human nature he approximated the ideal Christian life. All his noble gifts of mind and heart, all his spiritual graces, all his acquisitions of knowledge, all his business talents, all his material resources were consecrated to the Kingdom of God and to the church of which he was a member. He was as far as possible from self-assertion and was, at the same time, the most potent influence in the congregation. There were gathered in the Hyde Park church not a few eminent men, but he was first among us, because, with his great gifts, he made himself the servant of all. He never sought it, but we gladly conceded to him the primacy. Dr. E. D. Burton recalls that in a business meeting of the church, held July 25, 1895, to decide whether it should proceed at once with the building program which resulted in the present commodious and beautiful house of worship, Mr. Jackson presided. It was a great undertaking, and there was a feeling of hesitation. Mr. Jackson left the chair and made the deciding speech in favor of an immediate forward movement. It was an address of remarkable eloquence and power. One who heard it writes:

> Often does my mind revert to that eventful evening and to the debt we owe Mr. Jackson. I see again that earnest face—I hear those eloquent inspiring words—and I feel that not only did that crisis, under God's guidance, result in our present church home, but that the stirring Christian appeal, there sounded in our ears, was sufficient for any days' trials. It was certainly one which I shall never forget.

Mr. Jackson was not a politician, but he was deeply interested in the political questions of his day. He was a Republican, but he did not always vote the straight party ticket. He strongly disapproved the McKinley high tariff and broke with the party in the succeeding election, but later he conceived a strong liking for Mr. McKinley himself and in the campaign of 1896 visited Canton, Ohio, to listen to one of his famous front-lawn addresses. He made a speech in support of Garfield, and one of his most intelligent hearers declared that it ought to be heard all over Cook County. When most deeply interested, as on the free coinage of silver and bi-metallism, he let his voice be heard through the Chicago papers. He had a profound love of his country which made him exceptionally faithful to the political duties of a citizen. Had he had the physical vigor of many men his keen interest in politics and his rare abilities as a thinker and a speaker would have made him heard in the councils of his party. But he probably never saw a day when he was in vigorous health.

In 1897 the time came when the small reserves of strength he had were exhausted. For two or three years he had worked hard in the business, bearing some unusual burdens and taking little rest or recreation. He had been too deeply interested in the political campaign of 1896. He had devoted himself unremittingly to the work of the church. In January, 1897, he prepared the annual report of the company which covered the widely extended business throughout the world. In February it became apparent that he must have rest. He made the mistake, before doing this, of going to Boston to attend the annual meeting of the directors of the company and then to New York for ten days' work. From New York he went to the Clifton Springs Sanitarium, nervously and physically exhausted. It was hoped that a few weeks of rest and treatment would restore his physical strength and nervous energy. It was a vain hope. The few weeks were prolonged to four and a half months with slight advantage. A resort to Lake Placid in the Adirondacks for two months followed. The presence of his brother Will and later of his mother and their affectionate care helped him, but it was evident that a long period of rest had become necessary. In their solicitude his business associates suggested an ocean voyage, a visit to Japan where service was needed by the company which he was best fitted to perform, with a return by way of Australia where some further service could be rendered, winding up with some slight attention to the concern's affairs in Europe and England. It was believed that the long sea travel which he enjoyed and which had before benefited him, with just enough attention to business to add interest to his travels would bring him home with health fully restored. The plan pleased him. A competent attendant, Mr. Rosell, one of Dr. Weir Mitchell's expert masseurs, was secured, a last meeting with his father, Mr. Barton, and Mr. Thayer, his substitute in the office, was had in Montreal, and the long journey was begun October 1, 1897. Sailing from Vancouver on the eleventh they had a cold, stormy, and cloudy voyage of two weeks to Yokahama. Six weeks spent in Japan, during which Mr. Jackson did some necessary work for the company and happily renewed his old intimacy with Professor E. W. Clement, showed that the chilly climate of that season did not agree with him and the middle of December found him in his own words "retreating, but in good order, to Honolulu." He had great hopes of what the Hawaiian climate would do for him. For a few weeks it seemed as though these hopes might be realized. On January 6, 1898, he was able to write an extended letter, which was published in the *Standard* of Chicago, on political conditions in the

Islands. But two weeks later it was found that after writing even a brief letter he suffered a reaction. He could not stand the strain of receiving letters without injury. Although his physician remained confident that the climate would eventually restore him to health, it became apparent that he must relieve himself from all business relations and on March 5 he wrote President Barton resigning his positions as secretary and treasurer and director of the Western Electric Company. Mr. Barton lost no time in informing him that his resignation could not be accepted, but that he was released from all duties and his leave of absence was extended to June 1, 1899, a period of fourteen months. On April 11 all writing of letters and receiving of letters was prohibited. In a last letter to the family he said:

> No letters received by me after today will be opened and none will be written. This is a hard thing on all of us, but I believe it will hasten our reunion. You positively must not take this action as a danger signal. It has been thought that a sail voyage round Cape Horn to New York, cutting me off from the outside world for four months, might be beneficial. But on some accounts such a voyage would be unwise. So we have decided, after due deliberation, that I shall in imagination sail away today, asking my family and friends to share in the illusion.

During the next two months and a half he slowly improved. But in the closing days of June his throat, always his weak point, began to trouble him, grew worse and it soon became apparent that he was suffering from an acute attack of diphtheria. In spite of all that medical skill and wise nursing could do for him the dread disease proved fatal and he passed away July 6, 1898, nineteen days after his thirty-ninth birthday. The last sentence of the last letter he dictated was written by his own hand. I have quoted from this letter above. Referring to the imaginary voyage around the cape which was to cut him off for a period from all communication with the world, he closed the letter with these words: "With love, oh how much, to you all, and with courage and faith in God and hope for the future, I sail away." His father adds, "He is sailing still. He sails with God the eternal seas."

There was a temporary burial in the beautiful Honolulu cemetery, Nuanna, but somewhat more than a year later his body was transferred to Chicago, and on Sunday, October 22, 1899, the interment took place in Oakwoods. Just a year before, on Sunday, October 23, 1898, a memorial service had been held in the church, at which eight brief addresses were given by men who had known Mr. Jackson well in his various relations. Seldom have such tributes been paid to any man. His family have placed in the church a beautiful memorial window.

This sketch has indicated the large success which attended Mr. Jackson's management of the finances of the company he served during the last sixteen and a half years of his life. The prosperity of the company had been extraordinary. I think it may be said that he conducted his own personal business affairs with the same prudence and skill that characterized his management of those of the company. Strictly speaking, of course, he had no business of his own. His business was the business of the company, and he devoted himself to that with wholehearted loyalty. But, beginning in 1882 with very small savings, he soon began to have money to invest. He had no extravagant habits. He lived with his parents quietly and modestly. His salary was quickly increased and continued to advance largely. He thus had increasing interests of his own to consider. Occasionally, perhaps, frequently, he engaged in the business operations of his father. When he visited Australia he invested in a silver mine. On a vacation in California he purchased lots in Pasadena. With some of his associates in the Western Electric and other Chicago business men he went, in November, 1896, to a western city to look into a business enterprise. It looked so good that he invested several thousand dollars. All these operations and others of which these are only illustrations were profitable and added to his accumulations.

But his ordinary habit, in investing, was to purchase the stock of the corporation he served. Having a confidence in it based on a perfect knowledge of its affairs, these purchases were frequent and in the end came to be considerable in amount. This stock made large advances during his life and continued to advance after his death, adding materially to the value of his estate. Mr. Barton, the president of the company, said at the memorial service:

> He left what for a man of his years would be considered a moderate fortune. It is even a liberal one, considering how much he was accustomed to give away. His property was not something made from what others lost. It was just a growth from seed which he sowed, the result of the judicious investment of moderate savings. It probably would not be quite true to say that he never made a loss, but this would be so near the literal truth, that we can speak of his judgment as unerring.

Had his life been prolonged and his judgment continued unerring, he would have gone far in accumulating wealth.

The growth and prosperity of the Western Electric Company was phenomenal. Cash or stock dividends were frequent. There were frequent opportunities, also, for the stockholders to buy the stock at par—100—when it was worth, on the market, 200 or 225, or 250. It

was in this stock that Mr. Jackson invested his accumulations. And it was in this stock that the executors and trustees of his estate continued to invest the accumulations for many years. It thus happened that when in consolidating the estate all stocks were finally sold the number of Western Electric shares was four or five times as many as Mr. Jackson held at the time of his death, and they had advanced in value to $250 a share. Under the prudent and skilful management of the trustees—his father, Mr. Enos M. Barton, and the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank—the comparatively small estate he left has become a large one.

Mr. Jackson had always been interested in the University of Chicago, having been a contributor to the million-dollar fund which founded it. When he made his will, in which he left bequests to the three great missionary and publication societies of his denomination from which they will eventually realize considerable sums, he recalled his own early ambition for a college education and left to the University a scholarship bequest, from which not less than $50,000 will come to it. A dozen or more "poor and worthy" students, in the language of the will, will, every year, have their tuition fees paid by the J. Mason Jackson scholarship fund. Mr. Jackson died while yet a young man, thirty-nine years old, but he set in motion influences for good that will encircle the globe and help to bring in the new and better world.

FREDERICK HASKELL

The ancient town of Windsor, Connecticut, was settled by emigrants from Plymouth and Dorchester, Massachusetts, about 1635, only fifteen years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is the next town north of Hartford and originally covered both sides of the Connecticut River. In 1768, a century and a third after its founding, the town was divided, the dividing line being the river. There was no bridge to connect the two divisions of the town, and that part east of the river became East Windsor. Directly across the river from the village of Windsor, as distinguished from the township, is a high, narrow plateau, not quite half a mile in length, extending from the brow of the hill above the Scantic River on the north to the brow of the hill above Taylor's Creek on the south. On this diminutive plateau, known as East Windsor Hill, was the very small village of East Windsor, a village of a single street, but this street wide and beautiful with three rows of great maples, with nine or ten houses and other buildings on each side. Here Frederick Haskell was born December 4, 1810.

His great-grandfather, Ephraim, had lived in Rochester, Massachusetts, a village some distance south of Plymouth. His grandfather, Jabez, ran a farm and mill in Rochester and migrated to the valley of the Connecticut late, and his father, Eli B. Haskell, became a merchant of the little village of East Windsor. Eli's partner was Captain Aaron Bissell, one of the well-to-do and prominent men of the community, and the firm name was Bissell & Haskell. Captain Bissell, having other business interests, was a silent partner, and the entire management of the store was in the hands of Mr. Haskell.

Eli B. Haskell was born October 17, 1778. His first wife was Sophia Bissell, a daughter of his partner, and she was the mother of Frederick Haskell. She died in 1816, when he was only five years old. In 1819, when Frederick was eight years old, his father married another daughter of his partner, Susan Bissell, who lived to be eighty-one. There were four sons and one daughter in the family: Frederick, Edward, Ralzamon (the father of Frederick T. Haskell of Chicago), Henry T., and Sophia. About two years after the birth of his oldest son, Frederick, Mr. Haskell built a fine two-story brick house on the single street of East Windsor.

It was on the west side of the street, at its extreme north end, looking down on one side over the valley of the Scantic River and on another over that of the Connecticut. This house was described in the diaries of 1813 as "a very fine" and "a very valuable house." Captain Bissell, indeed, so much admired it that he immediately built himself a home next door exactly like it. In this attractive home Frederick Haskell spent his childhood and youth.

Eli B. Haskell seems to have been a capable man. He was prominent and popular in the community. East Windsor elected him to the General Assembly of Connecticut twelve times.

Little is known of the details of Frederick Haskell's boyhood. We learn, indeed, that at the south end of the street was a long hill leading into Taylor's Hollow, and that this hill was the favorite coasting resort of the boys throughout the long New England winter. The two rivers and Taylor's Creek, with the woods that covered much of the country, furnished the amplest opportunities for boating, fishing, swimming, hunting, berrying, nutting—every kind of out-of-door recreation that appeals to boys.

It might be supposed that the educational advantages of such a very little village would be next to nothing, but this was far from being true. About 1800, the public-spirited citizens of the village and surrounding country built a two-story academy, the upper floor to be used for the academy proper and the lower floor for a district school. In the *History of Ancient Windsor* it is said of this academy, "It was always well conducted, had a wide reputation, and not only many of the young men of East Windsor and its neighboring towns were fitted for college there, but numbers came also from distant places. Its teachers were well selected, mostly college graduates, generally of Yale, and were of the highest standing." This academy continued to do efficient service for young men and women till some years after Frederick Haskell's time. During his youth it was doing its best work. He thus enjoyed unusual advantages for laying the foundations of an education. Beginning on the first floor, he went through the district school and had only to go upstairs to continue his studies in the academy. In a brief account of his life I find it stated that "as a boy he received careful education and business training." I conclude from this statement that he pursued his studies through the academy and was thus prepared to enter college; but that instead of doing so, he graduated into Bissell & Haskell's store.

It is probable that he had an internal call to a business life, and that his father allowed him to follow his bent. We may suppose him, there-

fore, as entering his father's store at sixteen or seventeen years of age. It was no new place to him. He had been acquainted with it from his earliest years and had, no doubt, often helped about the place after school hours and in vacations. But he now seriously set about learning the business. He found it just as much of a school as the academy had been. He had to learn how to wait on customers, how to sell goods, how to care for the stock, how to keep books, how and where to buy: the thousand and one things necessary to the making of a successful merchant. He learned how to take care of the business when his father was absent in the general assembly, and gradually mastered the mysteries of conducting a general retail store.

Just as young Haskell was reaching manhood, an extraordinary change took place in our country. It discovered the West! The vision of the potential wealth and opportunities of the Mississippi Valley dawned upon the older states. One of the greatest migrations westward in history began. In the ten years from 1830 to 1840 several millions of people gathered their possessions together and moved to Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and other western states and territories. The population of Michigan increased 570 per cent; nearly 1,000,000 people made homes in Ohio and Illinois. New towns and villages were springing up everywhere in these new states. New business opportunities were everywhere appearing in the golden West. At the opening of this amazing decade young Haskell was twenty years old. He caught the prevailing fever and made up his mind to go West and look for a business opening in the new world. It is a tradition in the family that he made this venture into the West on horseback, going as far as Cleveland, Ohio. There he secured a situation as clerk in a store. How long he remained is uncertain. He was young, perhaps homesick, and thought he did not like the West. East Windsor and the home circle looked attractive to him, and he soon found his way East again.

But having been out into the wide world of the West, he could no longer be contented at home, and continuing to hear reports of the wonderful Illinois country he determined to try his fortunes on what was then the western border. It so happened that a relative had moved to Jacksonville, Illinois, a man so much esteemed by his parents that their consent was the more easily obtained, and one spring in the early thirties he started on the long journey to that place.

At that time Jacksonville, now a beautiful and flourishing city of 16,000 people, was a mere hamlet of a few score houses and about 500 inhabitants. But it had a character all its own which gave it distinction

among the villages of the then new state of Illinois. Among its early settlers came a small group of men of the highest ideals, who, before 1830, founded Illinois College and the Jacksonville Female Academy, now the Illinois Woman's College. These institutions have from the first given character to the town and gathered about them an intelligent and cultivated community.

It is a somewhat curious and interesting fact that in 1833–34 Richard Yates, later distinguished as governor of the state during the Civil War, was a student in Illinois College, and Stephen A. Douglas, famous on a still wider field, was beginning his remarkable career in the little village as a lawyer. Both these men young Haskell probably met in Jacksonville, as they were about his age, and his employment made him generally acquainted. The relative he went there to find was Elihu Wolcott, who kept a general store and took the young man into his employment. Mr. Wolcott was a prominent man in the little community, either more prosperous or more liberal than others. In two lists of subscriptions that have been preserved in a history of the town and county, Mr. Wolcott's name leads all others. He was a member of the Congregational church, a trustee of the Academy, and from the beginning was an ardent anti-slavery advocate. He presided at the organization of what was said to be the first anti-slavery society in the state, and was very active in forwarding escaping slaves to Canada by the "underground railroad." A man of high character and courage, he was worthy of his distinguished ancestry. He was of the family of Roger Wolcott, three times governor of Connecticut, Oliver Wolcott, who died in the same office, and Erastus Wolcott, member of the Continental Congress, and he had himself served in the general assembly of his native state before removing to Jacksonville.

This was the relative to whom young Haskell joined himself when he made his way to Jacksonville seeking his fortune in the new Illinois country. Northern Illinois was at that time an unoccupied wilderness. The author of *Waubun*, traveling through that northern region about this time, did not see even an Indian for days when her party was suffering for food. Chicago was an obscure hamlet much more insignificant than Jacksonville, and there was no travel between these two places. In the book I have already referred to, *Historic Morgan*, there is an account of a journey made from Connecticut to Jacksonville by a neighbor of Mr. Haskell, in 1834, which undoubtedly tells the story of the route he himself followed. The writer tells how he sailed down the Connecticut and made his way to New York, where, he says,

> We met Mr. E. Wolcott, a leading merchant of this place, and we journeyed together. The next day we steamed down the bay to Amboy . . . . and were conveyed

to a point on the Delaware, whence a steamer took us to Philadelphia. Next morning we took a stage for Reading, where we spent the Sabbath. Monday morning found us packed inside of a stagecoach having a capacity for twelve passengers inside, and every seat was occupied, all bound for Pittsburg, having the Allegheny Mountains to pass. . . . . At the end of three days and nights of continuous travel we reached Pittsburg somewhat tired. Here we found two boats taking in cargoes for St. Louis and intermediate ports . . . . and selecting the one we liked best, we went on board. . . . . The third day the boat was loaded, and we were gliding down the beautiful Ohio. We stopped at most of the landings, spent a day and night at Cincinnati and Louisville, where we lost much time in getting through the canal. Our boat had a large number of passengers, among whom were about the usual number of gamblers, who plied their vocation through the night, and money was freely wagered. After leaving Louisville we made but few stops till we rounded into the turbid waters of the Mississippi. . . . . Reaching St. Louis on the second day from Cairo we found a city of about 6,000 inhabitants, and here, for the first time, we met the institution of negro slavery. . . . . After waiting two days for a boat going up the Illinois River, without success, we took the stage for Jacksonville. . . . . We reached here, having been three weeks on the way.

If Frederick Haskell had written the story of his journey to Jacksonville it would, without doubt, have been very similar to the one I have quoted.

He was looking for a place in which to begin business for himself. He had received a good preliminary training in his father's store in East Windsor, but he was still young, and could well afford to wait a little longer before entering on an independent career. Mr. Wolcott, apparently, needed help in his store, welcomed the coming of his young relative, and persuaded him to become one of his clerks. There he remained for about two years, when his ambition to set up in business for himself led him to leave Jacksonville and seek a location for an independent enterprise.

He was twenty-three or twenty-four years old and possessed so much of the spirit of the pioneer that he struck out for the unoccupied north, instead of the settled country to the south. Going first, probably by the Illinois River, to the small village of Peoria, he there found the famous Kellogg trail which led from Peoria to Galena. Along this trail a weekly stagecoach line transported passengers. The stage took him perhaps 40 miles farther north, to the center of Bureau County. Finding here a crossroad running east and west, he left the stage that he might learn whether these crossroads, bringing travelers from north, south, east, and west, might not make a good trading-post. He found a log cabin, used as a blacksmith shop, and "a frame structure twelve feet square," the only buildings in the spring of 1834 on the site of what is now the little city of Princeton. Young Haskell's inquiries developed the following information. Bureau County was a center of Indian population.

Along its southeast border ran the Illinois River. Through its northwest flowed the Green, and it was well watered in every part by the many large and small tributaries of these rivers. Along the courses of all these streams groves of timber abounded. Wild game of many sorts filled these woods. The region was so attractive to the Indians that it is said to have had a larger number of red men within its borders than any similar area in Illinois. Their numbers were estimated at 1,500 or 2,000.

Mr. Haskell also learned that during the preceding three years there had been not only the Blackhawk war of 1832, but an annual Indian scare, emptying the country of its few white inhabitants each year until there was hardly a white family left. However, these perils were now over and not only were the former settlers returning to their farms, but there was also promise of new immigration. There was also the travel, interrupted by the Indian disturbances, now quite certain to be renewed on the Kellogg trail, and the migration then setting in from the East to western Illinois and Iowa, and the crossing-point of the trails was likely to be a busy place.

Looking it all over, Mr. Haskell decided to locate at the crossroads, and proceeded to build a store. What he did I quote from the *History of Bureau County*, the account of the first things in Princeton.

> The first building erected in Princeton was a small log cabin . . . . used as a blacksmith shop. The second building was a frame structure twelve feet square. . . . . The third was a log cabin built by F. Haskell in the spring of 1834, immediately south of the public square, and used by him as a store. This was the first dry-goods store within the limits of this county, and the only one on the road between Peoria and Galena (nearly 150 miles).

It will be noted how wisely the young merchant located his store, "immediately south of the public square," in the very center of the city which then consisted of two log cabins and one frame building twelve feet square. The store must have been more than a dry-goods store, no doubt a "general store." It catered to the Indian trade, which must have been considerable. The village of Shabbona, the Pottawatomie chief known as the friend of the white man in Chicago and throughout northern Illinois, was near by. The chief must have been in the store—the only one between Peoria and Galena—probably was often there, and well known to Mr. Haskell. The emigrants from the East stopped at the store to renew their supplies, and the passengers on the stage and the teamsters on the Kellogg trail made Haskell's store a regular stopping place for all sorts of purchases. It was the center of supply for the old settlers returning to their abandoned homes and for the new settlers who began to enter the now peaceful country.

The travels of the son were matters of absorbing interest in the New England home he had left on reaching manhood. He was still a boy to his father, who followed each step in his career with all a father's solicitude. He felt at ease about the boy as long as he remained with such a friend and relative as Mr. Wolcott. But when by the slow mails of that early day he learned of this new business venture into the uninhabited wilderness of northern Illinois and among wild and, as he must have supposed, more or less hostile Indian tribes, he became anxious and troubled. After some years his solicitude became such that he determined to undertake the long journey from Connecticut to Illinois and visit his son. The visit was made in the later thirties, and the traveler may well have gone by the Great Lakes and Chicago. That place became a city in 1837, and great tides of travel were pouring into it and through it. The roads were open from Chicago to Bureau County, and once there, the father found it easy to make his way to Princeton. He found there the Princeton Hotel, a frame building sixteen by eighteen feet, one story high. Several merchants had come in, a recognition of the business wisdom of young Haskell. He had been doing well, and his business was increasingly prosperous when these rivals came to divide the trade.

The Indians had been removed to western reservations. Some new settlers had entered the country. But the age of railroads was still in the future. The father saw little prospect of any rapid development in the hamlet or the country. He thought Princeton was no place for his son, and urgently advised him to dispose of his little business and return East. He accepted the advice, disposed of his stock, perhaps to one of his new competitors, and turned his face eastward. This time he traveled by the northern route. He found Chicago prostrated and paralyzed by the disastrous panic of 1837. Business was dead. Everywhere he saw bankruptcy and despair, and continued his journey.

Meantime the Haskell family had left their old home in Connecticut and made a new one in Ogdensburg, New York. As the son Frederick had made his home on the western border, so, now, the family had settled on the northern border. For Ogdensburg is in St. Lawrence County, one of the three most northern counties of New York. It is northwest of the Adirondack Mountains, and looks across the St. Lawrence River into Canada. The county is the largest in the state. It extends southeast into the Adirondack country. A large part of Big Tupper Lake lies in that corner of the county, and the Raquette and St. Regis rivers run most of their course to the great river through its eastern portion. These are all classic names to sportsmen. Ogdensburg, the largest town in the county, had, perhaps, 3,000 inhabitants when the Haskells made it

their home. Eli B. Haskell seems to have been drawn to it by a business opening into which he persuaded his son Frederick to enter with him. There was another partner, Horace Hooker, and the three either purchased or built a flouring mill on the Oswegatchie River, which ran through the western part of the town and was one of those streams which, tumbling down from the southern mountains, furnished many power sites for sawing lumber and grinding grain.

Mr. Hooker was a practical miller. After he had taught his partners what he knew, he sold out to them and the firm became Haskell & Son. Later the firm seems to have enlarged the mill and extended the business into the manufacture of domestic broadcloths and woolen goods. The original flouring mill was a small affair, but the expansion of the business into such unrelated industries must have made it not only much larger, but also very much more complicated. How successful it was does not appear, but it greatly enriched the younger Haskell's business experience, and in particular introduced him to the practical work of production. It made him a manufacturer.

His residence in Ogdensburg continued until he was forty-one or forty-two years old. He had reached that age before he was married. The home of Caroline E. Aldridge, whom he married, was a hundred miles east of Ogdensburg, at the small village of Chazy, which is a few miles west of Lake Champlain, in Clinton County, New York. She was the daughter of Isaac Aldridge. The acquaintance between Mr. Haskell and Miss Aldridge came about through Hiram Aldridge, a brother of Caroline, as about the time of the marriage at the beginning of 1852, the two men, the husband and brother, were entering together into a new business enterprise of far-reaching importance.

The year 1852 was the turning-point in Mr. Haskell's career. It was not only the year of his marriage, and, therefore, of a new life, but it marked the beginning of his enduring and large business success. He had never before found himself. This he now did. Opportunity, indeed, knocked at his door. But the same opportunity knocked, at the same time, at the doors of some millions of his fellow-citizens. The difference between him and those other millions who, like him, were waiting for opportunity to knock at their doors was this: that he not only heard the knock, but opened the door, recognized the call of opportunity, and followed where it led.

The railroad age, which made a new world, had come, and was beginning to reveal its multiplied openings for new business enterprises and demands for the establishment of new industries hitherto undreamed

of in the history of mankind. The great movement of the people to the wide regions of the West long preceded the age of railroads, but when that age came and its possibilities dawned upon the new western states the demand for this wonderful method of connection with the eastern seaboard became universal. The states were ready to bankrupt themselves to get railroads. The East had its lines first, but in the forties of the last century the insistent demands of the West began to be met. Railroads crept slowly across Ohio, and after 1850 made their way through Michigan and Indiana to Illinois. It was not until May, 1852, however, that the Michigan Southern and Michigan Central entered Chicago, and the many plans were under way which in another generation gridironed the whole country with lines of road.

The thing that impressed Frederick Haskell in this new movement was the tremendous demand that was springing up for railroad supplies of many sorts. There is a tradition that, being in New York City, he saw an advertisement of a contract being offered to bidders for a large amount of such supplies. He was a manufacturer, and though this was a different kind of manufacturing from any he had ever done, he recognized his opportunity, submitted bids, and secured the contract. I have no doubt that this story has a solid basis of fact. But the essential point is that Mr. Haskell was one of those far-seeing men of that day who realized that a new era had dawned in the business world and had the courage and initiative and faith to venture everything on its possibilities. His own resources were insufficient for the new enterprise, and he found two partners, Dr. Mason C. Sherman, of Ogdensburg, a physician, and Hiram Aldridge, who became his brother-in-law. It would appear that the contract of which I have spoken was a contract to build freight cars for a new railroad called by several names during the last seventy-five years, but always popularly known as the "Monon Route." This road was, in 1852, approaching Michigan City, Indiana, from the south, there to connect with the Michigan Central, and through it with both East and West. This fact made Michigan City the natural, perhaps necessary, location for the new business of Sherman, Haskell & Company, as the firm was called.

Michigan City, now one of the flourishing cities of Indiana with a population of more than 20,000, was, in 1852, a village of about 1,200 people. It was then about twenty years old. It was nearer than Chicago was to the southern end of Lake Michigan, and had in its earlier years for some time cherished an ambition to outstrip that place and make itself the greatest of the lake ports and the great railroad center and

metropolis which Chicago became. It was in this ambitious village that Sherman, Haskell & Company established their business in the spring of 1852. They purchased two acres of ground adjacent to the Monon right of way on which they erected their first "crude buildings," as the historian of Michigan City describes them. They began with little capital, and for a time went on in a small way, building freight cars. This continued for three years, apparently without any large prosperity. Then Dr. Sherman, either because, being a physician, his heart led him that way, or because he was not satisfied with the success of the business, expressed a desire to dispose of his interest and return to the practice of medicine. Thereupon Mr. Haskell, who saw the immense possibilities of the business in the rapidly multiplying railroad activities of the country, went to John Barker, a prosperous and capable merchant of the little town, and proposed to him to buy Dr. Sherman's interest and embark in the new business. He assured him that it had a great future, and would make him rich. Mr. Barker, who was a bluff, outspoken sort of man, said to him, "Why, Mr. Haskell, I am worth $30,000 now; all that any man would ever need!" In the end, however, he was persuaded, and purchased a one-third interest in the business, and Dr. Sherman retired and entered again on the practice of his profession.

The firm now became Haskell, Barker & Aldridge. After this reorganization the firm began to build passenger coaches, and reaching out for more business added to the output threshing machines, corn shellers, and reapers. Then came the panic of 1857, which prostrated the business of the country, and for a time threatened the existence of the infant industry. Before the revival of business Mr. Aldridge apparently became discouraged, and offered to sell out to his partners. Mr. Haskell's confidence in the successful outcome of the enterprise was unshaken; Mr. Barker had increasing assurance of its ultimate success; the two took over their partner's interest, and in 1858 the firm became Haskell & Barker. In 1860 they employed a force of sixty men and were manufacturing only a few cars a month. Nine years later they were building two cars a day. They had added from time to time to their building equipment and to the number of acres occupied. In 1871 the company was incorporated as the Haskell & Barker Car Company, with Frederick Haskell as president, John Barker, treasurer, and Nathaniel P. Rogers, secretary. Not long after, John H. Barker, the son and later successor of John Barker, became general manager, and the business, under his energetic management, prospered amazingly. The principal output was freight cars, but the great works, as they came to be, manu-

factured also car wheels, malleable castings, gray iron castings, and brass castings. When success came it was a great success and continued in increasing volume from year to year. In 1879 the company had 500 men on the pay-roll, and the output was 1,000 cars a year. In 1903 the pay-roll was $100,000 a month. There were 2,200 employees and they built 10,667 cars. This expansion went on in increasing ratio, until, in 1919, the plant, which in 1852 did not cover two acres, occupied 180 acres, and the net annual profits of the business reached $4,000,000. In 1921 the company formed a union with the Pullman Company. Its stockholders received 165,000 shares of the Pullman Company stock, worth about $20,000,000 on the market. To such proportions had the little business, established by Frederick Haskell in 1852, grown in seventy years.

Of course Mr. Haskell did not live to see all this. In 1867 the business had become so great that an office was needed in Chicago, and Mr. Haskell removed to that city. In 1868 John Barker also moved to Chicago, and his son, John H. Barker, remained in Michigan City as general manager. The two senior members of the growing enterprise were, necessarily, often in Michigan City, but their headquarters and Mr. Haskell's place of residence continued to be Chicago.

When Mr. Haskell passed through Chicago in the late thirties it was a little city of 4,000 people. When he made it his place of residence in 1867 its population had increased to 200,000. Compared to its present population of 3,000,000, it was still a small city. During the twenty-three years of his residence it became a great city of 1,100,000 people, rising from the fifth to the second place in size in the country. At the time he went to Chicago and for many years thereafter Michigan Avenue was regarded as one of the most eligible residence streets in the city. As long as he lived the Haskells made their home on that street a little north of Twenty-second Street. Their last home was at 2103.

The business office was first established at 72 Washington Street, and the entry in the city directory read, "Haskell and Barker (F. Haskell and John Barker) R.R. Cars and Wheel Mnfrs." In 1871, the year of the incorporation of the company, the entry is "Haskell & Barker Car Company, F. Haskell, pres.; John Barker, treas.; N. P. Rogers, sec. Manufacturers of Passenger, Baggage, and Freight Cars and Car Wheels. Works at Michigan City, Ind. Office, 68 Washington Street, Chicago." Then came the great fire, sweeping everything away in that central section and driving them far south to 541 Wabash Avenue, near Sixteenth Street. In another year, 1873, they were back in the center of things,

in a new building at their old number, 68 Washington Street. Later, in 1881, they are set down at No. 1, 125 Dearborn Street.

At the close of 1883 Mr. Haskell was seventy-three years old. The infirmities of age were coming on, and he concluded not to carry the burdens of a great and ever expanding business longer. His partner, Mr. Barker, was a younger man, and had a son who was a very able business man and who had long been the general manager of the company. Mr. Haskell, therefore, retired from the presidency and sold all his stock to his partner, John Barker, and John H., Mr. Barker's son, who soon succeeded to the business and accumulated before his death a great fortune. After Mr. Haskell's retirement from the presidency and even from all connection with the corporation, the great business went on under the old name and continued as the Haskell & Barker Car Company until its absorption into the Pullman Company in 1921. The vast works at Michigan City continue to be known as the Haskell & Barker plant.

The large sum Mr. Haskell received for his stock he seems to have invested largely in Chicago real estate, acquiring six or more holdings, some of them very valuable. Among these were the northwest corner of Dearborn and Madison streets, the southeast corner of Adams and Market streets, and other properties on Michigan Avenue, Wabash Avenue, Fifth Avenue, and Monroe Street.

As he approached his eightieth year, Mr. Haskell's health began to fail and he died on May 6, 1890. Had he lived till December 4 of that year he would have been eighty years old. The services at his funeral were conducted by that well-known pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Dr. John Henry Barrows. The pallbearers were Ernest A. Hamill, H. M. Bacon, Byron L. Smith, Chauncey J. Blair, R. W. Hosmer, and C. F. Bayler. These were then comparatively young men, and several of them have made a great place for themselves in the history of Chicago. The burial took place in Ogdensburg, New York. The next younger brother, Ralzamon, had been buried there in 1854. That year was a tragic one in the family history. Ralzamon was the father of Frederick T. Haskell, who has long been a well-known citizen of Chicago. Frederick T. was born in Ogdensburg January 11, 1854. Within six months his mother died, and his father followed her within the year. These were the first of the family burials, so far as I know, in Ogdensburg. In 1861 the head of the family, Eli B. Haskell, died in his eighty-third year at Toledo, Ohio, and was taken to Ogdensburg for burial in what became the family lot. There also his widow, who lived to be eighty-one, was buried, and his only daughter, so that in the same lot in the Ogdens-

burg Cemetery lie the bodies of the father, mother, three brothers, a sister, and other members of the family.

While Mr. Haskell was an adherent of the Presbyterian church, he was not a member. Mrs. Haskell, on their removal to Chicago, became a member of the Calvary Presbyterian Church, and there Mr. Haskell had a pew. Later the Calvary and the First Church united, taking the old historic name. Mr. Haskell continued thereafter to be a liberal supporter of the First Church. I say liberal, for he was a liberal man. At an early day Dr. Robert C. Hamill, father of Ernest A. Hamill, was president of the board of trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital, when that institution was new and poor and struggling to maintain an existence. It was a time when men gave in very small sums—$1, or $5, or $10—and when a solicitor considered $25 a very liberal contribution. Dr. Hamill called one day on Mr. Haskell and laid before him the needs of the hospital. He listened attentively, expressed his approval, and reaching for his check book, wrote out a check for $500 and handed it to the doctor, who received it with as much surprise as gratification.

Mr. Haskell is described by those who still remember him during his Chicago days as scrupulously well dressed, wearing a tall hat, and always very much of a gentleman. He was of a quiet manner, an upright man in his dealings, and of unquestioned integrity. Dr. Barrows spoke of him as "one of Chicago's worthiest citizens." It was said of him by another:

> When he stepped across the threshold of his home his characteristic serenity became more strongly marked, and he had always a cheerful greeting for those inside. Genial in disposition, urbane in manner, and entertaining in conversation, he spread sunshine about him, not only in early life, but during his declining years; while his kindness, his tender solicitude, and his thoughtful consideration for others endeared him in an unusual degree to the members of his household.

His immediate household consisted of Mrs. Haskell and Frederick T. Haskell, the son of his brother Ralzamon who died in Ogdensburg in 1854, leaving his infant son without father or mother. The uncle, Frederick, had moved to Michigan City and there established his new business two years before. While Frederick T. was still a child his uncle took him into his own home and brought him up as his son. When he made his will in 1888 he manifested the confidence and affection of a father by leaving him the bulk of the estate. After making large provision for Mrs. Haskell and leaving generous bequests to relatives, he made Frederick T. Haskell his residuary legatee.

Mr. Haskell died early in the year in which the University of Chicago was being founded, and was not among those generous citizens who were called upon for contributions to the first million dollars which assured its establishment. I, therefore, who was one of those who were engaged in raising that initial subscription, never met Mr. Haskell. If we had been able to see him, he would, no doubt, now be numbered among the founders of the University. Happily the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago, Dr. John Henry Barrows, Mrs. Haskell's pastor, was one of the men who, like Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus and Rabbi E. G. Hirsch, took an enlightened and zealous interest in the development of the then new University. He lost no opportunity to commend it to the wealthy people of his church and congregation. Among these was Mrs. Haskell, who began, very early in its history, to manifest a liberal interest in President Harper's efforts to make the institution a university worthy of its name as the University of Chicago. Her first gifts came out of the interest awakened by the Parliament of Religions held under Dr. Barrows' leadership in connection with the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. She gave the University $40,000 in 1894 to endow two lectureships, the Haskell Lectureship on Comparative Religion, and the Barrows Lectureship, the lectures under the latter to be delivered in India, and to present to the scholarly and thoughtful people of that country "in a friendly, temperate, conciliatory way . . . . the great questions of the truths of Christianity, its harmonies with the truths of other religions, its rightful claims, and the best methods of setting them forth."

But it is because of still another gift from Mrs. Haskell, and the greatest of them, that this sketch is written. This was the donation of $100,000 for the building of the Haskell Oriental Museum as a memorial of her husband, Frederick Haskell. I give the story of this gift as it was later told by President Harper:

> The circumstances connected with the giving of this money were most interesting. An effort was being made to secure the sum of $1,000,000 before July 1, 1894, in order that the gifts pledged conditionally by Martin A. Ryerson and John D. Rockefeller might be secured. While progress had been made, the result was very uncertain. The summer season was coming on, and many whom we might have counted on had left the city. There still remained nearly $200,000 to complete the sum required. I remember distinctly a warm day about the first of June which the secretary of the board of trustees and myself had spent in the city from early morning until late in the afternoon without meeting success of any kind. No person upon whom we called was found at home. As we were returning home it was suggested that perhaps our friend Mrs. Caroline E. Haskell, who had before expressed great interest, might be willing to assist in the work we were trying to accomplish. It was found that she had been

considering very seriously the question of erecting a building on the grounds of the University in memory of her husband, and in a few minutes she expressed her willingness to furnish the money for the erection of such a building.

After the lapse of thirty years I myself recall vividly that day and that incident. Mrs. Haskell was living at the time in the Victoria Hotel, then standing on the northwest corner of Michigan Avenue and Van Buren Street. We were approaching, hot, tired, and discouraged, the Van Buren Street station to take the train for home. President Harper remarked incidentally as we were passing the hotel that Mrs. Haskell was then stopping there, and it was suggested that it might be well to see her. Only one month before she had given us $20,000 to endow the Haskell Lectureship, and it was hoping against hope to expect more from her at that time. But as the president seemed half-inclined to call on her, I urged that he should do so, express in person his gratitude for what she had so recently done, and tell her something of the difficulty we were experiencing in securing the help we needed. As I did not at that time know Mrs. Haskell, I suggested that the president call on her alone, while I waited for him in the little park across the street. We were not asking for buildings, and Dr. Harper did not suggest a building to her. It was she who suggested it to him, and he, I think, who turned her thoughts toward an Oriental Museum. He was not gone more than twenty minutes before he returned, radiant and enthusiastic over this unhoped-for result of what was intended more as a friendly call of appreciation than as a visit of solicitation. The matter had been in her mind, and she welcomed the call as an opportunity to tell him of what she was thinking. In a quarter of an hour her half-formed purpose crystallized in a contribution of $100,000 to build a memorial of Mr. Haskell.

The Haskell Oriental Museum was the first of the University buildings of which a cornerstone was laid with formal exercises. The cornerstone of Haskell was laid July 1, 1895, in connection with the exercises of the eleventh Convocation. It was made a great occasion. After the convocation address and the conferring of the degrees a procession was formed, and all present, professors, students, and visitors, marched to the Museum site. President Harper made a very brief statement and laid the cornerstone. Prayer was offered by Dr. P. S. Henson, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Chicago. Dr. John Henry Barrows then made one of the most impressive and eloquent of his addresses. He spoke like one inspired. I should like to quote the address in full, but can give only the following excerpts:

I deem this a golden day in the history, not only of the University of Chicago, but also of the University life of America. This, I believe, is one of the first buildings

dedicated exclusively to oriental studies, those studies from which so much spiritual and intellectual light has come to mankind, and from which so much illumination is still further expected.

Lux ex Oriente, "Light from the East." . . . . From the East has come the Bible of humanity; in the East have risen the mighty prophets whose words are the life of our civilization. . . . . On this corner stone is also inscribed a sentence from the Hebrew Psalms, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light." . . . . But on the third side of this corner stone is inscribed in Greek . . . . that word from the prologue of the fourth gospel which says of the Logos, the Christ, "He was the true or original light, which, coming into the world, enlighteneth every man." . . . . The Haskell Oriental Museum is a memorial building, bearing the name of one of the worthiest citizens of Chicago. . . . . This is one of a group of buildings of a memorial character, which indicate how worthily the far-sighted and generous-minded citizens of Chicago may commemorate their beloved dead. . . . . I am glad that men and women of all denominations are cherishing the University and adding to its beneficent work. We praise the great-minded men of other ages who built the chief architectural monuments of Europe. Within the hallowed glooms of the Chartres Cathedral Lowell sang:

> "I look round on the windows, pride of France,
> Each the bright gift of some mechanic guild,
> Who loved their city and thought gold well spent
> To make her beautiful with piety."

But both religion and learning and civic pride and the natural desire for a splendid earthly immortality are all appealing to the large-hearted and open-handed to continue this work of University building that shall make our city beautiful and illustrious to the ends of the earth and the limits of time.

One year after the laying of the cornerstone the Haskell Oriental Museum was completed. It was dedicated July 2, 1896, in connection with the Quinquennial celebration, when the Founder, Mr. Rockefeller, made his first visit to the University. The invocation was offered by Dean Eri B. Hulbert of the Divinity School. The choir of the Sinai Congregation sang selections from the Hebrew Psalter. The building was formally presented to the University by Professor George S. Goodspeed, representing Mrs. Haskell, who was not able to be present. President Harper accepted the building on behalf of the trustees. The dedicatory address was delivered by Professor Emil G. Hirsch of the University and the Sinai Congregation, on the subject, "From the Rising to the Setting Sun." The prayer of dedication was made by Dr. W. H. P. Faunce, then pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New York, now president of Brown University. In connection with the dedication three oriental conferences were held, invitations to which had been sent to the leading oriental scholars of the country.

In presenting the building to the University, speaking for the donor, Professor Goodspeed said, among other things:

Mrs. Haskell presents this building to the University of Chicago in honor and in memory of her husband, Frederick Haskell, in token of which it is to bear the name of The Haskell Oriental Museum. Mr. Haskell was for years a resident of Chicago and was identified with its business interests. It is appropriate, therefore, that the University of the city in which he lived should preserve a memorial of his useful life. . . . . I have the honor, Mr. President, to add that Mrs. Haskell has felt a constantly growing enjoyment in the contemplation of this gift as she has realized the care, the liberality, and the success which has characterized the University in the administration of the trusts which she has committed to it, and I, therefore, in her name, present to you at this time the keys of The Haskell Oriental Museum, expressing the earnest and sincere expectation of the giver that there will go forth from these halls enlightenment, inspiration, and guidance in that learning which has come from the East, and which, culminating in the Book of Books, and in the teachings and life of the Son of Man, will ever abide as our most precious possession.

In accepting the building President Harper said in part:

The building which today is to be formally accepted, dedicated to the cause for which it was intended, and opened to the public, as has been said, is devoted to the cause of oriental and religious work. For the present the rooms on the lower floor have been set apart, with the consent of the donor, for general purposes. But in the near future the entire building will be used for the purpose for which it has been given. . . . . In the many interviews Mrs. Haskell has given me I have come to understand that . . . . this gift has been prompted by an honest and sincere desire to benefit the human race, and the method of giving was as gracious as the thought which prompted it was broad. It came without restrictions of any kind. . . . .

On behalf of the trustees of the University, I accept from Mr. Goodspeed, whom she has chosen to represent her on this occasion, the keys of Haskell Oriental Museum, and I promise, on behalf of the University, that the building shall be sacredly set apart for the purpose indicated.

The Museum cost $103,017, and was fully paid for by Mrs. Haskell's gift and its accretions of interest. It has been of extraordinary value to the University. It provided room for the president's office during the last ten years of Dr. Harper's life and the first six years of Dr. Judson's administration. It has been the lecture hall of the Divinity School for twenty-nine years. All this has been in accordance with the express wishes of the donor. With the completion of the new theology building, now, 1925, in process of erection, it will be given over to the purposes of the Oriental Museum to which it is permanently dedicated. It has, indeed, housed that Museum from the first, and Dr. J. H. Breasted, the director, who has become a leading Egyptologist, has developed within it, under all the difficulties of restricted space, extensive and valuable collections of material. In 1919, through the enlightened liberality of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the Oriental Institute was organized, with its home in this building. Its "purpose is to maintain the Museum and its

collections as a laboratory for the investigation of the career of early man in the Near East." The entire building will soon be liberated for the large purposes of the Oriental Department, and under the direction of Professor Breasted will do a far greater work than ever entered into the mind of the donor.

In closing the address from which I have already quoted, Dr. Barrows said:

> I earnestly believe that our beloved University represents all that is highest in our city's life, and that it will do more than anything else to free us from reproach and to give our name, already honored as representing material masteries, a purer and more lasting luster.
>
> A century hence the Haskell Oriental Museum will be surrounded by groups of academic buildings that shall repeat many of the glories so dear to Oxford. Two hundred years hence this University may be the crown of the world's metropolis. . . . . We are the pioneers of an immeasurable future, and the corner stone that is laid today is a milestone in human progress. . . . . All hail to the glorious and imperial future, rich with the increasing spoils of learning and the multiplied triumphs of faith, of which the Oriental Museum is a sure and golden prophecy.

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